THE COMMODORE
FORTY-SECOND STREET AND LEXINGTON AVENUE
GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL
PERSHING SQUARE
NEW YORK

Mrs. H. C. Quigley
Bellefonte
Penn.

TELEPHONE-VANDERBILT 6000

THE COMMODORE

FORTY-SECOND STREET AND LEXINGTON AVENUE
GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL
PERSHING SQUARE
NEW YORK

JOHN MC E. BOWMAN
PRESIDENT
GEORGE W. SWEENEY
VICE PRES. & MGR.

Friday evening.
(really Saturday)

Dear Mother :-

You were wonderful about my leaving, as was Dad and Mary, and it surely was hard for me to leave you.

I just got Ken on the train. We had a fine time this evening. Clarence was a riot & the Palais Royal wasn't bad. She will give you the particulars. Phil

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showed up on time this morning & we had breakfast at the Pennsylvania Hotel and then started down town. I have everything cleared up except that little shopping. The British Consul & the United Fruit Co. both said that it was unnecessary to have more than the Columbian Consul's visa on the passport. I had an interesting time getting that. All Spaniards

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who speak English in his office. He was there himself & is a fine, pleasant man. He asked me questions about destination & where it is, which I couldn't tell him, so he showed me Puerto Santos on the map - just north of the R in Bucaramanga. I will mark the spot & send you a map of it. He had a giant map of Colombia & gave me all the dope about it.

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Puerto Santos is only a tiny town, but the clerk in the office has been there.

I also got my sailing permit from the Int. Rev. Collector & my ticket from the U.F. Co. On account of a dock strike here the "Tivives" will sail from Baltimore at 5 P.M. on Wed. the 31st. There will be special cars run from here over the B & O leaving the Penn Station at 10 A.M.

TELEPHONE-VANDERBILT 6000

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6

Wednesday, & the U.F. Co. will have my baggage there. It is now at their dock in N.Y., so I am absolutely all set to go. I will send you some dope on the ship, etc., whenever I can find a big envelope.

You will hear from me again from Yonkers. Tomorrow I am going to take a certain party to "Abraham Lincoln," which will be fine. I am going to New Haven to get her also.

Tell anyone to whom I forgot

TELEPHONE-VANDERBILT 6000

THE COMMODORE

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NEW YORK

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VICE PRES. & MGR.

6

to say good-bye that I was busier than the proverbial paper-hanger.

Lots of love again to Dad, Henrietta, & Mary. You are a wonderful family and the sooner I can see you again the better.

Your loving son,
Hugh.

Mrs. H.C. Quigley
Bellefonte
Penn.

March 30, 1920
Yonkers, N.Y.

Dear Mother:-

Your letters and Dad's telling about his coming to Baltimore arrived this morning. I will be awfully glad to see him tomorrow though I won't arrive until about two o'clock. Everyone sailing on the Tivives must be in the Penn Station, N.Y. tomorrow morning at 8.30 to see the agent of the U.F. Co. before taking the 10:00 train. I am glad Harriet's picture showed up, because she & I nearly had a fight about it. She is a wonderful girl & we have had a splendid time together. Abe Lincoln was fine.

We all had a great party at Jim's apartment last evening. all the Home's, the two Self girls & I had dinner with Mr. & Mrs. J. D. Home at 2515 Grand Concourse. Marion is a wonder & a fine little house-keeper. She turned out a steak & a cake that were hard to beat.

I am all mixed up & its early in the morning so this letter is very incoherent, but you know how I feel about leaving and everything. the Home's are all so wonderful to me and everyone else.

I have seen at least seven William boys in New York & lots of other acquaintances.

I bought the hat, comb, and gloves at Altman's yesterday, but Brentano didn't have what I wanted in Bibles & had no map of Colombia at all.

I don't know what everyone is going to do today but I have to see Luke in New York & several other people.

I may as well stop writing this and tell you all about everything some other time, for Aunt Carrie, Harriet, & Anita are all here in the room talking & planning things so I can't write at all

Lots of love to Henrietta & Mary & Dad if he is there.

Your loving son,

Hugh.

W. D. Horne, Ph. D.,
Consulting Chemist

Yonkers, N. Y., April 2 1920

Dear Mother:-

A happy Easter to the whole family. + Maggie and Rebecca. These pictures I took last Sunday here and you may be interested in seeing them + keeping them. Anita has a coat on, Harriet hasn't. Notice the sly smirk on my face. Everything was bright and rosy then but now things aren't breaking so nicely for several very good reasons.

Aunt Carrie has been wonderful to me. You can't even approach this home family. They are all fine. Today Bill is going to cash $50 for me, because I may need it before I land in Puerto Santos. The boat sails tomorrow I think. I wish I could have come home for a day or so but that would have been expensive + hard on everyone concerned.

I will write you a real letter when I get settled somewhere, but now I am all up in the air, as usual. We are

all going to church in a few moments, & you will probably be in church at home at the same time. Harriet has been going to Catholic churches nearly every day & that makes anything serious impossible, but that doesn't make her any the less a wonderful girl.

Now we are off to church. Best wishes & love to every one.

Your loving son, Hugh.

U.S. POSTAGE
2 CENTS
BALTIMORE
APR. 3
530 PM
1920
MD
Mrs. Henry C. Quigley
Bellefonte
Penn.

Between
Trenton & Phila
April 3.

Dear Mother:-

We are off for sure now! I haven't written you a decent letter since I stayed up until two A.M. at the Commodore the night I arrived in N.Y., but I have been just rushing from one thing to another & never knowing when I am to leave and never having a quiet moment. However I truely have had a wonderful time for a week, although I wish I could have seen you at home longer, but saying a final goodbye twice would be too much.

The plans were changed this morning again! We left N.Y. at 10 but we don't

get our boat in Baltimore. It sails from Old Pt. Comfort & we have to sail on a small boat from Balt to O.T.C. as soon as we arrive this P.M. at 2:30. I wired Dad as soon as I found out so he can serve a few minutes if he is in Baltimore.

Harriet & Anita have been at the Home's all the time, & we have had lots of fun. Harriet is the sweetest girl however sore and we have had grand fights, rows, settlements intermittently all week. But she is nicer than ever now. One evening we talked frankly & comedy from 11 to 2 after the family had retired. I was bored all day for seven days & she is a wonder, but awfully narrow-minded & stubborn at times.

One thing did me more good than you can imagine. I found out how much I really love my religion. I went into several frenzies when it was mentioned except to the Catholic. That won't say but I haven't time to dwell.

Aunt Carrie & her family as usual were wonderful & they were all awfully nice to me. I upset their meal hours & was a nuisance generally but she always hooed that idea, & was as nice as ever.

Harriet, Anita & I went to lunch for 3 hrs yesterday at the Jolly down town in Yonkers. It was fine.

These fruit company representatives are splendid, especially to white people of whom there are few on this special train. Most of them are dirty looking spics bound for Columbia & Panama. Across the isle is a bag marked "Rafael Escanardo, B/quilla" There are some awfully nice looking Americans on board too, but very few of them.

We make Jamaica in five days. Cristobal in 8 &

Puerto Colombia in nine — the total.

The Lord only knows who has upper 33, but I don't care much, as no one looks very dangerous nor very big.

The U.F. Co. is surely treating us right. A special train of parlor cars + everything attended to by them. They will lose money on this trip of the TIVIVES. It is their newest 5000 ton ship, but not as new as the 9000 ton Pastores + Catamares.

I believe I have visited every steamship office in N.Y. either with Phil or Harriet or alone.

I have called on Mrs Mat Jenkins, seen Luke for an afternoon, seen Phil a lot & done everything I wanted to - even spent an hour in the Zeta Club.

Phil is all right at heart & really a fine boy, but just restless. We drove around all one P.M. with Luke in his panting Paige. He just gave his wife a new Hudson with a rabbit special body on it. They have a beautiful little apartment on 58th St. & Luke is really taking hold of his business, though still as funny as ever.

Who should I run into but Dee Wadd again this morning in the P.R.R. station. That's the 4th time in a month I have met her unexpectedly in N.Y. She is a peach. Her friend Kopplin was with her this morning.

You can tell by the writing how fast we are going. It is a regular speedometer. We stopped two pages back for a minute but we must be making 60

now.

Tell Mary I was a chump to write as little as I did last night but I will atone it later. Harriet was jollying me because I had asked her to come over to the library & we would write a letter. She said she had one to write too but was bored to death when she found that I was really going to write one. She was a little too crafty that time. You can't fool the match-making bones anyway. They render so much assistance don't it, but they are all wonderful anyway.

I imagine Dwight

have lots of time to study Spinach on the boat, from the looks of the passengers, I hate Spaniards already but that doesn't make it any ~~less~~ interesting. Its all like a gigantic dream + I am pawing the ground to get there.

The camera takes five pictures, doesn't it? I didn't have the thing set just right for those in Yonkers. We had four rolls of those ~~taken~~ made. Some that were printed in Yonkers after I sent yours, were better but

to Hen, Mary, Dad & my best to everyone else.

Forever loving son,

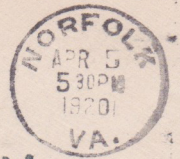
Hugh.

but yours are fair. The camera is a wonder and thank you again for giving it to me, somehow or other I have always felt that my thanks are too ordinary to use when you, family, gives you something or does something for you, but I can't express it in another way.

I sent you a little Easter present this morning - especially for you but also for the family.

Lots & lots of love

(85 miles as the crow flies)



Judge Henry C. Quigley

Bellefonte

Penn.

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

STEAMSHIP SERVICE

"Tivives"

The post cards are of some other boat, but similar to this except that we lack a "palm room".

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S.S. Tivives
Norfolk, Va.
Sunday afternoon

Dear Dad:-

It surely was great to see you in Baltimore and for so long, too. I feared that I would only have a minute or so with you but it turned out wonderfully, and I will always remember those last two hours.

Everything is fine now except that we probably won't cast off until tomorrow night. The ship isn't coaled or loaded yet but all baggage & passengers are on board.

After we pulled out of Baltimore

last night I joined in for dinner & they seated me with the missionary, his wife, a Spanish woman, her son, and a little girl by herself. The missionary talked so pleasantly to everyone that I felt as though I were among friends. He is going to Jamaica for a month & then to Panama to take up his work. After dinner I went out to the "social room" and saw the girl who had dinner at the same table. She looked lonely so I asked her if I could talk with her. She was pleased & we talked the rest of the evening, part of the time on deck. She is a Canadian from Montreal on her way to spend 6 months with friends in Jamaica. She just graduated from some Canadian college & is really very nice, but like all Canadians, sort of independent & breezy. She looks a lot like Catherine Allison & Catherine Quigley combined, though she isn't as pretty as either, except when she smiles and then she has even them stopped. We decided the fate of England, U.S. & Canada & had a fine evening.

I went to bed before that wop of a Yinkie of mine but left him the lower berth because he is older than I & he has the same stateroom on the Tivives also, but the upper berth. He was crabby as a fool because I didn't wake him up early in the morning & also he nearly froze to death. He is all right now, however. He is an engineer who has been building piers in Brooklyn for four years. He is a native of Spain but knows every inch of ground around Puerto Cantos, having

surveyed most of the province of Santander. When I said "Buenos dias, Señor" meaning "good morning" he simply replied "eh, huh." But he can't speak English very well.

Do you remember the two people I pointed out on the bow of the "Columbia" just before you went to the dock? I said the man might be a gambler or a fine man. Well, he & his wife are both fine. When I came out on deck this morning they were talking to the missionary & ~~the~~ my little Canadian friend. They are from New Brunswick & he is going down to work in a bank in Cristobal. I had breakfast, still at the "Columbia" here in Norfolk this morning with those people. Then Mr. Cleary, Pete, &

Wheeler got organized & chased us from the "Columbia" to an excursion boat of some kind & we rode up the bay for half an hour & docked again just astern of the good ship TIVIVES. All this time I was hanging around with the crowd I have mentioned, & carrying the Canadian girl's suitcase.

We hopped off that boat & onto the Tivives, about ten o'clock & found our rooms. Mine (33) is fine — two port holes, two long bunks, & a couch, two wash stands, two clothes closets & lots of room. Then I found out that my Dunkie's name is Juan San Germán & he isn't so bad — only quiet & sort of dignified.

We had dinner on this boat & I was late so missed out on the table with the white people & listened to rapid fire spanish throughout the meal. Before that I forgot to say that the baggage had to be claimed & checked on the dock before it was loaded. I took the Canadienne's check & ticket & Mr. Cleary fixed it up after an hour of waiting in line. She was saved a lot of trouble & time that way, & found out that her name is Mavis Masters. She isn't anything to shout about, but she is white & interesting to talk to. She is going alone to Jamaica, informally under

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the care of Mr. Fletcher the missionary, and the other two Canadians Mr. & Mrs. Mac(something) They just keep an eye on her out of their own friendliness & kindness.

We also had our passports "seen" by a Collector of Customs before dinner.

After dinner Mr. & Mrs. Mac-, Miss Masters & I went sight-seeing. It was announced at lunch that passengers could leave & see the town & return by six. It is now 5:45. We walked to a car

line & rode to the center of town where I met Mother, Mr. Haskit & Mr Bragden. The letter of introduction to our gates came this morning - delivered in my room. It is O.K. After we had all sent telegrams we started out to walk & of course walked the wrong way, & spent two hours in the colored section of town. It was a circus! Most of those coons could have made millions on the stage just in their Easter clothes. The prize winner was a wonder. We gave him the loving cup after looking them all over. He was a brown derby over one ear, carried a cane,

and gloves (black), wore tan shoes with cloth tops & the tops had a pattern of flowers on them! He had large wide tan colored trousers & a bright purple-blue coat, so long that you couldn't see his hands except when he hitched me sleeve up to show off the cane better. He was a riot, & all the others were too. It's a wonder we didn't start a race riot because we didn't see more than ten whites for over an hour & these Canadians just stared & laughed themselves to death. So did I, but I told them what

might happen if some of those birds got sore. We got out alive & came back to the boat. It was lots of fun, but we didn't see much of the "élite" section of town. The Canadians really are awfully nice people - all that anyone could want.

There are some other nice looking people on board but I haven't met more than spoken to any of them. The trip is going to be fine if we ever get started, but they can't seem to get the tub loaded. That boat you saw we sail on weighs 1500 tons. The Tivives weighs 5000 & has its weight lower. There are only 70 passengers on board, about 20 of them white (that is, not Spanish or Indian.).

The steamer letters were all fine and I never enjoyed reading anything so much. Fred's was a wonder, as was Mary's, Mother's & Henrietta's. The telegrams from Harriet & Phil were also very nice. And the candy. I haven't opened it but I surely do appreciate it. Tell Mother that it was wonderful of her to send it.

No one ever had a family like I have. You are all

just plain wonderful, & I hate to leave you for so long but it is all for the best, I am sure, & I am glad I have this opportunity.

We probably will sail tomorrow night sometime or perhaps Tuesday morning. I hope we get shore leave again. I will answer all the steamer letters shortly.

Cargoes of love to you all & best regards to Fred, Bis, et al.

Your loving son,
Hugh.

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY
STEAMSHIP SERVICE

U.S.POSTAGE
2 CENTS
NORFOLK
APR 6
5 30P
1920
VA.
Mrs. Henry C. Quigley
Bellefonte
Penn.

Just found the right letter after sealing this.
Thanks for sending it. Lots of love to everyone.

S.S. TIVIVES.
UNITED FRUIT COMPANY
STEAMSHIP SERVICE

S.S. TIVIVES.
UNITED FRUIT COMPANY
STEAMSHIP SERVICE

still in Norfolk
Monday evening

Dear Mother :-

Your telegram was delivered to me at dinner tonight, and I was glad to hear from you again. Nothing much has happened since I wrote to you last night.

I got up at seven-thirty to be sure & mail your letter before we sailed, but the rush wasn't necessary at all, for we are still here. It rained most of the morning and blew quite a gale so we were lucky to be tied up, especially since the paper said a storm was

raging all along the coast. The two young Canadians, McKay and Parker, who are bound for Jamaica to work in a bank, + I intended to go to town but the weather was too bad.

This boat is sort of an outcast, for it came to Baltimore to avoid the strike + tried to get coaled during the strike, so it is still considered a strike-breaker, though the strike ended on Saturday. Three barges of coal were brought alongside at noon, so we thought we were all set to leave soon, but there was no one to load the stuff in the hold. A man who speaks English badly, but who went to Penn + Boston Tech around 1905 + was a Yale, wanted to go to the Yale - William and Mary baseball game today + we decided to go together. It was an awful battle deciding whether to go or not, because the Captain said we might be here 10 minutes or ten days, he didn't know. He told us to go if we wanted to take a chance as did all the other officers, so we were up in the air for sure.

I particularly wanted to see the game + Wynn Fredericks, + the other Bird was anxious to

go to, so we finally decided to take the chance, as no one had showed up to coal the ship. We saw Yale win 3-1 and I talked a few minutes with Wynn, who sat on the bench during the game. It was fun, but hardly worth the strain of worrying about the boat. It's about three miles to the ball park, so we took a taxi back & the driver couldn't find the pier. He took us way up the shore to some coal dock & from there we could see smoke curling out of the Finnies' funnel which was extremely discouraging

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STEAMSHIP SERVICE

since that was the first time her fires had been lit. We were worried sick till we got back on the old tub & found that the stevedores had quit even arrived.

About six a thing of darkies showed up & they are still working (5:30 PM). having only loaded about a sixth of the coal, so far. We will probably get under way tomorrow before noon, but "nobody knows & nobody seems to care." The captain is fed up

with waiting & answering questions, but the coal ought to be all on by daylight tomorrow, and that is all we need before we shove off, except the revenue officer's inspection of income tax clearances.

The Canadian man & wife from New Brunswick are named McLean & they surely are nice people. Miss Waters is a nice girl too, but not very interesting. That Spanish looking, & rather cute girl Dad saw in Baltimore is awfully silly. She thinks she is a knock-out & very attractive, but she isn't. She's for the Crown Prince who is with her. She was working up a dance for this evening, but it is too cold on deck for that. It was a fine idea & originally invented by Mrs McLean, & shall the evenings become warmer soon so we can stage a few. The Victrola or piano are the only orchestras aboard, but they ought to be sufficient. Mrs. McLean plays very well, but she probably can dance well too, so we will have to hunt up another pianist.

Mr. & Mrs Fletcher & Mr & Mrs McLean saved me a seat at their

table in the dining saloon at the first meal. But some old lady grabbed it before I came in for lunch, so I was assigned to a table with a thoroughbred, though English-speaking, Mexican, and a boy from East Orange. They are fair enough, & I would get awfully tired of the missionary & his wife anyway — boy are nice but boring to an extreme.

The boy from East Orange is named Crozier & he is going to Puerto Colombia to work for the Gulf Oil Co. He tells me there are about ten companies working there now.

United Fruit Company
Steamship Service
ON BOARD
S. S. TIVIVES

He knows something of the old business in general & has heard a lot of Messrs Jaffray & Gillespie.

The Steward just brought this new paper, so I thought I would show you what it looks like by using a sheet in this letter.

You ought to see the sea-going purser we have, - a young fellow with a rakish hat, purple handkerchief sticking out of his pocket,

and a doggy uniform. He looks so much like Phil Barnes in my class at college that I asked him who he was. His name is Taylor & he was in the class of 1914 at Lafayette, knew Porter Polk there, & is a Duke. He also knows Phil Barnes' best friend "Bud" Fisher, who only stayed at college a year. That is a coincidence too, for he looks just like Phil.

I hope I have time to mail this before we head south tomorrow, and I think we shall. I never see señor San Germán during the day & he is a fair enough Bunkie, so I have nothing to worry about & lots to look forward to.

We can't take a bath on this boat until she gets to sea, because the bathing water is all taken from the sea & it is too dirty around here to me, so I hope we shove off soon.

Everything is lovely so don't ever worry about me. I eat three of the squarest

meals you ever saw ~~a~~ day now but I don't know how it will be later. The food is good, — really very doggy. Beginning with caviar & ending with three kinds of cheese, with everything between.

Well, the Canadians are playing bridge, & the dance seems to be off, so I will turn in, I believe. They wanted me to play bridge with them but I bowed out on that. Lots of love to you & all the family and good-bye — this time until Jamaica, I think. Your loving son,

Hugh.

S. S. TIVIVES

POST CARD

CORRESPONDENCE

ADDRESS

PLACE STAMP HERE

JAMAICA

Mrs. H. C. Dugley
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania
U.S.A.

This is a wonderful place to live & enjoy life. We are 90 ft. above the Caribbean Sea & the mountains rise abruptly behind us. Beautiful beaches & coves. Bright sunshine with trade winds. Enjoy Jamaica & the people. Wonderful weather. Love & Aloha.

Hugh

Mrs. Henry C. Quigley

Bellefonte

Penn.

U.S.A.

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

STEAMSHIP SERVICE

United Fruit Company
Steamship Service
ON BOARD
S. S. TIVIVES

April 10, 1920
10:30 A.M.

Dear Mother :-

We have just passed Cape Maisi, Cuba, and will cast anchor in Kingston about 2 PM tonight. The trip has been great: I must have missed my calling for I can sit four hours on a capstan at the bow and just watch the water.

We finally left Norfolk about five o'clock Tuesday afternoon and after being

pushed around by a tug for a half hour we got up some steam and passed out through hundreds of freight vessels anchored in the bay. From then on we saw no land until yesterday.

About three o'clock Wednesday morning we hit some awfully rough weather which lasted just one day, but which made this ship into a floating sanitarium. About four people ate all three meals that day & held everything and I was one of them. The other sixty-six were dead to the world. A few sat on deck but most of them just groaned the day away down in their cabins, & everything was a mess. Some of the waves went clear over the bridge & top deck and others stood us on end. I spent most of the day riding the big ones on the forward deck. Miss Masters had a lot of nerve & tried to stay out but she couldn't stand it. The McLeans were miserable, as was everyone else.

I had a good time with

the ship's officers because I was about the only one who felt well.

During Wednesday night the sea quieted down and all day Thursday it was wonderful, although some poor unfortunates were still under the weather. Yesterday was also calm but cloudy and windy. The ship has no cargo & consequently feels even a little ~~rough~~ lighter. Yesterday we passed San Salvador & saw the monument marking Columbus' first landing and last night we saw Bird Rock light

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Steamship Service
ON BOARD
S. S. TIVIVES

and Fortune Island light, and those were the first bits of land we had seen since Norfolk. Also we passed some ships going north - several schooners & freighters and one U.S. Navy Collier.

People are feeling more chipper now, but it is awfully hot. The only comfortable part of the boat is right below the Bridge

on the promenade deck. The last night in Norfolk was so cold that you couldn't stand still on deck, but we surely are in the tropics now. We have seen hundreds of flying fish & a few porpoises, but nothing else of interest.

The people could be a lot better on this boat. All the Spaniards are nice enough but I don't like them. Mr. & Mrs. McLean are two of the nicest people I ever met - about 30 years old, and Mr. is very funny. Mrs McLean doesn't like the sea at all. She can't stand the slightest roll & is afraid besides. Miss Masters is very nice & we have had a lot of fun walking & talking together. The two bank clerks - McKay & Parker - are fairly nice, and there are some others who will pass, but also there are quite a few Jews & Spanish-Americans who are awful.

Everyone is so lazy that nothing exciting ever happens, but nevertheless I love the trip & could go on like this forever.

The barber, John, is really about the most interesting person aboard, & when he & the deck steward, Tobey, start kidding each other, it is a riot. I have an awful drag with John & spend some time talking to him & the officers, who usually hang out in his shop.

I have taken some pictures of the Times in dock & of various points of interest on the way down, and will take some more in Kingston tomorrow.

There is a rumor that

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ON BOARD
S. S. TIVIVES

we may change ships at Jamaica, because this ship has no cargo at all & the "Santa Marta" is just a day behind us. In that case this boat would proceed empty to Santa Marta, Colombia & load for the return trip. But the 1st mate doesn't know anything about it & I hope it doesn't turn out that way, because it would be a lot of bother

for everyone. If we stay on this ship we will be in Jamaica two days probably & I will see something of the island.

I surely will need some tropical clothes. for these wool suits are hotter than fur coats in this climate.

My buddie, Señor San Germán, has been fine & told me a lot of Colombia & what to look out for, etc. Every afternoon, huge poker games go on but I have stayed out of them & always will. A bottle of beer now & then is all the wild time I ever have, except when John the Barber gave me a glass of 15 yr old Jamaica Rum before dinner yesterday. The bar opened as soon as we left Norfolk safely behind, but it hasn't much attraction for me. The Balboa Cerveza (Beer) made in Panama City, is fine beer with 9% alcohol in it.

I envy Phil his job

if he is a 3rd mate on some boat. Its a great life, you & off, & these fellows seem to ~~like~~ thrive on it. They all saw a bull fight in Cartagena the last trip & they enjoy life in general. You never saw a better looking bunch of boys.

I have been speaking a little Spanish to a kid from Bogotá named Carlos Santamaria & also to his little sister & they enjoy it immensely, showing great

United Fruit Company
Steamship Service
ON BOARD
S. S. TIVIVES

surprise whenever I get anything right.

Yesterday I played some Bridge with the McBains & Miss Masters, & made out fairly well but nothing extra. I am writing this in a three-year-old style, but its too hot for anything else. I brought out the Pages & Shaws yesterday & everyone enjoyed it, but Mrs Mc

who didn't feel equal to it. It was just about to melt anyway, but it surely tasted wonderful.

I must call this off for the present, but will write more before we leave Jamaica.

A woman traveling alone to Panama from Norfolk is really the nicest person on the boat, I believe. She never spoke to me till this morning but she is awfully nice and even I can tell the difference between her & the loud, cackling woman from Arizona who never keeps her fingers out of anything. She is worse than Queen Mary. But this Norfolk lady is fine & a real lady. She is going to visit some friends in Panama with the Navy. You can't beat the Mc Leans either.

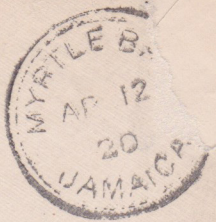
Loads of love to you and Mary & Dad, & my regards to the Marrises, Mrs Maynard, Fred, Phil, etc.

A years won't be so very long and I surely am coming home when I get the chance. This is all very wonderful & interesting but I will be dying to see you all by the time a year & a half is up, or however long I am going to stay.

More love to you all.

Your loving son,

Hugh.



Judge Henry C. Quigley
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania
U.S.A.

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

STEAMSHIP SERVICE

Myrtle Bank Hotel
KINGSTON,
JAMAICA, B.W.I.

Sunday Apr 11.

Dear Dad:-

Yesterday was very rough after I wrote that letter to Mother, but we docked here at six this morning, and won't leave till tonight, I think. All the passengers going to Puerto Colombia sail on the Sixines this evening, but we have all these round for Cristobal & Panama. They stay here at this hotel over night & go down on the Santa Maria

tomorrow. Only 23 people stay on the ship with us, but there are a few white ones, & the Spaniards aren't bad.

This is a wonderful tropical hotel with palms everywhere — the U.F. Co. owns it, as they do most of the island. I may eat lunch here & stick around during the afternoon. At present I am with a boy named Gutman from Los Angeles, who is going to Medellin, Col, & he is a very nice sort of a fellow.

Your cable was delivered at the boat when we tied up, & it surely was nice of you to send it, though you shouldn't have gone to so much expense & trouble for me. I wish I could send you one, but I'll have to save money as much as possible. You can't ever tell what you may run up against. One person was charged $24.00 by a cab driver for the trip from the boat to the hotel — about 12 blocks. They know everyone who looks like a traveler. We were lucky to have decided to walk, because you can't do much about it on Sunday, as everything is closed

and you have no friends anywhere except the passengers, who are in the same boat.

Rooms are $4.50 a day but the Co. pays for the passengers who have to stay over.

Must stop now & hunt up Gutman. The Mexicans have us here. I am sorry to say they are fine.

Lots of love to the family- Mother & Mary,- and all of Bellefonte. Will write again soon.

Your loving son,

Hugh

No envelopes in the hotel so I am mailing it from the boat. Just about to eat lunch on the boat.

Mrs. Henry C. Quigley
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania
U.S.A.

United Fruit Company
Steamship Service
ON BOARD
S. S. TIVIVES

Monday, Apr 12 1920

Dear Mother, -

We are now crossing the Carribean bound for either Santa Marta or Puerto Colombia, no one knows. All the Colombians on the boat struck yesterday and refused to go to Santa Marta, because their tickets read P'to Col. & it takes no longer from Jamaica but the trip from Santa Marta to P'to Col. takes about two days of the meanest kind of

travel. There are some women on the boat – the whole family of Santamaria, about eight, and several other families & they refuse to get off this boat anywhere but P'to Cl. I don't blame them either from what I have heard of the trip along the coast. You leave Santa Marta on a little two deck boat with four rooms for 25 people & all the passengers on the deck above the engines, no conveniences of any kind & mosquitos everywhere. It takes a day on that boat to somewhere else, where you take a train ride lasting another day to Barranquilla.

The captain's orders are to make Santa Marta & load bananas for the return trip, but he has wired New York & Santa Marta & we may hear something soon. I don't like the idea of that two day trip at all. In either case we will reach port before noon tomorrow, and I surely will be glad when I reach Puerto Santos or anywhere where something definite will

carry on.

The boat is deserted now except for the twenty-three people going to Barranquilla. I talked with Sr. Bragado for two hours last night & I think a lot more of the Spanish-Americans. He told me all about the revolution from Spain, the Spanish-American war, the Panama affair, & the stand of Colombia during the war. He is a lawyer & oil promoter & spends half of his time in the U.S. & he seems to be pretty influential. He lives in Bogotá. He also

United Fruit Company
Steamship Service
ON BOARD
S. S. TIVIVES

told all about the way the United Fruit Company oppresses the natives. The Company has a lot of power & I guess it does trample on anyone it can. I never heard a man get more worked up & yet be more careful of what he said than this Sr. Brozado. He really is a wonder, & his standards of justice & honor are finer than gold, but awfully sensitive. He told me

about a duel he had with the German Consul at Progreso because he had been telling a friend how awful the German atrocities in France were, & the German objected.

He is the most polite & polished man I ever saw, & his ideas concerning women are actually sublime. He would never think of or tolerate a harsh word to be spoken before a lady, but after he leaves the lady in a safe place he is a terror on wheels. He got mixed up in a lot of brails in Jamaica. Miss Masters had dinner on the boat last evening & he had been paying quite a bit of attention to her. She was left here by the McBains & didn't know where to go. The Count told her to have dinner on the boat but the United Fruit Co. refused because her ticket was only for Kingston. It is absolutely inconceivable to him how anyone can be anything but most courteous to a lady & he was in a rage. You always hear him

saying "I have to do this" as though there was no alternative. & he surely does what he has to. It really is wonderful to hear him talk.

(Same day P.M.)

We are out of luck now. The Captain received a message ordering him to dump us at Santa Marta, where a train will be waiting to take us to Cienaga or some such place, from whence we go by the boat I described above to Barranquilla. It will be a frightful mess

United Fruit Company
Steamship Service
ON BOARD
S. S. TIVIVES

before we are safely in B/aires for these Spaniards are all in a rage. They are nice people and of good families, but they think they are being imposed upon, & when they feel that way, "stand from under"!

We left Kingston at eleven o'clock last night and saw a beautiful fire in that city all the way out the Bay. It must

have been a warehouse or hotel for it lasted several hours and lit up the sky beautifully.

We left one of the wireless operators & three of the crew in Kingston. The boat was scheduled to sail at 10 P.M. but by that time several of the officers & lots of the crew were still missing. All but the four we left drifted in between ten & eleven. The captain was in a fury but was kind enough to wait that long.

I guess I didn't tell you what we did in Kingston in the afternoon. Gutman, Krozier, & I took a long trolley ride out to the Hope Gardens & wandered around there for an hour. They have all kinds of tropical trees & vegetation, all labeled, in the Gardens & it was very interesting. After that we went to the hotel again & mailed some letters & then went back

to this boat for supper. It seemed like home to me and I would like to stay with it to New York. It is due back there about the ~~twenty~~-fourth & I will mail ~~this~~ ~~letter~~ right on the boat, as it will reach you just as soon that way.

Will write again when I have time. Loads of love to all the family. Everything will probably turn out all right eventually but it looks bad now. Still, it is very interesting & I enjoy it. Yours loving son

Hugh.

Gran Hotel Luiza
Barranquilla, Colombia.
Friday, April 16, 1920

Dear Family:-

If you could only see me now! All dressed up in a Palm Beach suit & Panama hat! Its a great life if ya don't weaken" as Doctor San Germán used to say on the boat. I may as well let you know what has carried on more or less in chronological order since I wrote to you from the middle of the Carribean Sea. That was Monday afternoon. There was nothing doing of note on board until the next morning about 9.30 when we saw the snow-capped peak of "Sierra Nevada" rising up back of Santa Marta. We couldn't see Santa Marta, however, until about ten thirty or eleven. The Andes were a wonderful sight for an hour or more before we cast anchor in the little harbor, and from the boat the town was beautiful - all white buildings among banana trees & palms. We stayed there for dinner & until the customs & quarantine officers had examined passports & jabbered at us all. Even the Chief Purser of the Finnies & the Doctor couldn't understand them.

We docked about two o'clock & all the trunks were unloaded & sent to the custom house on a little train. We rode on the same train in a coach, however, & had our trunks inspected by a prince of a man. I couldn't understand a word but he didn't even disturb my things, & Señor Santamaria was kind enough to do all my talking for me. All the Colombians I have seen have been so nice & polite & obliging that I don't know what to make of it. On the boat they were fine & they were influential men too, returning from business trips to the U.S., not crooks or four-flushers. Señor Brigodo was the most

polished, polite, smooth, knight errant as gallant I ever met. When I said goodbye to him here yesterday he wanted to arrange my passage up the river & even to the camps, since he is going up that way himself. He is a handsome bird, too.

After we were checked up in the customs the Dukes had formed a delegation & visited the United Fruit Agent in Santa Marta, who gave in to their demand to be allowed to sleep on the launches that night & go over to B/quilla by day. Its a good thing we did or most of us would have died, I guess, especially the women & children. ....

There is an enormous bald-headed vulture sitting not thirty feet from me on the roof. There, he flew away. ....

Well anyway we spent the afternoon wandering around the town & even it was better than Kingston. We were as follows: Señor David Delgado, a Colombian selling cloth etc for a New York outfit all around here. He is a fine boy, about 25, nice looking &, as they all are, doing everything he can for strangers. He has a good business too & is making lots of money. Robert Gutman from Los Angeles, going to Medellin for the Mercantile Trust Co, a really fine boy, 26 yrs old, speaks Spanish like a native - he lived 7 years in Mexico - & by now a good friend of mine. Mr. Thomas of some town on the Hudson, going to Bogotá - to set up some locomotives for the American Locomotive Works. He is about 40 yrs old - ordinary but good fun. Then there is a New York Jew named Boehmer going to Bogotá also for the Merc. Trust Co. I have met & seen a lot of Colombians & they have it over any Jews I saw like a three ring tent. He tries to be decent at times but he can't help showing what he is. We five have been together

since we landed & have gotten to know each other very well & get along finely together. We hired a Buick in Santa Marta that afternoon & went out to look over the house where the great Simon Bolivar died. He is darn near sacred around here — the George Washington of Colombia, Venezuela, Bolivia, Peru & Ecuador, who fought the Spaniards for 20 years in all these places at once & finally gained the independence of them all. They wanted to make him an emperor but he turned it down & set up these republics instead. After that we went to the boat & had dinner. In the evening Edgado showed us around the town again, but that wasn't so nice or safe for Americans because you are likely to be stuck with a knife if you accidentally bump into someone in the dark.

There are all shades of people in this country from jet black, through Indian, to pure white, though nearly everyone has a dark skin — sort of olive or sunburned color. It was hotter than ever felt it before that night on the boat, but in the daytime around here nothing can compare with this heat, that is — out in the sunshine. The next morning (Wed.) we all piled off the boat & onto our special train. The trunks & suitcases were in a freight car & we had a club car with an observation platform on the back where we could hang out. The road is narrow gage, built by Fruit Co to haul bananas & we had the South American Manager's special car. The train never ran over twenty miles an hour but it was a pleasant, cool, & pretty ride for 1½ hours to Cienaga. There we changed to a boat & the craziest looking boat you ever saw, — flat

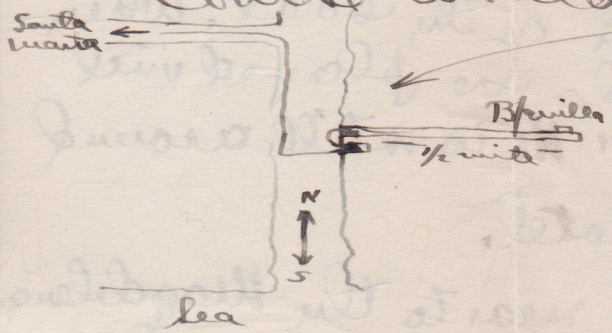
bottom & top heavy with all the passengers on the upper deck. There were sixty people altogether on board. We got on that & started out some canal about 10:30 A.M. and reached B/quilla at 11 P.M. — Some ride! at night it would have been awful — no cots, only chairs. We traveled thru rivers, lakes, bays, & canals all day & saw about five big alligators on the way. Their mouths were about 20 inches long but we couldn't see the rest of them. It was pretty cool most of the time but the food they passed out to us was impossible. We went thru the market in Cienaga where they got it & excuse me! Dirty — all the meat & fish lying on the floor — it was beyond description. The dogs & natives in themselves made it impossible. Gutman & the rest of us bought mangos & bananas & took them on board with us. That ride was a beautie. Ill, but we sat still on the rear deck under an improvised awning & in comfortable collapsible camp chairs for eleven hours, eating bananas & watching fish, birds & alligators. We were in an impenetrable jungle most of the time — it was mean looking & I wouldn't want to take the journey alone. We saw a 15 ft. boa in a cage in a Santa Marta store.

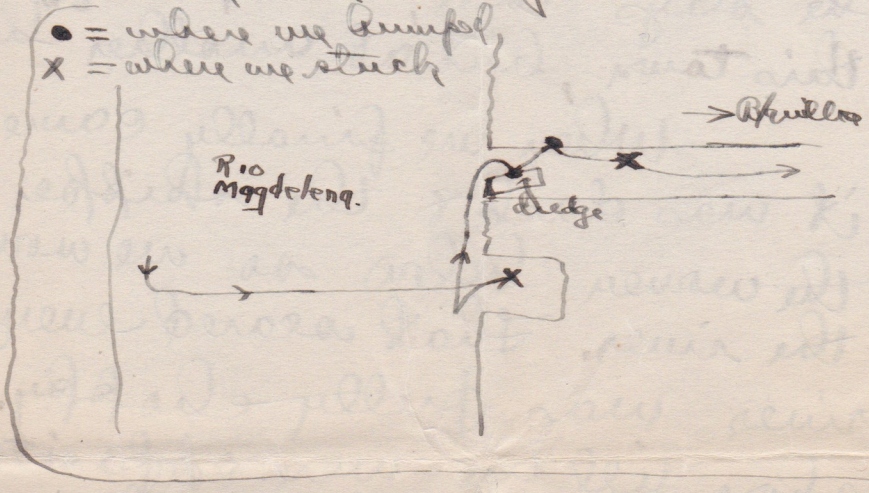
All our trunks were in the hold of this boat but it sure did rock at the slightest wave on some of those lakes we crossed. The twenty-three of us alone from the Finines had over sixty trunks — a lot of them full of samples & goods owned by Delgado

Sr. Salgado & Sr. Olagary, who sell stuff around here. That is a very respectable business & a very profitable one here. Salgado is a fine man too. He is about 40 & can only speak a few english words pertaining to Poker. which he played all the time on the boat. Whenever he sees one of the birds he played with he says "Cañe-Cañe,-Bluff." He is still around this town, but at another hotel.

When we finally came near to the Magdelena it was dark & the skipper sent everyone but the owner below so we wouldn't upset crossing the river. That scared everyone, because the river was pretty choppy. We hugged the shore till we were opposite the canal which leads into Barrilla, then cut straight across. The pilot missed the right canal & ran up the one beside it. We went hard aground on some rocks & nearly upset. The crew stripped & dove in under the boat, pulled a lot of rocks out & finally pried us off. We backed out & turned into the right canal but a big dredge was nearly blocking the entrance. The skipper took to skarpa turn, bumped the dredge, nearly turned turtle, caromed off the dredge to a stone wall & nearly upset again. He put on full speed & missed the channel, so we plowed into a sand bar & stuck. It took

them an hour to get off & finally reach the end of that canal. Believe me, everyone breathed a sigh of relief when we docked. This is what a map of the latter part of our course would look like:- and here is the way an enlarged portion would look showing where we hit bottom & the dredge:-





It was a wild ride & I'm glad I won't have to take it again. No search lights on the boat & a dark night. Excuse me! Delgado showed the four of us to the Pension Inglés, where I was supposed to stop, but it was full, so we came here & they turned us down again. But Delgado knew the manager, who was home in bed, so he sent for him & we were finally fixed up — Delgado in one room, Thomas & Buchner in another, & Gutman & I together in a third.

We hadn't eaten a bite but fruit since breakfast, so we went to the Velez Club & had a good dinner. Delgado has been a regular Mr. Cook for us. He is really

fine boy. We had a fine dinner there & then went to bed. No mattresses in this country but iron beds with a canvas sheet stretched tight over a frame. One sheet & there you are. Cool as possible. I must now get some dinner but will follow this letter with another soon. It looks as though I were writing a history, but this is the most efficient way I can think of to tell you all I want to. Remember to remind me that I stopped at going to bed Wednesday.

This city is fine, but hot. Good business & lots of nice people — Colombians. They don't pronounce as I learned to here. No th for c or z but an s sound. ll is like y & not l at all.

Well, lots of love to you all. Everything is fine with me & I hope you are as well & happy. Millions of mosquitos & they have my ankles bitten to pieces, but I don't seem to worry much about them. You will hear from me soon again. The address of "c/o Mr. Ben. Wooster, Credito Mercantil, Barranquilla Colombia" will reach me any time. That's the correct address.

Will write again soon.

Your loving son,

Hugh.

Mrs. Henry C. Quigley
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania
U.S.A.

Gran Hotel Luiza
B/quilla, Colombia
Sunday, Apr 18, 1920

Dear Family -

Don't change my address as I said in my last letter. The address that will always reach me & that all the Columbia Syndicate men use is "% Columbia Syndicate, % Cortissoz, Correa, & Co, Barranquilla, Columbia, S.A." The Company has a mail bag at that bank & all mail goes that it.

We had just arrived at this hotel & Delgado had got us some rooms when I left off "the other day. When we came up stairs the first person we met was a man named Allenberg who is representing some dry goods concern in N.Y. He was overjoyed to see us & woke up all the Americans in the place. W.D. Allinder, the camp auditor, was the first to show up. His assistant is here, too. They are going out to camp tomorrow. It was fine to see them all. Gibson, one of the drillers is here too waiting for that much talked-of machinery. As soon as we had given everyone the glad hand we stepped out for supper. Del took us to the Kelo Club & we made up for that day of starvation. The beds in this place are unique, - like canvas cots with one 3'x4' sheet to cover yourself, and a mosquito net over the whole thing. The rooms have huge full length doors & as much air as possible is obtained, but still it is awfully hot. I am darn near bitten to death already by these mosquitos.

Thursday morning Gutman, Boehmer, & I started out. Mr. Wooster is the hardest man in town to find. I talked to Mr. Cortissoz a few minutes & he is a fine man, - young Columbian about 40

but big in his business. He said Ben Wooster only dropped in at the bank now & then, as he had about 6 or 8 irons in the fire & was awfully busy besides handling the Co's business & building a boat for them. When Putnam & Buehner were then at the Mercantile Bank of the Americas, we three looked around the town a bit & got us each a palm beach suit & panama hat, as it was absolutely too hot for the lightest kind of wool. Putnam got a shirt & pajamas & we got a good idea of prices here. Good suits of English cloth are about half price, but shirts underwear & all such clothes are away up. Panama hats are cheap but hard straw hats are very high & the real doggy hat to wear. I should have brought one of mine. My panama cost #3.60 and the suit #18.00.

We also got our money changed into Colombian gold & bills but silver change is awfully scarce. You ought to see the meals they put at here, at least seven courses. Breakfast is light but lunch & dinner, good night! always good soup - fish - chicken & rice - beefsteak & baked bananas - croquettes or something similar & potatoes - melons - a dish of preserves - & coffee. But you couldn't recognise any of the stuff. Everything looks & tastes different here. Its all like a dream. Not one thing the same as in the U.S, - not a wooden house, but all plaster & clay, hundreds of cabs with skinny horses, little trolley cars drawn by 3 galloping mules, & everyone speaking Spanish. Its very interesting, however, but it wouldn't be if Delgado & Putnam weren't so nice about interpreting everything, & taking the rest of us where we want to go. Putnam & I have

been together all the time & he is a fine boy, while this Delgado is a prince & it is remarkable how he understands Americans. The things that some of these dummies, like Thomas & Boehmer, say about the country & people & customs would start a riot if anyone heard them but Del. But he just laughs them off & is as nice as ever. He would get by as a very fine boy at home. He dresses like a duke, too, & knows every important person here very well, they are all stung for hand-shaking, hugging & cheek to cheek stuff, and the way they shower compliments & flattery on each other is a circus in itself.

The rainy season is about to begin & when it does I hope I am up the river. All sidewalks are 2 ft. above the streets and you can't cross at all on account of the streams running between the sidewalks. A horse was drowned in the street last year near here. He fell down & couldn't get up. It must be great.

The rest of Thursday we spent getting set & acquainted with the town. I now can find my way anywhere in Bacolod - with the help of a cab. There is one on every corner in this city, besides lots of soldiers, and they all say "at your service" when you ask them anything. Courtesy seems to be the motto.

The five of us all eat at one table in a cool, breezy, spot in the dining room which is only a porch around a palm garden court yard with a cage full of all kinds of tropical birds. They used to have a tiger running loose around

the hotel but he had to be killed a little while ago. He was buried in the dining room.

No buildings are over two stories high & this one is built in a quadrangle shape with a balcony around the second floor where the bedrooms are located. It looks like the upper tier in a penitentiary but it is the coolest arrangement they could make. There is nothing private about any of these rooms, as air is too necessary. All doors are like those in a bar room & you can hear all over the place.

Thursday evening Del brought a friend to dinner — a young man-about-town, and a good looking dude he was. After dinner the whole outfit - six of us — went to the movies in the biggest theatre I ever have been in. It holds about 3500, with part of them in a large open air gallery at the rear where they couldn't possibly see the headings, & two galleries above the orchestra besides. The picture was produced by an Italian company & the headings translated into Spinach. I could read most of them but the play was dumb - ten reels of a worn out plot. All the nice girls with their families were in boxes. That's the only time they ever appear in public. Some of them were knock-outs, but I don't like that type.

After the movies we went for a ride in a Hudson Super-Six at 2.50 an hour for 6 of us. I don't see how they do it, for gas is 70¢ a gal. There are a lot of Buicks, Overlands, Hudsons, & some other cars here.

All the time I have been here I have been going around to see Wooster ~~but~~

at the bank + at his house but he is a hard man to find. Mr Carlisson did his best to bring us together but Wooster is flying around in his car all the time + very hard to find.

I got some pictures printed but the fotografia bird is no good + they didn't turn out too well. All day Friday we just hunted around + I couldn't find Wooster. Allinder + Gibson are lots of fun + we all have quite an enjoyable time together. Allinder is very busy, but Gibson has nothing to do except wait for that machinery. Neither of them know any Spinach + I don't see how Allinder gets his work done.

I finally caught Wooster at home last night + gave him the letter. He is a nice man but too busy to bother with us or "arrange for my transportation". I guess I will go up with Allinder tomorrow evening on the boat. We ride rail for three days to the Sibirija River, then go five days up that in a big canoe that is poled along by natives. Some ride!! Even on the river boat we have to ride on deck as they won't sell berths to passengers going so short a distance. I could loaf here for a month if I wanted to but what's the use. There is absolutely nothing for me to do anywhere. Gates is never where anyone can find him + the rest of the outfit just waits around. There are only 17 altogether in the camp + they live on a native house boat. There may not be room for me out there but I may as well go anyway for after Gutman goes this Thursday, I would be last named

here & would have a hard time finding my way out to Pato Sautes anyway. Its a wild country & sometimes you have to stop over in native towns for several days waiting for a canoe or a flood or something. You can't imagine what this valley is around here. I'll be a real pioneer & Dan Boone will have nothing on me.

Even that ride from Cienaga to here was extremely dangerous. Dr. Santamaria who is a big duke in Bogotá, wired the govt about that ride & how many women & children risked their lives. It really was an experience in itself. But this ride to camp. Holy smoke! I'll be glad when I finally plant my foot on a United Fruit Co. gangway again but I wouldn't do it now for a million. You know, most of these people are savages & wild men. The ones I have told you about are the 10% of the population who have brains & are really fine people, but even they tell you how unfortunate the rest of their people are.

Here in Barranquilla the last time a bull fight was held they killed eight bulls who had killed, before they died, 24 horses & two toreadors. The show ended in a fight between police & audience in which 35 people were killed & it ended by a regiment of soldiers being called out & driving the police to cover. That is absolutely true & shows you how these people

carry on. The police had started firing on the crowd & when the soldiers dispersed the police of course the crowd went wild over the soldiers.

Next door to the hotel is a big barracks, where a band plays now & then & soldiers march out to the rifle range. They are all under German influence, too. Their uniforms look German. They are always serenading someone & yesterday they had a big ceremony in the square in front of the barracks. Their band played the national air & everyone went wild. Its a great life if yr don't weaken.

Last night Delgado, Gutman, Boehmer, Allinder & I went to the Carib Club for a visit. It is an all-American club & very nice. All they do around here is drink beer, and those dukes nearly drowned us last night with good sandwiches & beer. Dr. Cartagena is a member of the club but the rest are all Americans.

The favorite amusement of this gang here is to roll poker-dice to see who pays for a round of 5 beers. It takes a half hour to roll the kind of an elimination game they play & is a lot of fun, also hamburgers. Gibson & Allinder usually lose.

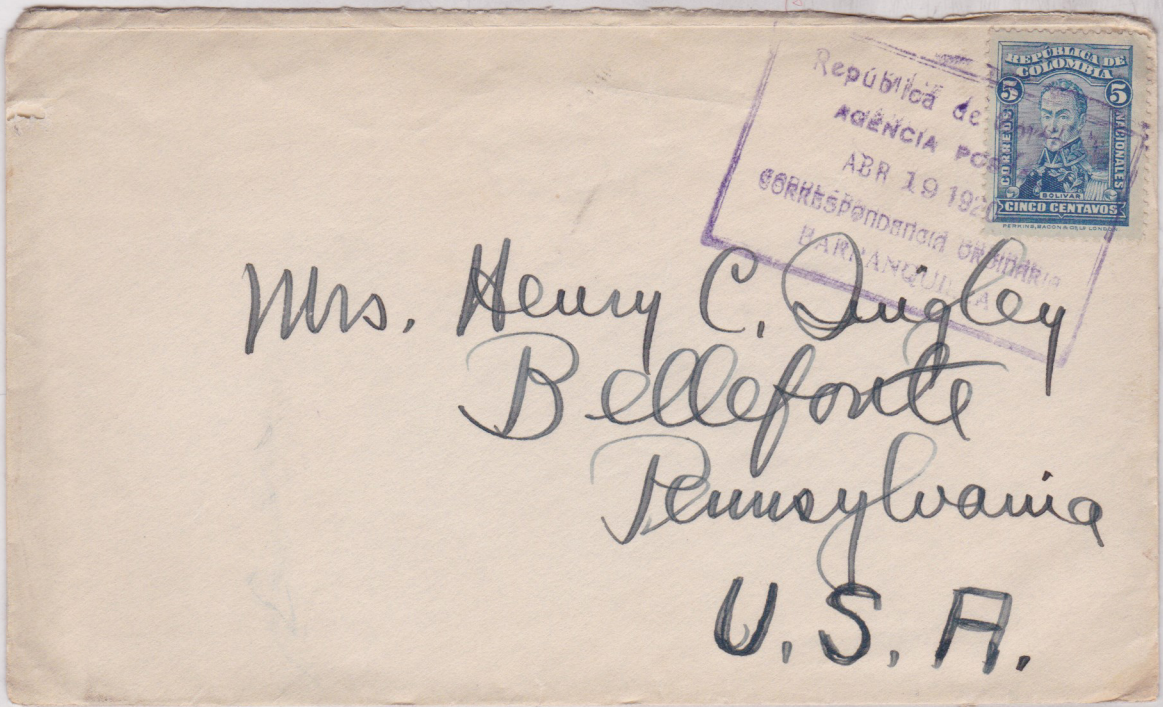
The band only knows what will happen tomorrow if I go out tomorrow or if I stay here but in either case I will have to cash a

check for $100.00 or more to cover the boat ride & hotel bill. I will get it back at the end of the month. They have nothing out at Pato Soutas at all & Ill be a great help. Gates doesn't give a darn whether I am in South America or Borneo or what I do & Wooster is too busy to bother with us. I can stay here a month or more & they will be relieved not to have to worry about where I am to sleep or where they can find food for us, but I'd rather be there as Gibson will be the only one left here, soon. Maybe Ill stay with him. Ill be a nuisance out there. Don't get the idea that I am married or want to emp home or anything like that. Far from it! I am as contented as a setting hen & am ready & eager to take on anything that turns up. Its all in a life time & I wouldn't miss just the experience I have had already for anything. Its great! Gibson has worked in every continent in the world & is a funny Irishman who wears a palm beach suit that would fit Dad while Gibson is about Mr Taylor's build but 20 lbs lighter.

Don't forget that address of mine. Lots of love to you all. You will probably get this in Juneau later.

Your loving son,

Hugh.


República de
AGENCIA
ABR 19
CORRESPONDENCIA
BARRANQUILLA
REPUBLICA DE COLOMBIA
5 CENTAVOS NACIONALES
BOLIVAR
CINCO CENTAVOS
PERRINS, BACON & CO LTD LONDON
Mrs. Henry C. Dugley
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania
U. S. A.

Dear Mother :-

I bought these pictures of B/grills. They are pretty fair, so save them. You can paste them in the new photograph album.

This is the same Sunday, the 18th of April.

It's too hot even to write. All my envelopes are closed by the heat + they have no butter in this country except some canned stuff which is terrible.

Your loving son,

Hugh.

Judge Henry C. Quigley
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania
E. U. A.

Via Santa Marta

From
H. M. Quigley
% Colombia Syndicate
% Cortissoz Correa & Co
Barranquilla, Colombia

April 25, 1920

Dear Dad,-

Am still parked here at the Gran Hotel Luiza in Barranquilla and will be here probably for two weeks. Last Monday I telegraphed Mr. Gates for instructions and the same day Dr. Owens came down the river in bad shape. A Chilian named Diaz who is with the Syndicate at camp brought him down and he nearly died on the way. He has malaria and looks like a ghost. He stayed here a day, then went to Puerto Colombia to take a French freighter to Colon. Gibson & I rushed around this town getting his ticket & permits from Consuls etc. so that he could get right on the boat & be comfortable, while Diaz stayed with the Doctor. The boat sailed yesterday so the Doctor should be in Colon tomorrow. There he will stay in a hospital until he is strong enough to go home & in Colon he expects to find someone to take his place at camp. At present there is no doctor there, and it is pretty serious when the only doctor is lost like that. Dr. Owens told Gibson & me to be inoculated for typhoid, vaccinated, and also shot full of some anti-malaria dope before we go up the river and that's what we are waiting here for. I wired Gates Saturday after his instructions came for me to proceed to camp that I would if ~~to stay~~ here for two weeks on the Doctor's advice. Gibson will be here longer than that, waiting for his machinery.

Gutman & Bachmer left town for Medellin & Bogotá last Thursday, so I am now rooming with Thomas until tonight when he leaves for Bogotá

to set up his engines. After he goes Gibson is going to move in with me. He is a peach, or rather a darn fine man. - an expert driller, who has worked for oil companies in Africa, Madagascar, Hindustan, Burma, Java, & China and whose home is in Pittsburgh. Gutman was a fine boy, too. The rest of the Americans here at the hotel don't amount to much except as companions.

Yesterday I met a man named Wrye from Scotia, Pa. on the street. He is here for the Westinghouse Electric Co. but has become pretty much of a bum waiting around for a boat.

Last night we all had a theatre party. The only pictures shown here are Italian, and dry, old, worn-out plots, but yesterday they had three whole installments of Pearl White in "The Dark Secret" - it would be awfully dumb at home but it looked good here and the Colombians turn out by thousands to see an American picture. This one had about four murders & eight narrow escapes per installment with Pearl always on deck to save the hero's life at the moment of life & death. The two or three thousand natives in that big theatre went wild. The show lasted from 8:30 to 11:00 and it was lots of fun. The party consisted of Gibson, Thomas, Keller, Garcia, & Enriquez. Keller is a thoroughbred German who has been in S.A. for 18 years & is a pretty good fellow except for his

only too evident abominable nationality. Garcia is a Spaniard who has lived in the States most of his life, & Enriquez is a native here who speaks English a little. Keller & Garcia are representing some American films here. The picture was a thriller for fair, but when one reel showed a battle in France with Huns bayoneting American soldiers lying wounded on the field, I thought I should commit murder on that German with us. He was translating the Spanish to Gibson all through the picture. He is such a German-looking kid with such an awful German accent, but you can't help liking him in spite of it. I don't, but the rest of the gang seems to. He tries to be decent & really succeeds but I can only tolerate him.

I could write 100 pages just telling you how different & interesting everything is here and how uncivilized most of the people are and how dirty the food is, etc. The standards of living that get by around here are amazing for this town. Sometimes I think the country is wonderful and sometimes awful, but at any rate it is all so new that I can't help enjoying being here and seeing everything.

I just try to realize that these people think we are as funny as we think they are

but you can't get around the fact that their civilization is really at least a hundred years behind ours in nearly every way. This is one of the two best hotels in the most progressive and busiest city in Colombia, yet you couldn't even compare it with the Bush House. It is about as good as Ed. Gillen's Ritz in Millsburg as regards food, rooms, baths, etc. But of course it is big & airy with lots of porches, courts & palms. The dining room is partly a porch & partly a court yard in which are also a bird cage with all kinds of tropical birds, a chicken coop, a duck pen, and a filthy kitchen. It looks good from a distance with the palms & banana trees shading the dirty parts.

Meat must be eaten an hour or two after it is killed, there is no such thing as butter, & milk is awfully scarce — only used for coffee. By the way, Colombian coffee is the best in the world, & thats the only thing that is good here. I don't see how the people here eat so much meat & other food in this heat. It knocked me out for a half day, but I'm all right now & only eat about a third of each meal and no meat except chicken & fish sometimes. The baked bananas are good but everything else is too full of queer flavors. They don't waste any part of a cow here. Our dinner we had was a beauty. Soup full of tripe & river fish something like

catfish; fried brains & rice; chicken & fried potatoes; beefsteak & baked bananas; sweetbread croquettes with boiled papayas; a big slice of pretty good melon, a little like cantaloupe; a dish of awfully sweet apricots; & coffee. That is some dinner, served in nine distinct courses. And these Colombians eat it all. That is a typical dinner & hardly ever varies. I wouldn't eat half of that stuff; it's too hot here, but these people must be used to it. The strangest part of it is that lunch & dinner are about the same size. Breakfast is the only real meal they serve. A banana, two eggs cooked as you wish, & coffee.

However, I could be contented almost anywhere, & the best thing is to try to be anyway. For twenty days I haven't laid eyes on anyone I knew before or even heard of and I won't see such a person for a long time to come, but I like this come & go life, always running into new people, making friends for a week, losing them, & meeting more. It's very interesting. Yesterday I got a cablegram from Harriet saying "Welcome Greetings". It doesn't look like much but I guess it means a lot. And a little later a letter came, also from Harriet. It was mailed the fifth & reached here the 24th, and it is the first

letter I have received since I left Yonkers except your wonderful steamer letters in Baltimore. Thats a long time to wait for a letter, but perhaps the "Iuialba", which docked in P'to Columbia today will bring some from you. I'll have to mail this by 3 P.M. to catch the "Iuialba" in Santa Marta, as the P'to Col. mail has closed & gone to the ship. It ought to reach you by the 10th of May anyway.

On Thursday I went over to P'to Columbia by myself to say good-by again to Dr Owens. Had lunch in his stateroom with him & believe me, it was a lunch, what I mean! Canned corned beef, boiled ham, spinach, good bread, canned peaches, a couple of quarts of wine & some other stuff, but it surely tasted good. I thought I had lost my appetite around here until I saw & tasted that food. It all came from N.Y. except the wine, & the chef surely did make it taste wonderful. The Captain of the ship was a fine man too, and even the crew, all tough looking frogs, looked good to me. Some of the officers could speak a little English & I can speak a little French

so we got along finely. Dr Owens is a fine man, but nearly demented from this fever. You will see him if you are in Pittsburgh when he arrives, as he said the first American he was going to see was Harrison Nesbit. He will be back here when he has recovered sufficiently.

When I go up the river in two weeks it will be a regular tropical exploring expedition. Three days to Bodega Central at the mouth of the Lebija river. Then transfer from the river boat to a launch + make 30 miles up the Lebija to Chaco, where all civilization ceases. From there I go for four or five days on up the river in a big canoe with natives poling it along or dragging it over the sand. My baggage will be in it + I will live in that canoe all the time - until we reach camp. It's all through a regular jungle, too. That whole trip from here I will make alone. Can you beat it?

It will be great and exciting all the time. There are alligators by the thousands + every kind of wild animals known to this country along the way. It surely will be an

experience! I'm glad I have my .38 Colt.

I have taken quite a few pictures around this place but it's too hot for the negatives & most of them melt before they are printed. They sell special tropical films here, however. There are several up to date Kodak stores here with prices of cameras only a dollar or so above those in the states & films in proportion. There are also stores selling rifles & guns, so I may get me one sometime. All American stuff. Some agents must have cleaned up fortunes introducing American goods of all kinds here. All you have to say is "¿Tiene pasta de diente "Colgate?" and you get regular ~~tooth~~ paste — but for 40¢ I bought some antiseptic soap for Mrs Owens the other day and got it by saying in a drug store, "¿Tiene jabón antiséptico Johnson and Johnson?" Once in a while you find a storekeeper who understands a little English, but not often.

I surely pulled a berry about my baggage. One trunk is all I needed, and now I have all my stuff here. My clothes will all be ruined or stolen unless I find

a way to send them home, or leave them with Ben Wooster. He has been here 35 years & is engaged in about seven different enterprises, including the job of looking out for freight & employees for the Columbia Syndicate. I can't take any decent clothes to camp & few other ones, because they would be spoiled, so I am trying to figure out some way to keep them or send them home. If I leave them in the hotel they will be ~~spoiled~~ stolen as sure as fate.

Gibson & I begin taking our shots in the arm tomorrow. Dr Brown, an American doctor, will give them to us. He & Dr Middleton have been here in partnership several years and their families are here too. Dr Brown is pretty well shot with the fever, but he does a big business.

The Columbia Syndicate has nothing done as yet, & won't be ready to drill for oil for a year or more I guess, because it is almost impossible to get freight through the customs & up the river short of a year. There are no facilities for handling the immense amount stuff

pouring into this place every day. I don't expect to get a thing out of this job except some invaluable experience. There are only 17 men in camp now, me man loafing at Bodega Central & Gibson & me here. No room at camp & nothing to do there but build a road & cut down the jungle. Its hard to get food there, too. Mr Curtin, the man at Bodega Central, is supposed to help freight in its way but there is no freight. I don't see how they can ever get organized up there. Dr. Owens will help some by giving the Dukes in Pittsburgh an idea of the conditions in this place. They know nothing about it.

Well I must mail this if it is to catch the boat. Write often, all of the family, and give my love to everyone. If you want to do something for me, send me a Sunday paper every month with about three packages of Lucky Strikes in it. Newspapers are rarely opened by the customs and you can easily hide three packages in a paper. There is a 100% duty on them so don't send anything without concealing it. That's not necessary but I would like to get them once in a while if it isn't too much trouble.

We all went for a walk this morning & took pictures of some rare scenes. Will send you some when they are printed. Tell Mother that I bought for only 20 cents five little books printed in Madrid,- the books of Sts. Matthew, Mark, Luke, & John, & the Acts I got them from a kid selling candy on the street. They are little paper covered books & very nice to have. So the Bible question is solved.

Lots of love to Mother, Mary, & any of the relatives that may be around, and to Henrietta when you write to her. I am having the time of my life & the experience is worth millions, but I don't see much chance of becoming rich with this oil company. They won't get anywhere for years to come. Its all great, anyway, & you couldn't tempt me to change any of it. However I am always looking forward to coming home. When I do, this a ball & I will tell you all about it if I have a week with nothing else to do. It would take a week of continuous talking to tell you all I want to. Its all like a dream & the

most interesting one I ever had. I hope you all Harriet in June. She is a dear.

Please, without fail, give my very best to Mrs. Morris, Bis, & the rest of the family. I think more of them than any other family I know and they always were fine to me. Of course that isn't one thousandth part of what I think of my own family. Again lots of love to you all.

Affectionately, your son

Hugh.

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Mrs. Henry C. Quigley
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania
U.S.A.

April 27, 1920

Dear Mother:-

The mail for the "Turialba" had to be in the Post office by two o'clock yesterday and just as I started to mail the letter I wrote to Dad at about 1:50 your fine letter of the 11th was brought in by Diaz, the Chilian I think I told you about, and I was awfully glad to get it. As I told Dad, since your cable to Jamaica, I haven't heard from anyone until Harriet's cable & letter came the same day. Don't ever send me any cables, however, because they are too expensive & I'd really rather not get them unless its something of great importance.

You must go yourself to Yonkers for the wedding, as I know you will enjoy it and I want you to see Harriet, especially. She is a peach & I know you will like her. But between you & me this Harne-Adams affair makes me sick! I don't think she could care very much for him and if she does I think she has awfully poor taste. He is, nothing but a millionaire clown in my estimation, but of course its up to Mary alone & I surely hope she isn't dazzled by the diamonds, but that she really loves him.

Don't think there is anything serious between Harriet & me. She is just about the finest girl I ever met and I like her about as well as I could without proposing to her. But I don't know what she thinks of me, but I have a pretty good idea and its about mutual, as well as I can make it out. Her letter was a wonder.

I hope you don't lose Maggie unless you really want to, because it would be hard for me to get used to her absence since we both have lived

in the family about the same length of time. But if you can get along better without her, I suppose it would be best all around to let her go.

Just let the Rosenberg bill go. Or better, send it to me, although I will have a hard time figuring out when I have enough money to pay it, as the mail communication is so slow. Your letter arrived in Barranquilla just fourteen days after it left, but when I am in the jungle two weeks more or less will be added to the delay, since the Syndicate's mail bag is only sent up from the bank every Monday afternoon and sometimes the Fruit Boat doesn't arrive till Monday so its mail misses the connection. The best way to expedite things from your end is to figure out when the Fruit Boats leave N.Y., — I think it is Tuesday, — and catch them. I'll do the same here. But Harriet's letter of the fifth came on a freighter, I think. So will have to let things go as they please, I guess, because its all too indefinite.

Mr. Thomas went to Bogotá yesterday & now Bill Gibson is rooming in Cuarto 14 with me. It is about the best room in the house, with lots of breeze all the time. He is great.

Last night I had quite an interesting time. Dr. Spirella, who is Delgado's best friend, a young fellow & a dam nice boy, came over to the hotel to see Del. Del was busy playing poker with Allenburg & some others, so the young Duke took me for a walk. He speaks English much better than I speak Spanish and is crazy to learn more, so we had lots of fun teaching each other — resorting to signs and all manner of devices to make clear what we were trying to say.

It was funnier than a comedy and we both enjoyed it. It took me half an hour to find out that he couldn't comprehend a word at all but I finally got it more or less understood. He said: "If there is a word or many words you can no have, say it to me and it gives me great pleasure to say or tell how you speak the Spanish." I told him I'd be glad to do the same but the trouble came in trying to make the other person understand what the word was. We walked around the town arm in arm for three whole hours and it surely was a picnic.

This morning Gibson, Diaz, & I went to Dr. Brown's office and had a shot of something to prevent malaria or help to prevent it. We are supposed to be sick now from the effects of it, but it hasn't bothered any of us at all. Thursday Gib & I start in on the typhoid, but Diaz is going up the river to camp the same day, as he has already had that inoculation.

Mr. Gates may be in Bogotá now, as Gibson got a letter from him yesterday saying he was going there soon. Perhaps he will tell me to go there when he finds that I won't be ready to leave here for two weeks. I hope so, but doubt it.

I feel pretty much at home in this city now, though it will be a long time before I can understand & speak the language. Delgado & I are all alone now out of the Tivives' outfit and his busy all day so I only see him at meals.

I guess I will call this a day now and go out with Gibson to give his dog a walk.

Love to Dad & Mary, and give my regards to the Kellers, MacCurdys, etc.

Your loving son,

Hugh.

April 30, 1920

Dear Dad:-

Here are a few pictures that may interest you. The one of the "Hotel Español" was taken by Boehmer the day we all went to Puerto Colombia to put Dr. Owens on the boat. The other two large ones were taken by Gibson's camera & the small one by Mr. Keller. You can use your own discretion about taking the one of the kids out to the house, but there's no getting around the fact that the business of selling children's clothes is not very lucrative in this town. I have quite a few pictures taken by my own camera but none of them are remarkable as a film made in the U.S. doesn't last long here. They have to use special tropical films on account of the heat & dampness, although there has been no dampness yet.

Yesterday Gib & I took our first shot of typhoid prophylaxis, and since Dr. Brown wants to give the shots at one week intervals, I won't be able to go up the river for two weeks more.

Diaz went yesterday loaded down with all manner of junk including Gibson's chickens. Mr. Wooster expects to have the company's new launch ready to send up next week and if it is delayed, as everything else is in this god-forsaken country, I may be able to go up to camp on her. The boat is about 35 feet long, ten feet wide, draws two feet of water, & has a roof & a pilot house on her with a powerful gasoline engine. It is flat bottomed & round in the bow. When she goes up she will have to be towed as far as Bodega Central by a river boat from where she can make the journey on the Lebrija by herself. The Magdalena is too rough & swift for a boat like her.

We never get any news from the civilized world here except what we can translate in the dispatches from N.Y. to the local papers. The Hurricane in the Mississippi Valley, & the big strike are about all we know.

Yesterday Captain Jourdenet, a French aviator who has been carrying

people from Cartagena to B/quilla and Santa Marta + also for pleasure trips, fell with two passengers from the hotel here - a woman + little boy from Medellin, - and killed himself. The woman wasn't badly injured but the boy is in bad shape with a fracture of skull. They buried the aviator this morning. Gibson, Keller, + I went to the hospital to see the services. But we were too late to see anything but the poor man's corpse, and it was awful. The machine he used was one of those old, flimsy looking biplanes and its no wonder he lost his life.

Well, the night before last I broke into Barranquilla society, but I may as well go out again as I didn't make much impression. Garcia took us all to a dance - a private, informal affair at a house in the residential section of town. Besides the señora + her family there were about twenty girls of all ages from 12-25 and a dozen men altogether. Gib. didn't dance at all, but I tried to.

But the way they dance here is too much for me. Too quick & jerky. There was one pretty nice girl there who wanted to learn English & also how to dance as Americans do, so I undertook to teach her both, but with little success, as I couldn't prove much in the conversational & explanatory side of it. It was lots of fun altogether, but you should see these people race around when they dance. They put on an American roll on the Pianola & then they said we would all tango. All they did was run from one side of the room to the other & I just about gave up. Garcia had introduced me as Señor Quigley, Master of the fox-trot, from New York, so I was supposed to prove something, and Gil was Master of the tango. The whole thing was a riot.

These three pictures of Bilbao were taken Sunday morning when, Gil, Keller, & I toured the town taking pictures of everything of note. I will bring home lots of pictures when I come, but it is too expensive to have

two copies made of everything. I hope a pay check has been deposited to my account as I drew one check here for $100.00 to cover expenses. The Columbia Syndicate left nothing here for Gib. & me so we use our own hoping to get it back sometime.

The S.S. "Carillo" is due here tomorrow, so this letter should reach you in reasonable time. When I get home I surely will have something to tell you all about this country. Its hopeless.

Lots of love to all the family.

Your loving son,

Hugh

Hotel Suiza
W. Arocha E.
Barranquilla - Colombia.
Dirección Telegráfica:
"Suiza"

CORRESPONDENCIA ORDIN
BARRANQUILLA

Mrs Henry C. Quigley
Bellefonte
Penn'a
U. S. A.

From
H.M. Quigley
c/o Columbia Syndicate
c/o Cortina, Correa & Co
Barranquilla
Colombia S.A.

May 4, 1920

Dear Mother,-

I am sending you today a map of Colombia & a copy of the best newspaper in town, giving an account of the French Aviator's death & funeral. The paper is very interesting - full of American advertisements and an editorial on the Panama Canal, which is pretty bitter as far as I can make out. This morning Gib. & I went to the Credito Mercantil to mail a letter to Mr. Gates & we saw a map like this on the wall. We asked Mr. Ernesto Cortisoz himself where we could buy such a map & he said we could have some copies that he had bought for someone who had never claimed them. So for #2 per we got two copies to send home. "Ernesto" is a fine man, and very handsome as well as awfully rich. He speaks very fine English, also. I believe he is considered the J. P. Morgan of Colombia.

This map is pretty fair of the Rio Magdelena but shows the Sabrija too close to the Magdelena. Really it bends toward the east more. However, you can't get a better map here, so I will send this one. I have marked the approximate position of Puerto Santos, the camp,

and the Colombia Syndicate's two sections of land. When I go up, I will be on a big river boat from here to Bodega Central (Bga Central on the map). From there I take a launch to El Choco where navigation ceases. The rest of the trip consumes four days in a canoe. These river steamers are all built in Pittsburgh and shipped down here.

On the map you can see where the United Fruit Boats stop — Cartagena (pronounced Cartahāna), P'to Colombia, and Santa Marta. Also you can see how we came to B/quilla from Santa Marta — the railroad to Ciénaga and the boat following the dotted line from there to B/quilla.

Right here I was interrupted in order to have another very interesting experience. Mr. Keller the German who has been selling stuff in S.A. for 18 years & who works for some firm in N.Y., asked Gibson & me if we wanted to go over & see the brewery with him. We spent an hour or so there and it was surely interesting — mostly the people. The chief of the works, a fat old German, has been here 9 years and his assistant just came over 6 months ago from the Vaterland. He is a young fellow who speaks English & Spanish well as well as German. His mother was an

Englishwoman & he really speaks beautiful English — better than I ever could. He fought in the German army, but is a darn nice boy and a fine looking one, too. The interesting part, to me, is to hear all the different languages. I can understand German fairly well & Spanish a little, when it is not spoken by a Colombians. When anyone spoke to the brewer he had to use German & to Gibson & me English, Keller & the boy spoke all three languages, so it was a grand conglomeration with translations in one language or another all the time. It was something like my last trip to P'to Colombia to see Dr. Owens. I went alone, but a Belgian sat with me and in the next seat were two friends of ~~this~~ — a Colombian & a French Priest. Well, that was a mixup, because the Belgian was the only one who could speak all three languages. The priest spoke ~~Spanish~~ & French but the Colombian & I were confined to one apiece. The Belgian did very well in all three languages but kept continually using the wrong one ~~to the~~ when talking to one of us. It got to be a regular joke. He would always interpret the Colombian's remarks to me in French & then remember & repeat in English.

Today I am also sending you five postals of Santa Marta & a folder full of views of this place to Mary. I hope you get all the stuff. They say that Russia is a peaceful place compared to the U.S. now, with all its strikes & disorders. I believe I will bring the Colombian army up & settle the trouble. Its a joke, but you should see the navy - one river boat with galvanized iron plates all over it and three 1 pounder guns and two machine guns. That's the navy.

Thursday Gibson & I will have our second typhoid shot & our vaccination - I hope, for I am afraid of the small-pox here. It will be ten days more before I can go up to camp.

One of the girls who was at the dance the other day invited Gib & me to her birthday party last night, but after we saw about thirty girls all crowded into two little rooms & a mob on the street watching the party, we gave up & came home. Its too difficult to make yourself understood & do the proper thing for me. There are so many queer obligations, but I guess the

the most important obligation of all is the the we disregarded when we didn't attend the party after being invited. However, why should we worry.

Its now Wednesday, May 5. Yesterday afternoon Gibson & I went to the various yards of the custom house to look for some portable houses that have been expected for some time, but we couldn't find them. Also, during the afternoon we saw Ben Wooster & the boat he is fixing up for the syndicate. We went for a ride on the canal, but the boat isn't quite ready to go up the river. However, it will be gone when I am through with my inoculations, so I will have to make that ten day journey alone, after all.

Your letter of the 12th of April got here the 26th, that of the 5th on the 28th, and the last one of the 19th on May 3rd. so you can get a good idea of the time and uncertainty of mail between Bellefonte & B/quilla.

You talk about my "position" with this company as though it were something like assistant manager, but I can assure

you that mine is the humblest position of all of the Syndicate's employees, except the native laborers. Drillers are away over my head & very well paid. I am paid well enough - better than the boys sent down here by American banks - but I amount to absolutely nothing in the Colombia Syndicate. No one knew I was coming until I showed up and Gates has no more idea of making me his assistant than flying over the Andes in a submarine. They don't know or care what I am to do after I get to camp. My letter to Gates says this:- "I bespeak for him kindly consideration..... he has no pride of opinion as to the service which he will perform!" etc. I will probably chop trees carry rod & chain or something like that.

Don't think for a moment, however, that I am not satisfied, because it is all wonderfully interesting to me and I am more than glad that I am here, only I don't want you to get any exalted idea of what I am doing. Everything is O.K. as far as I am concerned. Of course, I am taking a lot

of chances, but I believe it will be worth it. However I will never stay here over a year if I can help it. There is no use giving yourself up as a sacrifice for nothing. If I can escape the fever and all the other dangerous maladies of this plague-infested, dusty, God-forsaken country I will consider myself lucky & the experience invaluable, but if not - I may as well give up. Don't let this worry you, because there is nothing to worry about. I came down here in my right mind to have some interesting experiences & perhaps get some sort of a start in the world, and the first will be and is all that I could dream of. The second is an unknown & very doubtful quantity.

This morning we managed to get $50 apiece from Ben Wooster as a loan to the company for expenses, as the company has no money of its own here. I sent in my expense account of $111.00 up to the first of May. $65 of it was covered by that advance from Pittsburgh, so I have $45 coming to me, which is in turn covered by the $50 I got from Ben this morning.

I suppose you were looking for a cable

from me when I arrived, and I should have sent one, but I don't believe in them except for important messages. And also I left home + Yonkers trying to remember to write you + Dad a special letter for your 25th anniversary on the 17th, but of course I forgot to even mention it when I wrote from Kingston. Anyway, you know I wish you many happy returns + all the best wishes in the world with lots of love. I hope you liked the cake plate.

About the Harriet affair: I truly don't know what to do about it. She is such a wonderful girl I hate to see her rush off + join the Catholic church. I can do nothing about it at all, however, because I am not engaged to her by a long way, and she is so strong minded + decided that it is so much better than any other branch of the church. I don't know much about such church affairs one way or another, and she knows a lot, although not all she thinks she does, so what can I do? We had one fight over it in general and

I lost my temper for about two hours, which seemed to make her feel very badly, but change her mind – never! If she goes she will have to go, I suppose, but she surely is a fine girl, as you know by now. I never saw one I liked better. I suppose the best thing to do is to let it follow its own course & not cross any bridges before you get to them, but I can't help thinking that the whole thing is unfortunate. Aunt Carrie is the only person who could change her mind & she is too kind-hearted to start any kind of a row. She nearly did one day but stopped in time to avoid an unpleasant argument. That's the one kind of a dispute which stirs me up something awful – to hear anyone hold up the Catholics as unimpeachable and something more holy than anyone else can aspire to. I just boil and am afraid to speak.

Well, tomorrow we get the second shot, so I will be here at least a week more. It hasn't rained yet, but everyone is expecting it any minute.

And when it does, the place will be drowned, and will keep on being drowned several times a day for four months. Alligator pears are one thing I never tasted before but which I have already learned to like very much. They cost only five or ten cents apiece here. In New York you pay a dollar or more for poorer articles. Its strange how these people eat so few vegetables & so much meat. They don't have any real vegetables anyway, but eat papayas, bananas, & several queer varieties of vegetable life that are hard to get used to instead. You have to be very careful what you eat in this climate, & I am.

Well, Mother dear, I hope your domestic affairs are all that you could wish & that everyone is happy. I am. Give my love to Dad, Mary & Ben when you see her. Also my regards to the Morrises Kellers, Reynolds, Blanchards, etc.

Your loving son,

Hugh.

May 12, 1920

Dear Dad:

Another little picture which may interest you, — the Colombian Navy, complete. It keeps the natives along the banks of the river cowed, I guess, but it doesn't look very formidable. They have no ocean-going ships whatsoever in this country, and this one is their pride & joy. Its armor is about ½ inch thick & you can see its one heavy gun — a one pounder, I think. In front of the pilot house you can see one of its three machine guns & along the side are two single shot rifles of about .500 caliber.

The letters I wrote last week didn't go on the Tunialba after all, but on the good old Tivives, which brought me a letter from Mother & one from Mary, which were as welcome as all letters from home are.

Gibson, Villa, & I went to Puerto Colombia Sunday morning at eight o'clock & stayed till four in order to see the Vapor Fruteros dock, but she didn't heave into sight until our train started back, so we missed

a good dinner & I missed seeing John the Barber & my other friends among the Personnel. But notwithstanding that, we had a fine day. In the morning we took a two hour swim in the ocean & it was great! Warm but wonderful. We also got some fine pictures, copies of which I will send when they are finished. In the afternoon we went through all the freight on the dock & yard looking for the Syndicate's stuff and found seven of the 22 portable houses that should be here.

On Saturday & Sunday nights we saw a seven episode serial Wild west movie complete, - "El Terror de la Sierra." It was one of those old thrilling cowboy - Indian - Mexican affairs, with about four killings per episode, which these Columbians go wild over. They pack the house every time an old American picture is in town, but last night when they had a French picture and the added attraction of a pretty fair slight-of-hand artist, the house was practically empty. During these American pictures the extremely good orchestra plays a lot of old American music, -

"Poor Butterfly", "Old Kentucky home", pieces from "Oh! Boy" & "Going Up" and so on, and always the "Star Spangled Banner" for from half to three quarters of an hour at a stretch. It sounds wonderful but no one ever stands. It could it be done here very well, they play it too long, and besides, the American Consul, who always occupies a box with his family, never stands.

The long serial we saw before, - Pearl White in "the Great Secret," - was a bold piece of anti-german propaganda & the people seemed to fall for it hard. It showed all the horrors of German warfare & how the Americans were always cleverer & stronger at each turn, and each American success & German defeat was met by huge applause, with the "Star Spangled Banner" played during each battle scene & at other crucial moments. Mr. Keller only saw one episode of that picture. Nothing was ever said about his going again.

Tomorrow I have my last shot of typhoid & the day after my vaccination,

after which I will be ready to do a little exploring of jungles, etc. The company's boat has'nt been sent up yet, so I may still have a chance of going up in her. That would make the trip from Bodega Central much easier, though the crew of the boat is entirely Columbian & they speak no English. She is named the "Hooray!" & Ben Wooster is selling her to the Co. for £6000.00.

I am still kicking myself for bringing so much useless & valuable stuff down here with me, but I'll have to see it through now & know better next time.

Heaps of love to you & Mother & Mary Fim. your loving son,

Hugh.

The most valuable thing I brought down here is the last thing I thought of. At seven-thirty the morning I left home I remembered those dark glasses, & I should probably be blind by now if I didn't have them. The sun is awful - from seven A.M. to 5. P.M.

La Nación - 12 de Mayo

Riqueza petrolífera del Lebrija

Han comenzado en la región del Lebrija los trabajos de descuajamiento de selvas para la explotación de los valiosos yacimientos petrolíferos que allí se encuentran. Acomete estos trabajos la primera expedición científica de "The Colombia Syndicate" llegada al país y que cuenta con elementos de indiscutible eficacia, entre otros, tanques semejantes a los que tantos destrozos causaron en el frente occidental durante la guerra europea, desprovistos de su blindaje y a los cuales pueden adaptarse seis arados de catorce pulgadas, que harán una tarea de arado de quince hectáreas diarias.

En la acualidad tiene la expedición científica de "The Colombian Syndicate" trescientos trabajadores que antes de pocos meses se elevarán a dos mil, como ha dicho a un diario capitalino el ingeniero de la Compañía, Mr. J. Sharples. También pondrá muy pronto en servicio el Sindicato más de dos mil toneladas en maquinaria, que llegarán de un momento a otro.

La expedición científica edificará en el cerro Volador, por cuenta de la Compañía, un sanatorio que reunirá todas las comodidades que exige la ciencia moderna; en el mismo lugar se montará también una poderosa máquina de aserrar.

Sobre la explotación a que nos referimos, dice "El Diario Nacional":

"Las fuentes de petróleo que "The Colombia Syndicate" se propone explotar en el Lebrija, rebasan los límites de lo que hasta hoy se había considerado como máximum de producción, y revelan la existencia de lagos más ricos que los de Tampico en Méjico, pudiendo rendir una producción diaria de 25,000 barriles, en concepto de los geólogos de la Expedición, señores Griswold y Tollast.

El Sindicato se propone fijar su circuito de operaciones en La Raya, cerca a Puerto Santos, abrigando el propósito de llevar el petróleo al mar por una tubería cuyo costo se calcula en $60.000.000."

The Petroleum Wealth of the Tebrija.

They have begun, in the region of the Tebrija river, the work of clearing the forests for the exploitation of the rich oil tracts which have been found there. To undertake this work the first scientific expedition of the C.S. reached the country and met with elements of insurmountable difficulty, among others, some similar to those which caused everything to be destroyed at the western front during the European war, unprovided in their equipment and to the "cañales" they owned adapt six ploughs of 14 inches blade, which have a capacity for ploughing of 15 hectars daily.

Actually, the scientific expedition of the C.S. has 300 workmen who before long many months will be increased to 2000, as Mr. J. Sharples, the chief engineer of the Co., has said to a reporter. Also very soon the Syndicate will have in service more than 2 000 tons of machinery, which will arrive from time to time.

The Scientific Expedition will build, in the Voladar valley, for the convenience of the Company, a hospital which will combine all the conveniences known to modern science; in the same place they will also set up an enormous saw-mill.

Concerning the exploitation to which we refer, "the National Newspaper" says:

"The oil works which the C.S. proposes to develop in the Tebrija, surpasses the limits which until today have been considered the maximum of production, and reveal the existence of lakes richer than those of Tampico, Mexico, being able to [redacted] give a daily production of 25,000 barrels, in the opinions of the geologists of the expedition, Gruisvold & Tollast.

The Syndicate proposes to extend its sphere of

operations into La Raya, around to Puerto Santos, considering the proposition of bringing the oil to the sea by means of a pipe line ~~at the cost~~ at the calculated cost of £6,000,000.

WARREN C. BAKER
APARTADO 120
BARRANQUILLA, COLOMBIA.

Mrs. Henry C. Quigley
Bellefonte
Penn'a
U. S. A.

From
H.M. Quigley
c/o Colombia Syndicate
c/o Cortissoz, Correa, & Co.
Barranquilla
Colombia S.A.

May 14, 1920

Dear Mother,-

Yesterday we took our third typhoid inoculation & today we were vaccinated so I'm ready to shoot off. Ben Wooster reserved me a state-room on a little local river boat which is going to tow the Company's boat up to Bodega Central. It will leave about Wednesday, or when its repairs are completed. I could go on a fast express to Bodega & wait for our boat, but that's the worst place in the world to wait, & I will have a much nicer trip, being with the "Vera" all the way up. This way it will only take 1½ days from Bodega to camp, whereas if I went on a canoe it would take five. I will write you a longer letter before I leave, but this is only to carry these pictures & the clipping.

My translation is awful, mainly because the words used here aren't in the dictionary & there are misprints, etc also. The article is about as accurate as the

Bellefonte Republican, besides. I'll tell you what they really are doing when I get there.

A little boy snapped the picture of Gil & me on the roof with Gil's camera. The other three big ones Gil took when we were at P'ta Colombia with Villa last Sunday. I'm glad I brot my bathing suit. They are hard to get here, & the water is fine. I took the three little pictures, & you can see where the light came in on the one of the group at the Luiza. The ones at P'ta Colombia were taken by Gil, & after I had fixed the hole in my camera.

I will write to you again soon & give you all the dope.

Lots of love to Dad, Mary, & Ken.

I just missed sending the letter I wrote to Dad a few days ago on the "Iris" which went to N.Y. I put the letter in the P.O. at 5 P.M. & just then noticed a sign saying that "el vapor Iris" would carry mail to N.Y. if mailed by 3 PM that day.

Love,

Hugh

Dirección Telegráfica:
"Suiza"

Mrs. Henry C. Quigley
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania
U.S.A.

Via Santa Marta

Gran Hotel Suiza
M. Acosta E.

From
H.M. Quigley
c/o Colombia Syndicate
c/o Cortissoz, Correa, & Co.
Barranquilla
Colombia
S.A.

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY
STEAMSHIP SERVICE

May 17, 1920

Dear Mother:-

Unless you hear from me again from B/quilla I will leave Wednesday sometime for the interior. The little, dingy, flimsy river steamer which will tow the company's boat to Bodega Central is nearly ready now and they expect to shove off during the day or night of Wednesday the 19th.

of course, that makes our chance of really getting away on time about one in ten, but I will have to move onto the ship anyway. Ben Wooster has a state-room reserved & some carpenter is making me a cot, so I am fixed as well as possible. There will be no ice on the boat & not much of anything else, the food will be awful, and the stateroom is only a six-by-eight box with nothing in it, but the trip will be comparatively nice for me, as Ben knows the captain very well & also the head of the ship company & they will look after me pretty well.

From Bodega Central to camp I will travel on the company boat with its crew of three. I will have to take along a box of canned stuff to fill in what can't be eaten of the meals on both boats. In fact, we have been doing that here since we arrived, having

American jam, peanut-butter, ketchup, & Libby's mayonnaise for alligator pears constantly on the table & making about half of our meals of them with bread or crackers.

These pictures may interest you. The one I took of the company boat during one of her trial trips & the other Villa took at Puerto Colombia. You can see that the company boat doesn't amount to much as a passenger boat.

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY
STEAMSHIP SERVICE

Its going to be used on the Rio Lebuja to tow canoes full of freight. You can see Ben Wooster standing with his back this way & in a white suit.

I don't believe I have mentioned the Bakers to you, but I have seen quite a lot of them since I arrived. Mr. & Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Baker's brother Mr Porter, and two young

people, Mr. & Mrs Ledley, all from Chattanooga are engaged in the business of making, importing, & selling cheap jewelry & novelties, Ledley just came down last fall, but the Bakers have been here for five years & have made lots of money, I believe.

They always serve tea in the back of their store for any Americans who come in during the afternoon, and, like most Southerners, are very hospitable to everyone. Gib & I have called on them several times at their very nice new home in the Prado, and Gib left his dog, Tess, with them several weeks ago. They are keeping her until he goes up the river & the other day she had seven fine puppies. They are awfully nice people & always want to do something for us, besides

giving us cake, etc. whenever we call.

Yesterday afternoon they all drove around to the Luiza in their lodge & took us out to dinner, & what a dinner! It was wonderful. I had almost become used to the food we get here, but when I saw that lay-out, good night! A real white man's dinner with no ants & flys in the food & everything clean. It was like being in

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY
STEAMSHIP SERVICE

civilization again. And for dessert we had ice cream & real doughnuts, with fudge on the side. It really was an occasion which I will remember until I get home again. After dinner we played some pretty new rolls on the player-piano, & a good time was had by all. Mr. Baker is at present in Bogotá or Bucaramanga

on a business trip, but the whole crowd of them surely are nice people. Bedby is sort of an assistant in the business. It rained for two hours while we were at Baker's house, + it was a real rain, what I mean. The water was 3 feet deep in the street + running like a river. All the sidewalks are from two to four feet above the road at that account.

That was the first rain of the six months rainy season.

Your letter postmarked the 25th of April arrived a week ago at the Tirives with a letter from Mary. I take this week's boat brings something also. I take your domestic problem has straightened itself out satisfactorily for you. I suppose you had a pretty interesting time with Harriet in the house. I wish I could

have been there.

When you send a present to Mary Home I wish you would include my card in something, as I can't send her anything from here. Parcel Post packages take from two to six months on account of the congestion & lack of organization here.

I must mail this now to catch the "Julialba" if possible.

Lots of love to all the family

Your loving son,

Hugh

May 26, 1920

Dear Dad:-

The old scow, "Arousal", doesn't look as though she would be ready tomorrow, as they are just painting her and haven't put the funnel on yet, but you never can tell when these people will temporarily snap out of their customary coma of procrastination and get something done. The boat was to sail Wednesday but Saturday will be considered the sailing date until another postponement. I am ready to hop aboard at a half hour's notice anyway so I don't care when they go, except that I would like to get out to camp & begin time on my contract. Before I have spent many more months in this place.

The mosquitos are thicker than the sands of the desert now since the rain started. Just now I had to put citronella on my ankles to keep them away. I'll bet ten have bitten me since I sat down here, & its broad daylight, too. Just saw 2 boring into my ankle bone not an inch apart.

There are so many conflicting reports about the conditions at camp that I don't know what to expect. They vary all the way from Dr. Owen's ultra-pessimistic and sure-death idea of it to that of a man named Cook, who came down the river a day or so ago. He is a very fine man, here to look into the interests of a big coffee company in Bogotá, Bucaramanga, Honda, & thereabouts. His route took him past the mountain inn where Mrs. Gates & Mrs. Grinnell live & as it was Sunday, Gates, Grinnell, Williams & some others were there. Cook said everyone was happy & looked healthy & that the country around El Tambor, where this inn is located, is wonderful. He didn't see the camp, which is away down by the river, but got the impression that it was a comfortable place also & that everyone was contented. But that is the only optimistic report I have heard. Mr. Wittick, of the Caribe Syndicate who also just came from the country around Puerto Santos, says that the camp itself

has hell stopped seven ways for unpleasantness, & that a lot of the men are sick, so what can a person tell about it? Not that it matters anyway. The advance date won't alter the conditions anyway & I came down here expecting anything at all so its all right by me, & I am looking forward to getting there as soon as possible & getting to work.

By the way, this Mr. Cook says that if any of them at camp could have known what ship Doc. Owens was leaving on they would have sunk it. They are all sore at him & think he is a quitter & has cold feet & all that, but be that as it may, I admired the way he said that he would die if he stayed here a week longer, for I never saw a man so near dead, except a native who died on the sidewalk the other night as Gib & I were walking out to Baker's house. A couple of natives were trying to hold him on his feet but he persisted in dying as we passed notwithstanding the considerate attention of his friends. You see more strange

sights here in a day than I ever saw before in ten years, and ~~there~~ there are so many interesting & new things besides that I almost am tempted to become a globe-trotting tramp. But no fear, I visit.

The important thing for me in the Dr. Owens affair is that I stayed here a month to be inoculated & so both of his instructions & perhaps the chiefs at camp will hold that as necessary, & will be sore at me also as a confidant of the Doctor's. However, that can't be helped now, & I am pretty well immunized from several diseases, at least, for which I am thankful, & I wouldn't have it otherwise. I have become more or less acclimated & used to the heat & Colombian customs & have picked up a little useful Spanish; in short, I am a lot more "in town" than I would have been had I gone straight up the river, and that all helps in the end. My Spanish is more of a hindrance than a help, however, because I can pronounce as well as any foreigner & therein lies the difficulty. I don't know

many words, so when I do get away with a few sentences fairly well pronounced, if I am speaking with a Columbian, he immediately thinks I know the language & goes ahead at breakneck speed, which of course leaves me high & dry. If they speak slowly I can catch the meaning.

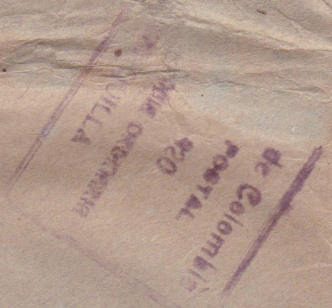
They all say that there is all kinds of hunting - deer, foxes, birds, & many other animals, - around the camps, & the company has rifles & shotguns out there, so we ought to have some sport.

Well, I must start packing up my stuff so I can take the boat whenever the authorities see fit to cast her off. Letters will take an extra ten days from now on. I hope ya are all well & happy. I surely am both, & glad I am here besides. Lots of love to the family & regards to the Morrises, Kellers, Reynolds, etc.

Your loving son,

Hugh.

Gran Hotel Suiza
H. Arocha E.
Barranquilla - Colombia.
Dirección Telegráfica:
"Suiza"



Mrs. Henry C. Quigley
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania
U. S. A.

Via Santa Marta

#0

From
W. M. Wrigley
c/o Colombia Syndicate
c/o Cortissoz Correa & Co
B'quilla, Colombia.
S.A.

May 23, 1920

Dear Mother:-

Well,-this is positively my last letter from Barranquilla, though its siempre mañana here and the boat might not go for a week. Stname is the "Yarumal" & it was scheduled to leave last Wed. Then it was put off till Saturday, next-Sunday morning early, then at 3 P.M., & the latest dope is 8 or 9 this evening. I was up early today & packed everything before breakfast, but when I interviewed the captain at about 8 A.M. he said 3 P.M. so I went down to the canal again at two, & he said this evening perhaps. It will probably go during the night or tomorrow morning, so I will move my stuff onto it after supper and wait.

I have enough baggage for a travelling circus now. Besides the original two trunks & two bags, I have a big wicker basket or hamper, full of mail, canned food, & packages for the camp and also my bedding outfit which I bought three weeks ago, consisting of a grass mat, two sheets, a pillow, & a mosquito net. Ben Wooten had a pretty fair saw horse cot made for me, which I will use all the time

I am going to start numbering my letters as soon as I leave Barranquilla, as I will then be getting them regularly. This letter is No. 1, including this one, & I will be up to No. 4 by the time I get to Cali. The same set of numbers will apply to Dad's letters. May I?

I am here. This "Yarmual" only has ten staterooms & everyone sleeps on deck, so the trip won't be so awfully bad, even though there will be no ice or electric lights on board. Its a poor, slow boat even compared to the other boats on the river, and they are bad enough, but my going on it instead of an express will save me the trouble of bothering about passes & a place to wait in Bodega Central, which is an awful hole. The company's boat, the "Ure", is lashed to the "Yarmual" & everything is set except the loading of two Dodge cars which may consume any amount of time.

I saw a wonderful sight this morning. Ray Worster showed Gib & me, from the top of the boat, the mountains back of Santa Marta. The air was clear & we could see them just as you see Tamalpais Mountain from time, but they were spotted with small clouds scattered all about & you could plainly see the snow capped tops. It is eighty miles from here to the foot of those mountains, but the country is absolutely flat from here to Santa Marta, and they looked about ten

miles away, — very distant, blue, & with the little white clouds apparently scattered around immediately to the all the way to the bottom. The white caps were remarkable, too. They were much clearer than they seemed from Santa Maria itself the day we landed. Of course, what you see from here, are really only the tops of them, but it looks like a mountain range rising out of the flat country about ten miles away. Truly a wonderful sight.

I have a companion on this trip, which will help to relieve the monotony. He is R. H. Campbell, a rig builder, from W. Va. and a tolerably nice man. He has been here a week & only decided this morning when he found he couldn't get a stateroom or an express boat, to come with me on the "Yamuna" "Uré". A "rig builder" sets up the derrick over the point where the driller bores the hole. Gibson has explained all about the operation of drilling to me but it is an awfully long story which I will save until about June, 1921, when I hope to have seen it myself. That's doubtful, too, with the slowness of freight & other

delays which must be contended with.

You perhaps have wondered whether I had any money except the hundred I drew soon after my arrival. Since then I have touched Ben Wooster for $50.00 three times, the last of which will last me to camp, & hope, & I won't need much thereafter. It costs a lot to live loaf here. The company will refund me some of the money spent, I hope, and then I can live on my fat.

Both Clark's & Allinder's wives are on the way & that will make four wives up the river. They will all stay at El Tambor. Clark & Allinder are supposed to be on the way down the river now to meet them.

You won't hear from me again until after I reach camp perhaps, so this is another sort of jumping off place, like Bellefonte, New York, & Norfolk were. Its about 8 weeks since I left you all at home, and it seems like 8 months, though its all been very interesting for me. Well, adios & lots of love to you all.

Your loving son
Hugh.

#1

Gran Hotel Suiza

W. Arocha E.

Barranquilla - Colombia.

Dirección Telegráfica:

"Suiza"

Mrs. Henry C. Quigley

Bellefonte

Penn'a

U. S. A.

#1

From
H.M. Quigley
Colombia Expedition
c/o Ortiz, Cuneo & Co.
Barranquilla
Colombia
S.A.

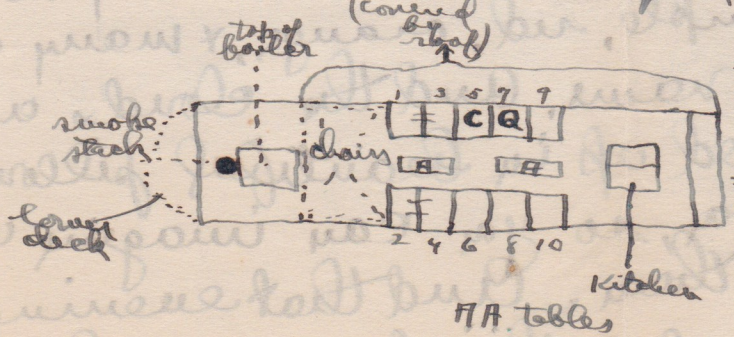
The Perez Rosa
Steamship Service
on board
S.S. "YARUMAL"

Wednesday, A.M.
May 26, 1920

Dear Mother,-

We have been on our way two & a half days now, and my old friend Rudyard's "great, gray, green, greasy Limpopo" has nothing on the broad, brown, muddy, meandering Magdelena. We are about a third of the way to Bodega Central and having an entirely uneventful & monotonous trip - all the same. One day would suffice to give anyone a good idea of this river.

I put my bagagge on board before supper Sunday & ate my last meal with Gib, Skippy Lam "Ollenburg, "Pete" Mennys, with Campbell as our guest, at the Inga. We cast off about ten thirty P.M. that evening with a barge loaded with the two Dodge Cars on our right side and a barge full of gasoline on our left with the "Ure" lashed just behind the port barge. The "Yarumal" is about 100 feet long and twenty-five wide with a draft of about three feet. All these river boats look like Noah's Ark, with their blunt bows, square sterns with big paddle wheels and with the ever present lighters & barges lashed to both sides. None of them look capable of holding up in the middle, as the passenger deck has no means of support except thin posts. It looks as though it were on stilts. We have ten staterooms, most of which are occupied by the officers, though no one would want to sleep in one anyway.



#1+3 occupied by Capt
#2+4 by purser
#9 by steward
#10 by another officer
#5 Campbell
#7. #M.2.

The capt. & purser have first windows & double rooms so they can sleep in them. But everyone else sleeps either in hammocks on deck or cots in the "dining saloon". My cot is between the two tables & it is pretty cool there.

It took us several hours Sunday night to work our way out through the crowded boats & scows in the canal to the river, which was accomplished fairly successfully after I was asleep. The old tub has to stop every six or eight hours for a new supply of wood, which is found at intervals along the shore stacked up for sale. The Captain shouts to the natives on shore & if the price isn't too high he turns in & ties up for an hour & loads the boat.

We always get up about six o'clock, & you should see the sunrise over this river. Especially Monday morning it was enough to spell blind anyone! I didn't dress for an hour but just hung out the stateroom window watching it. The most gorgeous, splendid, and magnificent sight I ever saw, only rivalled by the sunset which follows in the afternoon. The river is from a mile to two or three wide & smooth as glass in the morning. The colors that were in the clouds & in the sky that morning were away beyond my powers of description — every shade of violet, blue, purple, red, orange, & many colors I couldn't even name. And the clouds are always banked up in beautiful pillows around the horizon so you can imagine what the sun did to them. And that evening it was just as wonderful, though more red

predominated. The sun literally went down in a blaze of glory at about 6:15 P.M. Its earlier here than at home. What made the night more beautiful was a range of mountains about fifty miles away in the west, with snow on some of the peaks. You have seen sunsets over water with every tree's shadow distinct in the water along the shore, so you can imagine what this is, only its far more gorgeous than anything I ever saw before.

The river only looks pretty in the morning & at night, because it is loaded with mud, scum, logs, weeds, dead alligators & cows, & all kinds of snags, which become the predominating feature of it during the day. The banks are always the same — marshy with fifteen foot mud cliffs which hold most of the river at high water, huts scattered along at intervals of several miles, now & then a village of grass houses, and frequent clearings with their wood piles. The valley of the Magdalena is over a hundred miles wide & you can see the mountains on each side. Between them it is flat with forests of tropical-looking trees coming nearly to the river's edge. Also there are cocoanut & banana trees growing wild, with thousands of parroquets & other small birds, literally blackening the limbs of the dead trees. But its not a pleasant looking place to live in — all mud & boats & insects.

Ben Wooster had given me $50 to buy supplies for the "Uré" along the way, so when we docked at Calamar, the first decent sized town above Barranquilla, Captain Jorge Barros of the "Uré" & I went ashore. He & the four other members of the Uré's crew live on her all the time — a great life, but they are used to it. It was about eleven o'clock Monday evening when we shoved off in search of kerosene. Campbell had gone to bed. First Barros picked up a wharf rat to show us the way to where we could find out about some gasoline. Ben told me to find out how much it would cost to send 30 empty drums to Cartagena & have them filled with gas & shipped back. We went to the house of some Señor Garcia & woke him up. He had a hair lip so I couldn't make out much of the conversation but old Jorge has the dope. Garcia is an agent of the Cartagena Refining Co., I believe. After that we hunted up a store where they sold kerosene, & bought two gallons for the Uré's lamps. It cost 7:20 but Jorge wouldn't get 6 lbs of rope because it cost 50 ¢ & not 40 ¢. He said we could get the rope further up the river cheaper. He buys the stuff & I pay for it, & I have to laugh at his asking my advice about whether to get this & that or not. He told me the kerosene was $7:20 & asked whether he should buy it. I asked "necessitalo? He replied "si". so I said "comprale" which I think means do you need it? yes. buy it. so that was fixed up. But I can get by fairly well because I can pronounce whatever I know, well. Campbell always says "beens" for "bien" & draws a

laugh from the natives. That midnight shopping trip in Calamar was lots of fun, but I had my little .25 in my pocket, because these natives look awfully mean with their two foot machetes. They always carry them around here & they look like a cross between a broadsword & a bolo, with a two foot blade about three & four inches wide. In fact, every in Bogotilla most of the Colombians carry guns of right, though I never battled to.

Since Calamar we have touched at very nothing at all except wood stations & a few villages, but this afternoon we are supposed to reach Martinguay (don't know how to spell it), where "Capt." Barros & I will buy some rope. This morning he brought up a list of things needed on the Ure before we go up the Lebrija. It looked something like this:

La lista de la lancha Ure.

Los galones de Mjaz en Calamar #7.20 y —— #20
#6 libras de cuerda
#7 cuchillos, tenadores, cucharas, y platos.
etc.

a word for porter.

The dollar sign may mean cents, as the porter knew or it may depict before pounds or before articles like the last line of knives forks spoons & plates. Told him that was fine & we would buy them at Martinguay, El Banco, or Bodega Cuba. Wherever we could get them cheapest.

The only way you can get an idea of what things really cost is to buy with a native like Barros. Americans are charged double or more for everything, but the natives run a regular Dew auction before they buy or sell, with the buyer on the winning end.

Yesterday Campbell & I got off at a wood station & walked back into the bush to see what was there. We found a lot of iguanas about a foot long, & cactus. I took some pictures of the cactus & in stepping over one small shoot of it a thorn went right thru my shoe & into my foot. I had puttees & high shoes on anyway, but they don't seem to stop the cactus. Iodine fixed it, however. Yesterday afternoon we began to see alligators along the bank. They live higher up in the river, but we saw some big ones — one about eight feet long & weighing I suppose about 225 lbs or more. One of the passengers had a little .32 & blazed away but missed by thirty feet. I believe I will bring out the old Colt today, though it would be better to save it for the Selva where it's wilder & safer to shoot. It's against the law anyway, so the captain of the Yarumal only allows it when there are no boxes in sight.

The engine & freight deck is piled full of

wood and freight for the Columbia syndicate mostly. The crew below numbers about twenty & the officers & crew on this deck about ten more, while there are only 4 cabin passengers, a few deck passengers, & some steerages below. The food is awful as a rule, though we have eggs for breakfast & there are two live turkeys on board, which we will have, I suppose, after they die of the heat. We had alligator steak yesterday, but I absolutely refuse all meat on this boat. No ice at all, & the water is awful. Campbell & I have, between us, enough food to last a week & some mineral water I got before we left, so we will never starve. You can live on this food, all right, but it doesn't taste very good or look appetizing. However, I can eat anything if I am hungry, so we haven't made much of a hole in our reserve supply of edibles.

You should see the crew drinking water right out of the river. They don't even bother to brush off the slime from the top & the mud is sugar for them. Our water goes thru a sort of filter before we drink it, but they just throw a rusty bucket in & drink what they get.

The captain is a jolly, fat, old lazy loafer, who does nothing but blow the whistle, eat, & sleep. When he talks he shouts

especially to Campbell & me. He thinks the louder he shouts the better we understand. There is one of the ship's officers who speaks English, but he didn't let us in on the secret until today. That's the way these birds treat Americans. They save their English so they can hear what we say without our knowing it, & it's a good thing neither of us are like a lot of Americans in this country who loudly denounce & curse the country & people all the time, or we would be in an unhealthy situation now. When he found that we were pleasant & never said a word against anything, he loosened up & told us he had been 6 months in N.Y. & pointed out a grass hut on an island & said, "Manhattan island — the Woolworth building". He speaks fair English & is a pretty nice fellow, as they all seem on the surface.

The boat makes about 5 miles an hour with the current subtracting 2 from that, so we don't cover much distance in a day. I will stop now & write more later. I don't know yet where I'll mail this. Lots of love to you & Dad & Mary, & Henrietta if she is with you or you write to her. This is letter No. 1. & if I write to Dad next it will be No 2. & so on. Just to you & Dad.

Lots of love from

Hugh.

Gran Hotel Suiza
W. Arocha E.
Barranquilla-Colombia.
Dirección Telegráfica:
"Suiza"

Judge Henry C. Quigley
Bellefonte
Penn'a
U. S. A.

#2

From
H.M. Singley
% Columbia Syndicate
% Cortissoz, Cohen, & Co.
Barranquilla
Colombia.

Still on board the YARUMAL
Sunday, May 30. 1920

Dear Dad:-

This seems less like Sunday and less like Memorial Day than a bleak Wednesday in November would at home, yet the calendar says it is May 30, and I'll have to believe it, though it doesn't make much difference. The days of the weeks wouldn't have to be named nor the days of the month numbered in this country. One is the same as the other and except for intermittent rains during certain periods of the year there is no need of distinguishing between the months and seasons.

A week ago today we left Barranquilla and, though the Captain says we will make Bodega Central tonight, we probably won't reach there until tomorrow morning. I haven't minded the trip at all; in fact, I have enjoyed it, but Campbell, who has made it twice before when he was working for the Tropical Oil Co, is bored to death. It is nothing but one dozy day after another, some cool but most of them hot enough to bake eggs. But I enjoy

looking for alligators & watching the slowly changing scenery. It has become more beautiful as we have come up the river, the trees are bigger, the undergrowth denser, and the mountains larger. At one point we passed through a part of the valley only about twenty miles wide but mostly it is a hundred or more, with the mountains a beautiful blue in the distance. The very infrequent farms are better looking and everything seems much better nourished! - the wild looking natives included.

I have seen quite a few of the native animals along the way. One morning we passed a flock of big red monkeys, screaming and scampering around in some trees, and there are always enough alligators along the banks to keep me busy if I wanted to shoot at them. I haven't brought out the gun yet & I wait till we go into the Rebija or the Uré. Also there are thousands of ducks in small flocks, and more buzzards than you could count,

always waiting for something to die. The eagles along the river are beautiful birds, with snow white heads, all bronze red feathers except the tips of their tails and wings, which are black. Also there are cranes and garcias - the birds from which egrets come. These latter look like cranes, but they are absolutely white. I have a picture of one of the tame egrets at the Pensions jugles in Bquilla. Their legs are about two feet long & no bigger than a pencil.

I mailed letter #1 to Mother from Maganqué, which is the correct way to spell Martinjay - as I spelled it before; and I hope it arrives safely, as the post office was closed & I had to leave it with a store-keeper. That was Wednesday night. On Friday evening we stopped for an hour at El Banco, the next important town after Calamar & Maganqué, and the last one before Bodega Central. There old Jorge Barros, Campbell, & I, with a couple of the Uré's crew besides, went shopping again. We purchased a couple of hammocks for Campbell & me, some more rope, &

various other things needed on our boat. We also found that the town boasted of real ice, and indulged in some cold beer which tasted fine after this muddy river water.

In Maganqué we had bought some other stuff for the boat, so its pretty well stocked, even to a fish net and some hooks & lines. It was so dark & raining besides at El Banco that we lay there all night & didn't pull out till six Saturday, losing twelve hours, but the rain made it comfortably cool so the delay wasn't so bad.

This boat loses about four hours a day stopping for wood alone besides the frequent other stops to unload a passenger or take on a load of cattle.

The Captain is a friendly & jolly, fat, lazy, Turk, who does nothing but eat, sleep in his hammock on deck, & call a boy to bring him a cigar or a drink of panela water, which is a favorite drink of these people, — its nothing but water & a native sugar. He speaks a few words of English & has a lot of fun with it besides being proud of it. He whistles for a boy and says, "bring to me

matches. The boy is dumbfounded, of course, then he says "traigame fósforos, stupido": then when he is talking to the purser he often says something in English, just so he can laugh at him. He only knows a very few words. For instance, when he noticed that the water had become very high, he said "it is very water". He is always offering us some dirty looking Colombian delicacy, like a mixture of cheese, panela, & yucca flour wrapped in leaves, which he sends the boys ashore to buy, and we have to eat all of it, & more, as he doesn't like it. That's the way they all are, if they like you they do everything for you & are offended if you don't accept whatever they happen to think is good.

When I asked you to send me some cigarettes in a newspaper, I didn't mean every week, but only now & then, and after thinking it over I believe tooth paste would be better. The only kind you can get here besides some French stuff is Colgate's & that isn't worth a darn. If you will send me a couple of tubes of Pepsodent in the course of the next month or so, and perhaps a little bit of pipe tobacco now & then, it would be fine. However, the only really necessary

thing is the Peprodent, so don't bother about the rest. And the company takes the Sunday Times at camp, so the newspapers aren't essential either. I believe I will stop now until late this afternoon when I can give you some dope on our arrival at Padega Central. I expect to mail this there.

It is three o'clock and the captain just told me that we would make B.C. by 6 this evening, and the crew of the Uré are busy now tuning up its engine, so there may be some truth in that. I don't know when we will start up the Lebrija but probably tomorrow sometime.

Besides the aforementioned birds & beasts I forgot to mention the large flocks of green parrots, some big and some the small variety, the toprials, toucans and a thousand other gorgeously colored birds that we have seen all along the way, and yesterday I saw a peccary running along the bank.

You will hear from me again after I arrive at camp. Hope you are all well & happy. I am having the time of my life. Lots of love to Mother, Mary, Ben, & yourself.

Your loving son, Hugh.

...tan Hotel Suiza
W. Arocha E.
Barranquilla - Colombia.
Dirección Telegráfica:
"Suiza"

República de Colombia
AGENCIA POSTAL
JUN 14 1924

Mrs. Henry C. Quigley
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania
U. S. A.

#3

From
H.M. Dingler
% Columbia Syndicate
% Cortinez, Correa & Co
Barranquilla, Colombia
S. A.

Sunday, June 6, 1920

Dear Mother:

At last, I am actually in camp, such as it is, after two weeks travelling from B'quilla. We arrived at Bodega Central at 8 P.M. last Sunday night. Curtin, the agent of the Co. there knew of the "Ure's" trip up the river, and met me + Campbell at the boat. He is a driller waiting, like Gibson, for tools + also forwarding freight up the river. With him was the Company's chief mechanic, James Addison Timm, from Northeast, Pa., a very nice young fellow, though like everyone I have met who has been here any time at all, very "windy". We all slept at Curtin's "home" that night + managed to get started the next P.M. about 2 P.M. in the Ure, after arguing + bickering with all the natives about the Capt's license, etc. We dropped Curtin + Campbell at Baranca Lebija, where they are organizing some sort of a camp in order that Campbell may put up a rig + start a well before September.

Timm came down to Bodega Central to meet the launch + it's a good thing he did, because with his help on the engine, it took us six days to make the 70 miles to camp. It should take that boat about 1½ days to make the trip, but we were held up by every possible cause for delay. We slept the first night on its roof, the next two in Chaco, the following at some hut in the jungle, + Friday night at Papiel, arriving here yesterday at 5 P.M., and I have not the time, nor the endurance to recite all the details of that trip at present, but such a story would fill two books with interesting experiences. From the time we left the boat at B.C. we have carried our guns always + slept with them under our heads. It's wild everywhere and they are necessary. During the night at Bodega Central there was a shooting which disturbed the neighborhood considerably without killing anyone, however. The guns provided a lot of fun during the day, too, for the river was full

of alligators and the jungle along the shore full of monkeys, big & small, & all kinds of parrots, egrets, & other birds. That gun of mine shoots like W. H. Hart. I hit three monkeys in the trees & hit about ten caymans in the water & along the bank. They can't be killed except by a shot just behind the front leg but I surely did mess up a couple of them. They swim with only their noses & eyes showing. The closest shot I had was one swimming about seventy-five feet away and the bullet didn't hit the water at all, but sounded as though it had hit a board fence - right in his eye, a target showing above the water about two inches square. I hit several more swimming & about six on the bank, of course missing more than I hit altogether, though I never missed me by much. The monkeys were harder to hit, however, as they are about the size of Airdale dogs & continually jumping around in the trees. I brought down two & lost another.

From there up we brought two big canoes full of freight with their "bogie" crews, who were surely wild looking birds, eight in each canoe with fifteen foot poles which they usually use to pole the boats. We surely slept in some wild places along the way, but I slept so soundly that I wouldn't have wakened if all the savages & tigers had descended on us at once from the jungle. And it is all real jungle along this river - you couldn't penetrate a hundred yards into it in a day, with the biggest trees I ever saw mixed in with the thickest tangle of brush & vines you can imagine."

The "house-boat" consists of three canoes with a floor over them & a grass roof. It is screened all around & contains a double tier of bunks on each side, - it looks exactly like the cowboys' quarters in any western movie, & is about as

crowded & uncomfortable. Some day we will have portable houses, but the Lord knows when.

Monday, June 7

This is the hardest place in which to write a letter that I ever found. Nothing is organized & though there is plenty of time to write, somehow I don't feel like it. I asked Campbell, who is in charge of the camp, to give me something to do until Gates comes back. I added that clause as a string so that they wouldn't sign me up for good at something I didn't want. But at that, there is nothing I can do or know anything about and I don't know what will become of me, as everyone is at odds with everyone else & working for themselves at everyone else's expense with no cooperation & a lot of bad feeling. Well, Campbell turned me over to Reed, who is purchasing agent, & I spent most of the day writing a payroll on the typewriter - slow work but something to pass the time. Besides, I turned in my expense account & you should see what Reed did to it. You would think I was paying the Company to have the privilege of coming to this God-forsaken hole. Its nothing but robbery, but I will protest it to Clark when he returns from Piquilá, & to Gates when he returns from Bogotá.

In fact, this whole affair is a dreary looking outlook - nearly everyone more or less sick, either with fever or something else, no cooperation, no means of getting anything done, none knowing or caring what I am to do, my expenses not being paid, "no hay nada". If I had any experience, age, or was of any value to the company, I would raise the roof about my expenses, but I can do nothing for I am worth no more to them than one of the native bombres at present.

The mosquitos aren't so thick here, but the bobens are frightful during the day. Every place they bite they raise a blood-blister & my share has been about 40 so far. They look like jumbies & bite like and there are millions of them.

Mr. & Mrs. Grismold left for home two days ago - both full of fever, but they were over 60 years old; Gates & his wife have it too, but they are expected any day now from Bogotá where they have been recuperating.

Tuesday June 5

The Ure leaves this morning so I will finish this letter in a hurry. Everything will probably work out all right sometime but at present it is a great mess. However, the other men have been existing for three months this way, & I guess I can do as well as they can. Guy Williamson from Pittsburgh, is a darn fine fellow, & the rest are fair enough.

This letter probably sounds very gloomy & is all mixed up, but I will have to wait until I become a little settled before I write you a decent one. With all its hardships & difficulties this experience is great & I am glad I am here, but will be nothing short of exuberant when I finally start home. I hope everything is going nicely at home & that you are all well & happy.

Lots of love to Dad & the sisters.

Your loving son,

Hugh.

This is No. 3 since I left B'quilla.

My cable & telegraph address is % Columbia Syndicate, Puerto Santos Santander, Colombia.

Gran Hotel Suiza

W. Arocha E.

Barranquilla - Colombia.

Dirección Telegráfica:

"Suiza"

CORRESPONDENCIA
BARRANQUI

Mrs. H. C. Quigley
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania
U. S. A.

#4

From
H.M. Quigley
Columbia Syndicate
c/o Cortissoz Correa & Co
Barranquilla
Colombia S.A.

Sunday, June 13, 1920

Dear Mother:-

My last letter, I am afraid, caused you some worry, but I am always at a loss whether to tell you everything or try to make things seem like paradise here. The latter I have not done so far and won't, because one way as well tell the truth at all times, and I trust you will never worry about me, for I can take care of myself as well as anyone else and am not worrying myself now at all about anything, except my expenses, and I won't have any more of them for some time. That last letter was sort of pessimistic and certainly confused, but it is very hard to settle down in the heat & write a decent epistle. Some day, in a year or so, when the portable houses arrive & we have a new camp in the "hills" which really don't exist, perhaps I will be able to have a table, & be more or less comfortable. This is a great combination of the twentieth century and the 18th. We have a saw-mill working daily, a fine 10 ton tractor for pulling stumps, logs, huts, & anything else that a hundred men could not handle, two Dodge cars, which are about as useful as a pair of shoes would be to a native bear, an electric light system which is supposed to be in operation this evening, lots of cheap American canned food, most of which is spoiled, one complete set of office furniture in our grass & screen office, and lots of junk in the hodega which is slowly rusting, besides that everything is native & consequently belonging to the stone age.

Last Monday, just after I dispatched letter No 3. to you via the "Ure", a canoe pulled in with two letters from you of May 3 & May 8, also the Wms. Records that you sent the 3rd also, which gives them a good month on the way. That mail started up from Bquilla two days after I did. The Ure should be back here today, in fact she should have returned from there three days after she left, but she was held up by engine trouble at Lackawanna. She will bring Clark & Allinder up from Bquilla, & then everyone will be

present except Gates, & he doesn't expect to stay around this place any more. He & Mrs. Gates will live in Bquilla, I think where Clark's & Allinder's wives are staying. Mr. & Mrs. Griswold went home, so the only woman left in camp is Mrs. Williams, & I don't see why she stays. Campbell is in charge. Reed is cashier, & neither of them call forth much respect or desire to work. Campbell means well, but can't get along very well with anyone.

It is now evening & the electric lights are actually giving light. The dynamo is run by the motor of the saw mill & the lights are as bright as anyone could wish.

The double row of bunks doesn't exist anymore, for last week iron beds were issued & everyone knocked down the partitions & props. There are ten beds & a shower bath, a victola, & clothes hanging everywhere in this little crude house boat. These Spaniards drive me crazy - they talk so loud. Some of them are half Spaniards & some Americans. I sleep in the middle bed on the river side of the boat. Across the isle is Raoul Gerdts, a German, who has lived here 7 years & speaks German, French, Spanish & English interchangeably, acts as interpreter & stenographer. On my left lives Niles Pineda, a Mexican American - labor foreman; and beyond him is Diaz, the Chilean, who is in charge of the tractor. He went to school in the U.S. & has an American wife in Chile. On my right is John Bennett, rodman, from Chicago; & beyond him is Guy Williamson, the Pitt football Captain, bald, a fine fellow, & instrument man in the Engineering dept. Across from him is the Construction chief, Voorhees, who was a lieut in the 49th Inf. with J. Dale & Hart Fergusen. Between him & Gerdts lives Martinez, a little Colombian who learned English in England. On the other side of Gerdts is Young, the ex-cook, who now is electrician. And beyond him is Tim, with whom I came up the Cobija.

Williams & his wife have a hut on shore, also Campbell & Gilmore, engineers. Reed, Morales, Vigo

of all stores, and Raoul Grotts' brother, Alejandro, all live in the office building. Morales is a Spaniard has been all over the world & speaks English well. In the hospital the doctor lives. He is a Bucaramanga man & doesn't speak English. Just now, he is down here for a cabower & washing lots of rain with Pinds. That covers the white men in camp. Out at the end of the "trocha" which means trail, & which is supposed to be a road, there is some sort of a camp. That is nine miles inland from here, & Tollast, an Englishman, is busy making a map of the country with several assistants. That is where we will eventually have a real camp. The hill is about 850 feet high, cooler than here, less mosquitos & bekens, & will be fixed up with a real place to live in six months or more. It will be fair enough there but its a long way in the future.

This is the worst place for insects I ever saw. There are all manner of ticks, mosquitos, bekens, spiders as big as a dollar, beetles as big as sparrows, & all kinds of flies. The ticks, lice, bekens, & mosquitos keep you busy & make things generally uncomfortable. There is also a pestiferous insect which digs into your skin & lays eggs under it which hatch & raise the particular dickens if you don't have them cut out before they hatch. I have escaped that bug so far, but have been a prey for all the others. There are 33 beken bites on my face, each one a dark red spot, so I look like the chicken pox. The bekens, or sand flies, are thicker than drops of rain & bite all day, only retiring at dusk, when the mosquitos begin their work, so we aren't left alone at all. This country is just alive & teeming with animal & vegetable life. They have a kind of grass that grows 30 feet high & trees that are twice as high as any I ever saw, to say nothing of bamboo, banana, yuca, papayas, bread fruit, platinos, & many other trees strange to me. Even the river is full of fish, big ones—as long as three feet, & many varieties.

The mail bag leaves tomorrow, so I will finish

this up tonight.

Today Jim + I took a fine trip. There was no work to do, being Sunday, so we got up at 5:30 A.M. + started out up the river. Jim's trusty native helper (Jim is camp mechanic, + can start anything running from a watch to the saw mill. I forgot Hogan who is in charge of the mill + lives in a hut by himself.) was up with the sun + came with us. We made use of him as boatman + he steered all day. The craft was a native log canoe, about thirty five feet long, cut out of one big tree trunk, + propelled by an Evinrude 1½ H.P. motor. The canoe weighs about 1000 lbs + the little motor had all it could do upstream. We took some canned stuff + canteens of water along for lunch, and carried cameras, + guns also. We plowed up the Tobuja for two hours + then up El Tigre for two more, until we could go no further. It was beautiful all the way - typical tropical scenery. We tied up under a tree in the shade at ten + stayed till one, fishing + eating lunch. Caught nothing but we small fish which we used for bait. They don't bite during the day but in morning + evening they just churn the water. We didn't care what we caught anyway, but only took along the rods for instance. We saw, in one place, ten 2 foot turtles lying on one log, + El Tigre is full of them with some alligators also. We got back to camp just in time, about 4 P.M., to miss a near-killing. There are 200 natives working for the company + living here, + when they get started only an American can stop them.

There is one Venezuelan in camp - the baker - + he was telling some of the peons that a Venezuelan was above a Colombian anywhere. That was enough to get one bird on his trail + the fight was on. One used a club + the other a corn pounding mallet + both were well broken up. The baker had a broken arm + a cut head + the other bird just a split skull. All the rest of the natives grabbed their machetes + swore vengeance on the Venezuelan. They were about

to murder him, when Martinez & Pineda went after them with guns, which quite changed everything down considerably. They still & bent on murdering someone, preferably the baker, but he is in the hospital & can't be killed for several weeks, if he lives at all. These birds seem to respect Americans, but no one else, perhaps on account of their accuracy with the .38's, & perhaps because they are white.

This is letter #4. No 1 was mailed at Managua, No 2 at Bodega Central & No 3 from here on the 8th. I hope they all arrived. While I think of it, I wish you would send me three or four very cheap cotton work shirts, any color, size 16 with long sleeves. Also a silly hat for wool & I have only two cotton khaki shirts. If that isn't too much bother for you, I will be very glad to get them. Don't try to get anything nice, just cheap ones from Montgomery, or anywhere in town.

I have been working in the office with Reed all week writing payrolls on the typewriter, checking up requisitions, & other work which is very tiresome in a hot shack with Reed. He is very common, has no tact or bringing up, & used to be a travelling salesman all through Persia. I have run into all kinds of people & really can make out fairly well with any of them, but I don't like Reed's type, - not because he has no bringing up, but because of his disposition & personality. However, what's the difference, everyone else is fair enough & I never expected to run into the Σ Φ fraternity down here. Sometime this week I may have a real job, over my head at first, but not after I get used to it, and that is being in charge of all the commissary stores, which means responsibility for every bit of food that derives from all sources, responsibility for its custody, issue, & amount necessary in all the different kitchens & camps, with a complicated record of it with total & detailed cost of every article. It is a lot of work, but I will be glad to get the job, if I do get it. Reed mentioned it several times but always finds some thing more for me to do in the office.

I haven't heard from Harriet for three weeks, since a letter she wrote from Bellefonte, but there ought to be one in the next mail bag, which is due tomorrow. I am glad

you enjoyed her visit and that she liked Mr. Maynard. The more I think of him the more remarkable I think he is. You must be terribly busy these days with no Maggie but I hope you enjoy it or get someone else to take her place. It seems to me that you would be worked to death with the kitchen added to all your other worries. But you may have had a new cook for a month for all I know or have moved to the Bush house. I feel entirely out of touch with everything here + its no wonder with letters taking a month to reach here from you. Harriet sent that cable before she left for Bellefonte + it took 4 days to reach me. That explains your question about her sending it from Bellefonte.

This camp is at Llaneros (Yaneros), which was only a couple of huts before they arrived in February. It is 10 days journey from Puerto Santos either by trail thru the jungle or by canoe on the river, + three days from Bucaramanga by trail. We are down stream from Puerto Santos + its very plentiful around here — the jaguar, + the big + little species of tiger, all of which are spotted + dangerous, killing mules + cattle + scaring the natives, but they steer clear of the camp, on account of the sawmill. I hope I meet one some day, just for excitement. Bennett ran into a big herd of wild pigs yesterday + caught a young one after routing the herd with revolvers, rifles, + natives. This is the wildest, most uncivilized, crudest, most interesting, most exciting, most unhealthy, most monotonous, hottest, and damnedest place — all at the same time — that I have ever been in. One year will be plenty for me, + believe, though if there are inducements I may stay longer, or rather come back; but what's the use of living in a country with conditions + climate such as this when there is a decent, white-man's country lying some distance north, even though the latter be torn with revolutions, strikes, high prices, + general discontent!

Lots of love to all the family. I hope you are all well + happy. Your loving son, Hugh.

Many thanks for sending the cuttings from Vere + Kent papers. I hope you will send any other items of interest you may come across.

#5

Mrs. Henry C. Quigley
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania
U. S. A.

#5 From

H. M. Quigley
c/o Columbia Syndicate
c/o Cortissoz, Correa & Co.
Barranquilla S.A.
Colombia

Friday, 18th June
Maracas, Colombia

Dear Mother:-

Tuesday surely was a big day for me in the mail line:- twelve letters, the ledger with 5 packs of Lucky Strikes, the Watchman, two Records, a class paper, a bill for $105.00, and several unimportant pieces of literature. Allinder arrived from B'quilla Tuesday & brought all that with him. Two of the letters were from you, two from Ben, & two from Harriett, besides one from Wickware & one from Mabel Schaffer - it surely was a surprise of her to write, and a long letter too. Your letters were postmarked May 13 & 18. Also there was an invitation to Mary Horne's wedding. Tell her I'll be there. I had just sent a letter to her which I wrote on her wedding day. It seems so funny to be hearing about people being asked to be bridesmaids and talking about a wedding a month distant - a few days after the wedding has occurred. But such is life here 2000 or more miles from civilization. We wait hear who the pres. candidates are until one of them is elected, & we wait hear anything about the election until Christmas.

Allinder also brought Dr. Nuñez, Owens' successor, with him, and two young fellows who were looking in B'quilla, - Greene & Gilman. They came to Venezuela on their way to see all of South America by working their way from place to place. They found in Caracas a stranded little sort of Wild West show which couldn't operate because of the law against firearms in that revolution-rent country. These fellows picked up Jack Chism (of whom I told you, and fixed up a little tour of Colombia, & that's how I came to see them in B'quilla. They left Jack there & got a job without a contract from Mr. Clarke. Here they are doing anything at all, & expect to leave in six months. Both of them are pretty nice fellows. Gilman knows a lot of my friends at Williams. That's the kind of trip I always wanted to take, and perhaps I will before I get through, as they have already asked me to go with them if I want to. That all depends. If they keep on working me as they do now I sure will resign. The trouble is that you have to be fired in order to get your expenses paid home; if you resign you pay your own. A lot of the men are buying themselves having certified checks & travelers' checks sent to them - large enough to take them home - but I expect either to stay a year & have them send me home or get another job. I'll need no money however, because I can

always cash a check here. Don't worry about my quitting or anything like that, because I will stick it out here for a year at least, unless I die in the attempt. I hate to work in an office, however, and it seems like that for me unless I raise a howl, & I don't like to do that. Everybody works at cross purposes around here, & gets all mixed up. Before you finish one job, someone gives you another to start until you don't know whether you are in Columbia or Manitoba. All under is crazy as a loon - he knows his job but is just scatter-brained. He outranks Reid, which is one comfort, because he's not a mean bird like Reid. However, it's all in the game & it's good experience, but I could have perhaps got a job working in an office near home. In the morning any job isn't bad here, but in the afternoon everyone is on edge & the long heat of the day has everyone pretty well wilted, so that it is awful working, especially at the stuff I have been doing, making out receiving records, two payrolls & checking columns of figures. Adding columns of figures of 75 items is hard anywhere, but with flies pecking at your face, it is extremely exasperating. This morning I thought I had a fine job, this afternoon I just muttered & swore. That's the way it goes, but in the end I am glad I am here.

We nearly had some real excitement the other night. Although, theoretically, there is no liquor near the camp, some of the natives were drunk & claimed they were going to clear out the Americans. The reason of their picking on us was that we had taken the Venezuelan baker to the hospital & kept anyone from murdering him on Sunday. & this night the other party to the fracas was dying. Hence the desire to take it out on us. We just pulled up all the firearms in camp - they are always loaded anyway - and carried on as usual. Nothing happened. If anything should, it would be exciting, as there are over 2 hundred natives here now working, but all the Americans can shoot & anyway the natives are spineless & scared of white people.

It surely was wonderful of you to send me all the papers & cigarettes & best of all, I was glad, as usual, to get your letters. They are interesting, always, and I love to hear from you.

Dr. Owens probably never will be back, as he was

pretty well scared out." But we have plenty of competent medical advice & service. Dr Nuñez is an American, & also there is Dr. Serpa here from Bucaramanga. These Spaniards who speak a few words of English are surely funny. The ones who learned their English in schools, of which there are few in Colombia, speak perfectly correctly what they learn, but some of the things others say are funny. Alex. Gerdts says, "While I remained in Bucaramanga I gained many ~~monies~~ monies, but here I gain no cent, is it not true?"

You surely are having your troubles with Mrs. Newcomer & your household cares, but I hope everything turns out to the best advantage. Everything usually does, sooner or later.

The company launch, the "Ure", is not proving much at present. It is stuck about ten miles below here on its second trip. The water is too low at present, though we have been having rain nearly every day, and the motor doesn't work well; besides, the rainy season is nearly over & the river will be still lower. Another of his outfit was brought up to camp in canoes.

This is Letter #5. Tell Gen. Wood I am betting on him & am sure he will knock them all out. I hope he does.

Harriet sent me three pictures taken around about Bellefonte, one of you, Dad, & her, one of Mary, & one of you all at the Club. They surely look good to me, & you & Dad seem so happy & look better than when I left. They are fine pictures & I surely am glad to have them. Her also sent me three wonderful pictures taken on the Vassar campus of Mary Horne, Harriet, & herself - they are beautiful with their background of woods.

Enclosed are some pictures taken by Fiunn, which I will send for want of mine being finished. The one of Bennett was taken while he was hunting for an alligator someone shot. You can tell how wide the Lebrija is here at high water. It's not deep anywhere, that is not over 30 feet. The one of Puerto Santos gives you an idea of the sizes of the canoes used on this river. The empty one is the kind poled by one or two men & steered by another with a paddle. The big one is a freight canoe - you can see some dozed up bogies sitting on the freight. They never get out of the sun & work like fiends all the time for about 70 cents a day. Another is a native holding a catfish in his hand. The river boats

are two of the largest on the Magdelena - the Clara & the Medellin. You can get a fair idea of how the bogies work in the rather dim picture. There are seven bogies & a patrón, who steers, in each freight canoe. Iguanas are sold for the egg inside them, like schad-roe. The main street in Chocó. Hunt & I slept two nights in a house just like there. Diaz is so proud of his tractor that he always is asking someone to take its picture. Here he is with his crew of two. The tractor - a ten ton Holt Caterpillar - is the only efficient thing in camp. The other picture of the unloading of the tractor shows Diaz & Campbell in helmets & Reid facing the camera.

I am taking this job as a great experience, & a chance to learn something, save money, and see as much as I can. I was cheated out of seeing France & some real excitement by the clowns who urged staying in college until too late to take advantage of the greatest opportunity which the young men of this time had or will have along the line of adventure & excitement. I am partly to blame for that myself but most of the blame I put on Pres. Garfield & others who influenced me when I should have done what I wanted to. You & Dad were fine & would have let me do anything I wanted, as usual, but I surely did miss the real thing. This is a poor substitute, but it is exciting & is more or less of an adventure. Allinder & his proteges slept on the bank one night coming up & were awakened by a big tiger in the bushes about twenty feet from them, which they shot at & scared away. There is so much noise around here that I can't produce a coherent thought. The Victrola is running a good part of the time & the records are all good, & new ones besides so we never starve for music. We even have the Rifaz Band march & on its reverse side the General Pershing march, written by Carl Vandersloot who went to the U.N. when I did. I must call off the Waterman until a more quiet moment, but I will write soon again.

Lots of love to all the family from your melting son,

Hugh.

#6

Judge Henry C. Quigley
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania
U. S. A.

#6

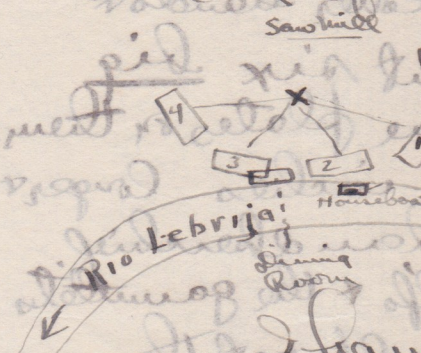
From
H.M. Quigley
c/o Columbia Syndicate
c/o Cortissoz Correa & Co
Barranquilla
Colombia
S.A.

#6 June 25, 1920

Dear Dad:-

Things are looking better now especially on account of Clarke's action on my expense accounts. Reid had cut out a lot of stuff that I thought was all right, including also laundry bills which I knew were not allowed but put in anyway. Clarke merely looked them over and said "Pass Quigley's accounts except the laundry." Reid raised a howl but had to sign it anyway. Whatever he wishes done is done pronto around here, though his judgement isn't always the best. Personally, I think he is fine, but really everyone else has some kick or other which I suppose is only natural after their six months of the hardest kind of a life in this camp.

These enclosed pictures give you an idea of the camp as it is this minute. The four which are numbered go in sequence together from left to right. They were taken from a spot in the middle of the clearing & go together like this:



I have these & the last pictures I sent from here, as I have no copies. The tents were just put up two days ago but are too hot for comfort, I am still in the boat.

I have never heard if any more money being sent in the banks by the U.S. since March's $12,000. How do I stand now?

This hot weather hasn't reduced me below 180 lbs & probably won't unless I start working in the sun. At present I am on the payroll job in the office. It is very complicated

Jim & Hogan finished the pictures &c.

and away over my head, & no one has time to explain it so it works out fine.

This contract business is bad. We now have two men here whose specified jobs exists no more. One was secretary to Griswold & now they either have to pay him for doing nothing or send him home. The sawmill man, Hogan, was relieved of the responsibility of the mill. Now he won't do anything else — doesn't have to because his contract says "Chief of sawmill."

The mail goes out by way of Puerto Santos this afternoon in about ten minutes so I will close up this measly little letter.

If it isn't too much trouble I would like to have a pair of inexpensive gloves, for I will be doing some mule riding thru the jungle to pay off the different camps & the bugs are frightful there. Gauntlets, but not heavy ones. Cloth backs would be fine. Any kind of a loose glove which will cover hands & wrists pretty well up. Also about six big bandana handkerchiefs, with my name plates on them. They would have to be at least six inches longer & wider than an ordinary large handkerchief. Color — red or blue. If the handk'fs & the gauntlets are available I surely will be glad to get them.

Will write again shortly but this must be put in the bag. Last night I got into the poker game for the first time. Couldn't sit around doing nothing any more while everyone else was playing. 10¢ limit. Won $5.50 Lots of love to the family

Your loving son Hugh.

#7

Judge Henry C. Quigley
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania
U.S.A.

#7

From

W.M. Quigley
Colombia Syndicate
c/o Cortissoz Contract Co.
Barranquilla
Colombia
S.A.

#7

June 29, 1920

Dear Dad:-

Today I am sending my army locker trunk home in the care of John Hogan, who is leaving for the States. I gave him ten dollars to cover the expenses of carrying it with him and asked him to express it to you collect from New York. He has one of the keys which he will send you & I will send you the other. I surely hope it arrives safely, but whatever happens, the clothes would have been ruined here anyway & now there is a good chance of their being delivered to you.

If the family will brush the mold off & hang everything in the sun for a few days & then put them away I will be be very much pleased. It just means that I will save about 202 hundred dollars outright, because mold forms in about three days here & if left to grow will rot the clothes. The gray suit was soaked with salt water on the Tivives & ought to be cleaned before storing or else it will rot. It surely will be a weight off my mind when I hear that you have received the trunk & all its contents as I have ruled them on the enclosed slip.

We have had lots of excitement over this last week end. On Saturday night the boys caught an alligator & you would have thought a mad house had broken loose. Martinez, the little Colombian who spent 9 years in Wales, had been setting traps for this caiman which had been living just below where they dump the refuse of the butcherings, and on Friday night they caught the beast, but he broke the rope

as they were dragging him up the bank. Martinez set the trap again Saturday evening & that time they got him. The trap was a ring of leaves about a foot in diameter with meat tied around it & also the noose of a heavy rope concealed under the leaves. They tossed it into the river & tied the rope to a tree. Mr. Caiman grabbed the ring of meat & tried to swallow it, swimming away at the same time. The noose tightened on his upper jaw & he was caught. They dragged him to the bank & Martinez lassoed his under jaw with another rope, then tied both jaws together. He had his mouth held shut & was held by two half inch ropes so that he could not get away unless he lost all his teeth. It took twelve men to drag him up the bank & he surely did rail a commotion with his big heavy tail. They tied him with a steel cable to the tractor & left him over night. Sunday we all got pictures of him & then they tried to kill him. It took ten blows with a 16 lb sledge to even stun him but they finally did the trick, & then skinned & ate him. He was about nine feet long or perhaps more & weighed easily 350 pounds.

Then on Sunday the real excitement occurred. There has been an awful lot of discontent among the white men about conditions and the company's breaking their contract & all that. Mr. Tallant came in from the new camp for a rest & didn't find anywhere to rest except this launch. He thought it over a day & then told Clarke just what the

thought of the whole outfit. He is an Englishman & a very nice man, but his patience was simply exhausted. He said to Clarke that the office in Pittsburgh had promised him comfortable living quarters & that he had been sent nine miles back in the jungle & left there for four months to shift for himself & his gang of boys with insufficient food, & no place to sleep except shacks he built himself then when he came back to camp for a rest he was put in this house boat while Clarke, Campbell, Reid & Williams had decent screened houses on shore. He said that if he owned pigs he would not confine them to live in as dirty a place as our house boat all of which is true enough & isn't half of what he told Clarke. Then he resigned & took the first canoe down the river.

While that was going on Voorhees started to pack his things, & Voorhees is the most level headed man in the camps. Clarke came down & talked it over with Voorhees. All Voorhees would say was, "Just look over the place we have been living in for five months! That's all I have to say, I think!" Clarke was really worried because Voorhees is even more valuable than Tallant. Clarke offered to build him a house. He refused that unless every way had one too which Clarke could not see at present. He also refused a tent. Somehow it was fixed up & some boys were sent down to clean this hole out. It looks better now & Voorhees will stay, I think. He is really a darn fine man, very quiet but extremely strong in his convictions.

Hogan had been relieved & ordered to go home the day before. A Colombian of Italian descent named Benedetti has taken his place & is doing very well. Hogan promised to do his best by my trunk & I

hope he does.

Alex. Gerdts has the fever so badly that he will probably leave this week + his brother Raúl will be fired shortly. do you see there has been lots doing, but the biggest event was that which happened Sunday evening. Everyone has been complaining about this dirty Mexican peon Pinedo, who sleeps next to me. He has colored blood in him + is a regular greaser from the Mexican border, employed here as Labor foreman. Everybody objected to his living with the Americans but it didn't do any good evidently. Sunday Williamson, Barnett, + Voorhees were talking their grievances over, while Allinder + I were taking baths. Voorhees + Allinder have been eating at a second table for weeks on account of Pinedo, who always grabs a seat at the head of the table + monopolizes the conversation with his loud grating voice. It happened that we all were ready for supper at the same time + went up the bank together. Williamson made the very unfortunate remark that "Here goes for a real American mess." Morales, a very nice Spaniard, was in a hammock at the top + heard the remark. It hurt him very much + he told Clarke that if that's the way the Americans felt he would leave. Clarke came in + gave us a pretty efficient bawling over the coals + Williamson got a fine calling down. He has all the courage in the world however + told Clarke to fire him. Clarke told him to resign or apologize to the company. Williamson said he would apologize to everyone but the person he meant + that he would never resign. Clarke told him that he wanted

his expenses paid ~~but~~ Clarke would fire him.
It is too long a story to relate now, but it nearly
broke up the Columbia Syndicate's whole outfit here.
Williamson apologised profusely to Morales, Diaz,
Mantilla, Gudts, + all other Colombians, but it was
only his fault in so far as he happened to make
the remark loud enough for Morales to hear. I had
nothing more to do with the affair than just
happening to be ready for dinner at that time, but
in Clarke's eyes I am as culpable blame as the
others who were with Williamson, and I am
just standing pat + letting him think what he
cares to. I couldn't do otherwise. No one could ever
accuse me of being anything but very democratic
but I do like people to wash their clothes +
take them off when they go to bed, which Pineda
never does. He is dirty + has an irritating loud
manner but outside of that I can tolerate him.
Last night, Clarke asked me to step into his
room + then offered me a cigar. I couldn't figure
out what was going to come next until he asked me
what I came down here to do + what I wanted to
do. No one here has ever received word ~~that I~~
~~was coming or~~ what I was to do when I arrived +
it was only just mentioned that I had been sent.
No. I believe he said that the only thing that they
have ever heard about me was my own telegram
from B/quilla. It doesn't bother me at all, for
whatever I do I will learn something. I told him
my idea was to get experience + that I would enjoy
doing absolutely anything he wanted me to, Mr.
Gates wanted me to. That is so different from the
usual stuff one hears that the C.S. men have been
handing him that he was rather surprised +
I think pleased, though most of the full hours

conversation was about the incident of the day before. He gave me many warning & good advice on how to handle natives, etc. & then I asked him what he wanted me to do here. He said I might go to work on the tractor, or with the engineering corps, or most anything else, but at present I am needed in the office. I have been working hard on the payroll & time records for three days & it is a hard job. Its all balled up on account of two men being in charge of it before me this month, & its quite a problem to straighten out. It means a lot whether the men are paid on time since they are easily frightened & misled, & its quite a job to straighten out the time which the fifteen foremen hand in every day. Its always wrong & there are over 250 men working here now so you can see its quite a job.

Yesterday another mail arrived & I surely was glad to get that letter of yours mailed the 2d of May, & to hear that the primaries came out to your liking. Just today we read in a Bucaramanga paper that Harding had been nominated for pres. which surely puts you in a class with the prophets. Thank you for giving me the dope on the insurance & think I'll follow your suggestion & take the twenty payment life when the time comes.

For heaven's sake, don't worry about me. When I have had enough of this place I'll know it, but that won't be for a year. The way things look now I'm satisfied & contented though this is by far the toughest life I ever struck. It may be a hazardous undertaking & dangerous, but I'll take care of myself & come home safely next summer. Breaking a contract would

be nothing for the C.S. has broken it already in fact + spirit many times, but I don't intend to break it. Mr. Nesbit has recommended three men for this company - Dr. Owens, Williamson, + myself - + Williamson was talking true about that Sunday evening before he had his heart to heart talk with Clarke - when everything was temporarily smoothed over - and he thought he was going to be fired. He was sorry for Mr. Nesbit + that's the only reason for his trying to fix it up with Clarke. - Dr. Owens departure + his probable discharge would leave me alone to half of Mr. Nesbit's judgement of men. I wouldn't want to leave here except for very good reasons even without the Mr. Nesbit part of it, but I hate to think of your worrying about me. With your letter came two from Mother, which were full of fears + worries. I hate to have you be worried at all over my safety, so please stop it + trust my ability of taking care of myself + holding my own. If you do worry don't conceal it in your letters, but what I want to eliminate is the worry itself. I surely am losing the faculty of expressing myself, but I hope you get my meaning. If you are worrying about me tell me, but don't worry. There is nothing to worry about.

The pictures are some I took Sunday morning of the Canyon. They would be fine if printed by a good photographer but I'm did them in in Hogan's + they aren't too wonderful. However the negatives are still good + I'll have some real prints made sometime.

Whatever you do, don't ever mention anything of what I say about the Company's failings & disorder to any of the Pittsburgh dukes, for perhaps I haven't got it straight & anyway I wouldn't want to have them think that I was crabbing. I know you wouldn't anyway, but I surely would hate to have them think I wasn't satisfied or was giving anything away about the conditions here that shouldn't be given away.

If you all don't stop worrying, the only thing I can do is either come home or start telling you ~~all about~~ nothing but pleasant things, & I would have to invent them to do so. I am not stubborn enough to stay here longer than it is good for me, & I wouldn't kill myself for all the contracts & Pittsburgh obligations in the world. So, let there be an end of worry. It doesn't pay, is unnecessary, & wouldn't help matters at all, anyway.

Lots of love to Mother & the sisters.

Your loving son,

Hugh.

Llaneras Colombia
June 29, 1920

To whom it may concern:-

This is to certify that the army locker trunk marked on tops "Lt. H.M. Quigley "U.S.A." and on each end "H.M. Quigley, Bellefonte, Pa." has been entrusted by me, its owner, to Mr. John Hogan for delivery at my home.

Hugh M. Quigley

#8.

Mrs. H.C. Quigley
Bellefonte
Penn.
U.S.A.

#8

From:
H.M. Quigley
% Colombia Syndicate
% Cortissoz, Correa, & Co
Barranquilla
Colombia
S.A.

#8.

July 4, 1920

Dear Mother:

Here is another key & another list of the thing in my trunk. Hogan will send you a key & express receipt from New York and I sent you a list in ~~letter No 7~~ which went by Puerto Santos & Puerto Wilches on the 30th.

I will write again later today, for there is lots of business & work to do today.

Lots of love
Hugh.

#9

Mrs. H.C. Quigley
Bellefonte
Penn.
U.S.A.

#9

From
H.M. Quiñones
Colombia Syndicate
% Cortissoz Arrea & Co
Barranquilla
Colombia
S.A.

#9. July 4, 1920

Dear Mother:

Here are three pictures I took & which were developed by the "House of Hinn & Quigley, successors to Hogan & Hinn, Inc." Hogan & Hinn had a whole outfit here & when the former left I took his place. I have'nt made any money yet, but when our new printing paper arrives & I pay for half of it I will divide the profits which amount to about 2.00 per hour, net, after the first two or three hours which pay for the supplies. The first night I worked on the pictures we turned out $3.20 worth but the material was all Hinn's, so all I got was about twenty prints for nothing. Hereafter it will pay enough to cover all incidental expenses here.

On the front porch of the house boat stand El Capitan Jorge Barras de la Lancha "Ilré" and Hinn. The other of the five hombres shows part of the bogies in the crew of the canoe which the Urubaught upon her first & only appearance to date at Flamoso. Hinn took the one of me in the canoe the day we went up El Tigre river. The hombre standing at the stern with the paddle is Wenceslao Arenas, who steered the canoe all day. He is standing right over the Evinrude motor. The paper was all finger printed when we started, but we will be able to turn out better work when we get

OSPI, P plus .P H

the new papers.

If you send the handcuffs, shirts, & gloves. I don't know when I will ever get them as the Colombian postal service pays no attention whatsoever to Parcel Post. They have no such thing here & don't care whether other countries have or not. But I suppose they will eventually arrive, & I hope they do before my year is up.

Your two letters of May 23 and 30 arrived here on the 29th of June & the one of June 3 arrived yesterday - just a month. I have been drawing an enormous amount of mail these days & surely do love to hear from you & the immediate family especially. Yesterday I got an announcement of Elizabeth Allen's marriage. Good work, Betty! All the best wishes, etc!

As I told Dad, you all have simply got to stop worrying about me. You make me feel like a criminal staying here & I hate to write you all that goes on, for fear it will only cause more worry instead of being interesting to you. There is absolutely nothing to worry about. This is a survival of the fittest affair from start to finish, everyone for himself & no record money, but what's the difference as long as you can hold your own. When I feel that this is no place for me, I will

start north, but I am perfectly well & happy now, so why worry. I appreciate the great interest which makes you worry about me, but I wish you would just take everything as I do, - as a very interesting experience & something worthwhile if carried off successfully.

For the last four days I have worked ten hours during the day & three nights at night trying to get the payroll in shape to pay off tomorrow. It was in awful shape because of so many different kinds handling it in the past month, so Mr. Reid & I had to work all the time to straighten it out. We would have worked all day today - Sunday, July 4th, - except that Mr. Reid just simply gave out. He has been in the office for 6 months & was tired out. Mr. Clarke told him at breakfast that he could have two weeks vacation in Barranquilla or Bucaramanga and Reid said he couldn't have for a week anyway. Clarke asked me if I could handle the office & I said I would try. A little later Reid collapsed completely & had a nervous breakdown. He cried & acted like a crazy man, telling everyone he knew them & then God knows. Dr. Muñoz got him quieted down & now he is apparently in good shape again. Clarke is going to take him to Bucaramanga tomorrow

for a good rest, & we surely will be busy in that office. Allinder is too busy with the auditing to bother with the Cashier's job, so I suppose I will be the Cashier, unless someone else is found for the job. It would be a herculean task for me but probably must be handled the whole thing in a dump. The time & payroll are a big enough job in themselves and Mr Reid was busy altogether with his end of it, so you can see what the place is up against. Reid has just now lost control again. He is in Clarke's house & Mr. Clarke is trying to fix him up. I thought I was under some strain the last few days but Reid's must have been terrific. In Pittsburgh they promised to send wires down here at the company's expense & now they refuse to send Mrs. Reid. That is on his mind & Clarke is framing a cable to the Central Office now on that subject. There is none who hasn't a big grievance against the fakes in Pittsburgh except me, & even Clarke has several. Allinder sent in his provisional resignation today to take effect immediately if some conditions weren't improved at once, & everyone is on edge.

There is so much to write about that I can't begin to cover it, but this is some turmoil, believe me! The general

manager in Bogota, Clarke leaving for B/quilla tomorrow. Allinder up in the air, Cashier with his mind unsettled by worry & overwork, & everyone else discontented. "Hot dog! ain't this some regiment?" as Voorhees says.

The suggestion about a wedding present for Mary Adams is good & I will get her something before I leave, but I'll have to bring it home as it would never get there otherwise. All I could get here would be a machete, a tortuga (which is a big dried gourd used for a dish here) or some alligator teeth, so I guess I will wait.

Dr. Muñiz says he knew Dad in Pittsburgh the winter before last. The doctor is a very nice man. The other day he had to take out a native's appendix & it was one job in a grass hut with nothing efficient to work with. Mr. Reid gave the ether & Greene & Gilman helped. It turned out to be peritonitis & they couldn't get the appendix at all. The poor bird is still hanging on between life & death, but may pull through. A doctor's job is far from a sweet one here.

Harriet is sending me one of those little books by Thomas à Kempis, too, but it hasn't arrived yet. I am in no position to preach anti-Catholicism to her, and she

is suspicious of Mr. Maynard's attentions along that line also. She told me she could not figure out why he should take such an interest in her. However she also said that she never spent a pleasanter week anywhere, excepting none, than at Bellefonte.

Did I tell you that the first Sunday Times arrived last week? It is fine to get that. So far all the Watchmans & Records have arrived & no ledger with cigarettes; I guess everything arrives all right, if you allow it enough time, except Parcel Post. I'll send a check to Rosenberg shortly for that bill.

I am writing in Tim's house which was Hogan's and has a table of boards to write on. His parrot is sitting right beside my paper watching with much interest and wondering whether this ink is good to drink & whether the pen is a Waterman or a "Lucky-Curve".

I took thirty pictures on the way up the Magdalena & Sabija Rivers & sent the rolls to Gibson in Barranquilla. They all turned out very well & will be worth keeping. I have quite a collection now & when I get home I will run an exhibition for your benefit.

The only American woman here now is Mrs. Williams, & she is a remarkably courageous and strong woman to stand it. She does, however, and better than most of the men, but she must become awfully lonesome by herself here all day.

I was very interested in hearing all about the plans for the big wedding & I hope it was staged & carried off as planned. In all, I got three good accounts of the preparations. Your page from "Daily Strength" is quite a goal to aim at but it surely is worth giving a thought to, & I shall.

Dinner is ready & we are going to have a shiny Columbian turkey for a celebration so I will have to stop now. This morning we all fired a salvo of revolvers, shotguns & rifles from the house boat at sunrise & they set off some dynamite in the clearing but outside of that this might be any day in the year.

Lots of love to all the family. Give my regards to Mr, Maynard, the MacCurdys Morrises Sellers, & Reynolds etc. I hope Grandfather is getting along comfortably.

Your loving son,

Hugh.

Thank you again ever so much for all the papers, cigarettes, & letters.

#10

Mrs. H.C. Quigley
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania
Estados Unidos de America

#10

From
W.M. Wrigley
Columbia Syndicate
% Cortissoz, Correa & Co.
Barranquilla
Colombia

Flaveras
July 31, 1920

Dear Mother,-

Your letter of June 27 arrived in just thirty days, though mail for me is becoming scarcer & scarcer. I guess all the letters I received during the first month sort of spoiled me for any reasonable amount, for besides yours, there were others from Ben, Scotty & Jennie Coughlin, and also the Bellefonte papers & the N.Y. Times, which shows up regularly, and is very interesting.

I am now living in the first brick house for Americans in Flaveras, besides the one occupied by Campbell & Dr. Murray & the Williams. It was completed about five days ago & though I really wasn't eligable to move in on account of the seniority, so to speak, of so many others, I managed to rate a room on account of Voorhees & others not wishing to move from where they are living. It's a four room house raised about three feet off the ground & fairly comfortable. Elech Gerdts is my Chinkie, & he isn't much help. I have been carpentering around the room all my spare time since I moved in but all he does is play poker. I now have a shelf running the length of the room, a row of wooden legs on the other side, & a seven shelf chiffonier made of gasoline boxes, besides stands for trunk & suitcases, & some smaller shelves.

I'll send you some pictures of the house after I get them taken, developed & printed. Jim & I are beginning to make money now having printed 200 pictures in two days. Enclosed are several of them, which I took recently. We have enough business to pay for our supplies, print our own pictures free, & make a slight profit, but it is hard to keep materials on hand, so we are forced to suspend operations most of the time. This house is between the Williams' & Mr Gates' new one now in process of construction in preparation for his arrival in a few days, & faces the river. In the two front rooms are Diaz & Morales, and Barr & Campbell. R.N. (not the asst engineer, but the kind who came up river with me). In the other back room are Young & Gilman. All rooms have exterior doors & there is a little porch at the front & back. It will be comfortable after I plug up all the holes & they put a waterproof roof on it. Gilman is a pretty nice boy — an Alpha Delt at Cornell — & more like the type I am used to being with, though I can hit it off fairly well with anyone.

You surely do write nice long letters to me, but I am afraid this one of mine will be short, as I have n't much dope on the situation at present & we had a mean days work in the office. You asked about the idea of names being written like W. Arocha. E., and

that also caused me some curiosity until I found out the reason. It seems to be a mark of distinction, more or less, for only the would be 'elite' have such initials after their regular name. The last initial is usually their Mothers initial, I think, though it is only a matter of preference whether they use it or not. Miguel Benedetti A. is the chief of our sawmill & Manes Pinzon B. used to be time-keeper. However, nine tenths of the Jews don't know their fathers name, so they just spell out their mothers & let it go at that. They are the most ignorant lot I ever saw. They have no intelligence, no anything like morals or decency or modesty - they are just a short step above the howling monkeys in the trees in that they can speak & be understood. A lot of them don't even know their names for sure & are an awful bother to us in making up the payroll.

The books you sent haven't arrived yet, but it may eventually, though Rural Post never would. My Sunday Times is the only one in camp so it is very much appreciated. The Co. only gets the daily Times. I suppose my trunk must be near home now, for Hogan has landed in the States according to his ship's schedule.

As you [illegible] know of the various items, I enter them in a sort of bank account of my own, so I know about where I stand. I haven't entered the June pay yet as you hadn't heard of it when you wrote on June 27th.

The big field day on the 20th came off as a grand success except that they couldn't erect the greased pole & some kind, & all the prizes before the events took place. Others were substituted, however & the races were lots of fun, since sports of that kind are practically unknown to these birds. A few days from Bucaramanga showed signs of life but the ordinary peon is helpless except at cutting brush with a machete.

I am glad the electric range has turned out so well & that you are satisfied with it, & hope your new "Maggie" is now on the job & also proving a success. I may as well call this off now & go to bed. I'll enclose another picture taken of me at Papayal by Jimmy on the way up here. You can see the Iré down the bank behind me.

The prickly heat has been getting to me something awful lately, — in fact I was more or less covered with it until I got the best of it with alcohol & camphor.

I also had a swollen arm which was very painful & useless for a week or more, but it is nearly gone now. Dr. Nutter said it came from the prickly heat, & it surely did swell up. My whole left arm was as big as the calf of my leg & stiff & sore, especially at the elbow & shoulder. Besides that my face was literally covered with sores. I was in fine shape for a week but now its all gone away. It may have come from handling money, though we always wash our hands in alcohol about five times a day & ~~that~~ account- & it may have just been my blood thinning out a bit, but it surely was a mess. I couldn't shave for over two weeks, & couldn't move my left arm at all. However, I'm all O.K. now & feeling fine. Alex & I are still holding down the joint job of Cashier & finding ourselves busier than bees all the time. I wish Reid would come back soon, though we can handle the job without him. I don't like to be responsible for about $15 000.00 all the time & do a business of several hundred a day, especially since there is no one else who knows what carries on, except Allinder & he being Auditor, can't advise or help. Its a really hard job.

Lots of love to the family.

Your loving son, Hugh.

#11

Judge Henry C. Quigley
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania

ESTADOS UNIDOS DE AMERICA

#11

From
H.W. Quigley
c/o Columbia Syndicate
c/o Cortissoz, Cowar & Co.
Barranquilla
Colombia
S.A.

#11

August 3, 1920

Dear Dad:-

Your letter of July 4th arrived on Sunday with letters from Mother, Mary, & Art Wickmire, & I was very glad to hear from you. At the same time, Mr. & Mrs. Gates arrived & also the driller named Curtis who was at Bodega Central. The Gates are very nice people - the kind-hearted ordinary kind, and Mr. Gates is a good general manager, I believe. Also, in the same mail a letter came from the Pittsburgh office, stating that on the 21st day of Sept. 1921, if my service has been satisfactory, the Co will give me a bonus of 100 shares of stock. That means that I will have to stay here for eighteen months if I expect the bonus, - the eighteen months beginning on March 21st of this year. That is impossible, for I would'nt think of starting home at any other time than the spring or early summer. It would be a foolish risk to take. So I will either be home next June or not till June 1922, and I am inclined to believe that you will hear my tread on the front porch of 157 E. Linn not later than June 30th next year. Anyone would be a fool to stay here longer than a year, but these oil companies surely do get a half hitch & double strangle hold on their employees. Here is the way the hold is

executed: The Company hates to fire a man + wait except in extreme cases, mainly because men are hard to get in Colombia and because the authorities here in the field don't want to pay the expenses of said man home. And the man can't quit because it will cost him about $100.00 to get home besides his original expenses down here which will also be taken from him. So its a deadlock. The company won't fire him & he can't quit without losing a fortune. Then they go and offer the temptation of a bonus for six months extra in this hole. Its a great life. Most of the old timers think this bonus letter is a joke & none of them will stay for it because they don't trust Clarke in particular & believe that the "provided, such service shall have been satisfactory to the Company" is only there so that on the last day an unfavorable report can be turned in & their bonus refused. Its a shame that such a condition should exist, but it does. I've been arguing with Voorhees, Finn, & Young about their distrust ever since I felt I had been here long enough to be justified in an opinion, but they won't be persuaded that the Company in general & Mr. Clarke & Campbell in particular are anything but robbers, trying to get something done

here for nothing, and trying to save money at the expense of the comfort & welfare of the men. The run-in Williamson had with Clarke about a month ago is an example. Clarke called him down & he replied that everyone knew that the men had been discontented & crabbing about certain conditions for months & that he would never apologize to Pineda, though he would to the other non-Americans in the outfit. Then he said that if Clarke didn't like his attitude he would relish being canned. Clarke said "Of course, you want to be fired so your expenses will be paid home. Quit, if you don't like this place." & Williamson replied "Of course you want me to quit so you can save the company money, but I won't. Fire me if you want me to go." & there it ended, being patched up later & all blown over now. Williamson is doing surveying in Barranca Lebrija now with Greene as assistant. Sty a mean job & they will be lucky when they get back here.

However, that's nothing to worry about. And I haven't the same attitude toward the company that the men who have been here from the first have, though I do sympathize with them to some extent. They have had a hard time of it & deserve more than they get, but at the same time their antagonistic attitude won't

get them anywhere. I don't believe in fighting everybody & everything all the time like they do, but the last thing I need ever become is a hand-shaker.

Reid just started up the river so in ten days or two weeks I will be joint acting Cashier anyway much to my relief. I learned a lot since he left a month ago, but I couldn't handle the office without more experience. Alex. Gerdts is going down for a two months vacation when Reid arrives. Poor Alex has been having attacks of fever every week or so for three months, each time saying he will leave at once, but when it hit him again two days ago he told Clarke, & he really is going now, I believe. I'll have to grab off a room mate before one is thrust upon me, & I think Voorhees will come up. He is a very nice fellow, though somewhat morose & with the ingrown malice toward the higher-ups here in camp, not Mr. Gates however. Everyone seems to like Gates, perhaps because he hasn't been here much. Voorhees told me at the time of the above mentioned fracas that no one would fire Williamson because he had a heavy stand in with the big dukes, being recommended by Mr. Herbst. I take it I have no mortgage on my job

for the same reason. The whole trouble with these birds is, I believe, that they are all so strong in their convictions that they are hard to manage, especially by men like Clarke & Campbell, who are ~~still~~ overburdened with tact. Williamson is a darn good fellow, & Bennett is also. They & Voorhees are the best of friends. Jim is a regular hermit and always on the defensive, but I get along very well with him. His own words are "I don't aim to agitate anyone & I can't stand being agitated by anyone, so if they let me alone we'll get along O.K. but if they don't there'll be a fight." Anyone needs chamois gloves to handle him. He is a wonderful mechanic & everyone lets him alone. Bennett is a nephew of Mrs. Gates.

All my minor maladies have disappeared except the prickly heat, which is only annoying. It may go, too, if I can rub enough alcohol & camphor into it. Saturday night we had a great time. It started to pour about 4 AM. & our roof leaked like cheesecloth. Young, Gilman & I took our mattresses & slept in Mr. Gates new house, but everything in the house was soaked. We had a big drying & running day Sunday & nothing was the worse for the wetting, but we passed quite a

night, & everyone crabbed to their hearts' content about 350 rolls of ~~tar~~ asphalt roofing lying in the bodega for a week without being put on. It was Monday morning & now we have a fine house except for the ants & an occasional mosquito.

None of the magazines Mother spoke of have arrived except the "Theatre" but perhaps I will ever get them because the Gates brought a lot up with them in the mail & opened & read them all, so I can't tell whether yours arrived or not. The "Theatre" was fine however, & enjoyed by all, especially Gilman, who is quite a bright lights bird at home. You all surely have been fine about sending me letters & papers, & I surely do like to read the "Ink slings" etc. even though they are a month old.

We got a regular cook about a week ago & the food is now excellent. It was awful before, with nothing but a Venezuelan to prepare it. He was good at opening cans & cooking yuca, but nothing else. The new cook is a colored gentleman from Jamaica who was stolen from the Tropical Oil Co for more pay, & he is a regular chef - wears a white cap & aprons & puts out some of the best food you could imagine in a place

like this.

Tell Mary that she surely can write interesting letters & that I'll answer hers of the 4th ult. very shortly, after I have answered two very nice ones of Henrietta's. The sisters surely are wonderful about writing to me & Mother is beyond compare — there are always one or two from here in every mail bag, and I always feel as though part of them were from you, as you know all of mine are for the whole family.

Well, this is about enough for tonight. I hope you are all well & happy & please don't ever worry about me at all. I know what's good for me & can take care of myself, though perhaps my letters may sometimes convey the impression that things aren't all they might be. But an optimistic interpretation on everything I say & you won't worry. Remember, there are two white women living here now — Gates, Clarke, & Williams, — & if they can stand it, who can't.

Grandfather's death must have made you feel badly, but I know you were glad for his sake that he could pass so peacefully out of this life into the eternal rest, and after such a wonderful life as his besides. It was a blessing that he

he was given to the world & a blessing that he was taken away when he was, though we all miss him awfully. I know he was as good a father as you are, and that is saying a lot for both of you. I only wish I could approach either of you.

It is fine that Jim & Marion are going to be, or are in T.H. now. How I do wish I could be there this summer - the letters are so interesting that I can hardly wait to give everything the OO again. I am glad you liked Frank, for he is a likeable bird, & I hope he & Mary are happy as they are crazy. There are a pair all right.

Lots of love to the family.

Your affectionate son,

Hugh.

P.S. All the news of the C.S. stock we have received is that it was put on at #11, went down to #8.50, rose to #20.00, dropped to #6 & then was taken off. I'd like to buy some of it at under #5 if it is buyable anytime. We can't find out much about it, but I know that there is oil here by the thousands of barrels. I haven't seen any of the refugees myself, but they are all around

farther back in the jungle. Around location #1 about 10 miles inland, it runs out of the ground like water from a spring, I hear, & there are better prospects than the Tropical had or has, as far as area & quantity are concerned. By the way, Mother said she read that the Tropical had two 10,000 Bbl wells running. That is wrong. They have had three wells drilled & capped for over a year, but none of them will produce over 4000 per day. They have to keep them capped for want of transportation facilities. The driller who drilled their biggest well is the authority for the 4000 figure.

However, any U.S. stock at 4½ or under is good, I should think, & if you can, please buy me some at 5 or under. Pay for it with anything of mine — Liberty Bonds or Armstrong Cork or anything — to the extent of about $500.00 or more if you think it is advisable. If you don't, its all right by me, but the oil is here. After I have actually seen it oozing out of the ground I will be more sure, however. Whatever you should do is all right with me.

Hugh.

#12

Mrs. H.C. Dunglay
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania
Estados Unidos de America

#12

From,
Wm Ziegler
c/o Columbia Syndicate
c/o Cortisoz, Correa & Co.
Barranquilla,
Colombia, S.A.

#12

August 10, 1920

Dear Mother:

The cable from you all arrived this afternoon and it surely was nice of you to think of it. It was opened by mistake by Mr. Gates along with his wires, etc." but I got it anyway. It evidently left Bellefonte the 6th, reached Buenaventura at 8 P.M. the 17th + then had a dickens of a time getting to this place.

Yesterday a mail bag arrived containing a letter from you, Ben + Charling Charley Scott, besides the Sunday Times for June 27th, and as ever, all were very acceptable. You write just as regularly as a swiss clock runs, and its fine for me, because there is always one, and sometimes two very nice letters from you in each mail sack. On the first of August arrived your letter saying you had just received my first letter from camp - a round trip of about seven weeks - which is probably a good average of the time both ways. On the first page was the inevitable "and I felt pretty much worried" - imagine me tearing my hair and foaming at the mouth - I can't seem to be able to write anything interesting without making it sound terrible, for you always worry about it.

Granting that worrying about your little boy so far from home is your prerogative as my only Mother, still I wish you would'nt worry so much. I am, and there is no reason for my not being in the future, in fine shape & working like a fool, so please let me tell you what I think might interest you without fretting over it. I appreciate your worry, but I hate to think that you might be unhappy because I am here.

Thank you a thousand times for the package you sent the tenth of July or thereabouts. I only hope it arrives safely. I doubt if it will though, if you sent it Parcel Post, as there is no such thing in this country, & no attention is paid to parcels, unless they look good & then they are looted.

That letter I wrote when I arrived at camp seemed to stir up an especially serious worry on your part, & honestly I only tried to convey the impression that this place was unique in my limited experience by describing some of the things lacking & so on. I have always wanted to get a taste of rough life and I am getting it now, so from my end all is O.K. This is a regular pioneer existence & very interesting most of

the time, just what I need to give me a little drive. That's one reason why I was glad to get a job with an oil company & especially in South America, for I had always heard that oil field workers were a hard bunch. It surely does put you "on your own", for you never can tell whether you are alone against the field or not & the distance from real friends makes for self reliance. You are literally without backing here & that is good for anyone. Whereas the real "hard guys" — the drillers & tool dressers — haven't arrived yet, still there are no birds around here that haven't been weaned

Two things happened yesterday & today which perhaps are related, but probably are not. Perhaps so because when Williamson made his famous break he was sent to Barranca to work alone under the worst conditions, & probably not because I feel that I have more or less to some extent joined <u>something</u> during Reid's absence. Yesterday morning, I went to breakfast feeling like one who had lost his best girl (which may be true, too, though outside the question in hand), mainly because it had rained all night and even though there are only three leaks in our roof, two of them are over my bed. Know ye, that when a

person is eating a mediocre breakfast three thousand miles from home on a raining morning at half past six after dodging two streams of water all night he is not in a very good humor. Also know ye, that any person's patience has a limit. I have been nice to Pinedo ever since I arrived, hard as it is to be nice to a dirty, loud mouthed know-it-all big ham like him. His very voice grates on my soul but I have been very patient & endured him until said rainy breakfast. I was eating cold fried potatoes & cool coffee when he bounced in one door of the mess hall & said "Oh, Mr Quigley will you open the office & take two dollars from this man. He wants to pay for his board." He could have easily taken the $2 & waited till the office opened at 7, especially since he speaks Spanish better than I do & knew the man's case, having allowed him to eat two days in the eating mess by his own permission. Well, I just simply blew up and told that dog-faced Mexican half-breed just where I figured was the place for him to get off - all in strong language. Any American would have been ready for a fight at that moment, but all he did

was how out. later in the morning Alex gave me #2 for a man's board & that grating voice has been conspicuous by its absence, except when I rated the mail yesterday he beamed & murmured in his fetching way. "Ah! Mr. Quigley you got 3 letters too". He is about as disgusting a person as I have ever come across, - in every way.

I don't believe that has anything to do with what I am about to relate, either, as the chiefs have been comparatively decent to me lately & make me feel more as though I was getting away with my job. In fact, I have gathered from some remarks made by others & to others that I haven't been altogether on my heels since I have had Mr. Reid's work to do.

Anyway, Norbert bounced into the office today & asked me how I would like to move out on the hill. I said "all right" & then he explained the game. I am to move out to Camp #3, 11 kilometers from here, in two or three days when Reid will be here, & set up a little private office of my own there, attending to all payroll affairs, hiring & discharging of men, buying stuff, & being "general manager" in a small way of Camps #3, #2, the Camp at El Tigre & at La Victoria; - in all about a hundred or more men. I'll rather have

a tent or a house there & won't always be alone, as Frank Young expects to be around there parts some of the time putting up telephone wires, & Bennett is working somewhere in the vicinity at present. Camp #3 is on the only hill for miles around & is comparatively cool, though it has many disadvantages, such as carrying water from the bottom, no showers, difficulties of keeping food & bed, & the great numbers of ijjens. These last are indeed a pest. Every where they bite they make a blood blister & they surely do take a toe hold when they bite. But I will enjoy the whole thing. I'll have a mule and be more or less the big duke around there until someone else comes out. And there will be others Americans out there before long, for Mr. Clarke said that the #4 & #5 wells will be also located within a few miles of the hill, — it will be a sort of base of supplies for the drilling camps I suppose. Reid was expected today but didn't turn up. A day or so after he arrives I shove off for the jungle.

You ought to hear the pandemonium on the edge of the clearing at present. Since the first of the recent rains the frogs, toads, & tree frogs have come out

by the millions & they surely do set up a racket in the evening. Some of the big ones sound like mules & some like the last gasp of a bagpipe. Its a frightful din. There is one noise around here that sounds terrible however, & that is the wail of some bird which comes out about dusk & sets up the most ghastly moan you ever heard. It makes you crawl to hear it. I can't spell its name but the natives are scared to death of it. According to them it only wails when someone is about to die & it sounds like it, all right.

Him said it was too bad that I had to leave just when I was getting the office in good shape & Mr. Barr was in a rage to think that they were sending out the only man who ever gave any service in the office. He is head of the commissary - about 50 years old & rather cranky. I've always done what I could for him. Gilman said he was sorry to see me go, & Sullivan swore profusely & said he was — — — — — sorry that I was leaving. I'll be glad of the change, for it will be some more new & interesting experiences & I'll learn some Spanish there for sure. I've been making rapid strides in the language, anyway, being more or less able to get the play when a peon wants something & sometimes getting away with quite a conversation. Dr. Lepa

is a willing listener + corrector + quite a clown besides. He is about as happy-go-lucky as they make them, but a good physician + about the only person near here who speaks real Spanish. Lately I have been helping Alex translate letters + can make them more intelligible by substituting "lease" for "contract of renting", "said tract of land" for "the lands of what ~~he~~ spoke" + such discrepancies in Alex's English. Also we have been busier than a whole flock of one-armed paper-hangers in that office. The work is never done + never will be I suppose, but it keeps time from resting heavily on one's shoulders, + is interesting most of the time.

Best of wishes to all the family, lots of love and happiness.

Your loving son,

Hugh.

#13

Judge Henry C. Quigley
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania
Estados Unidos de America

#13

From
H.M. Dunglas
% Columbia Syndicate
% Cotuzo, Cotes, & Co.
Barranquilla
Colombia
S.A.

#13

Aug 25, '20.

Dear Dad:

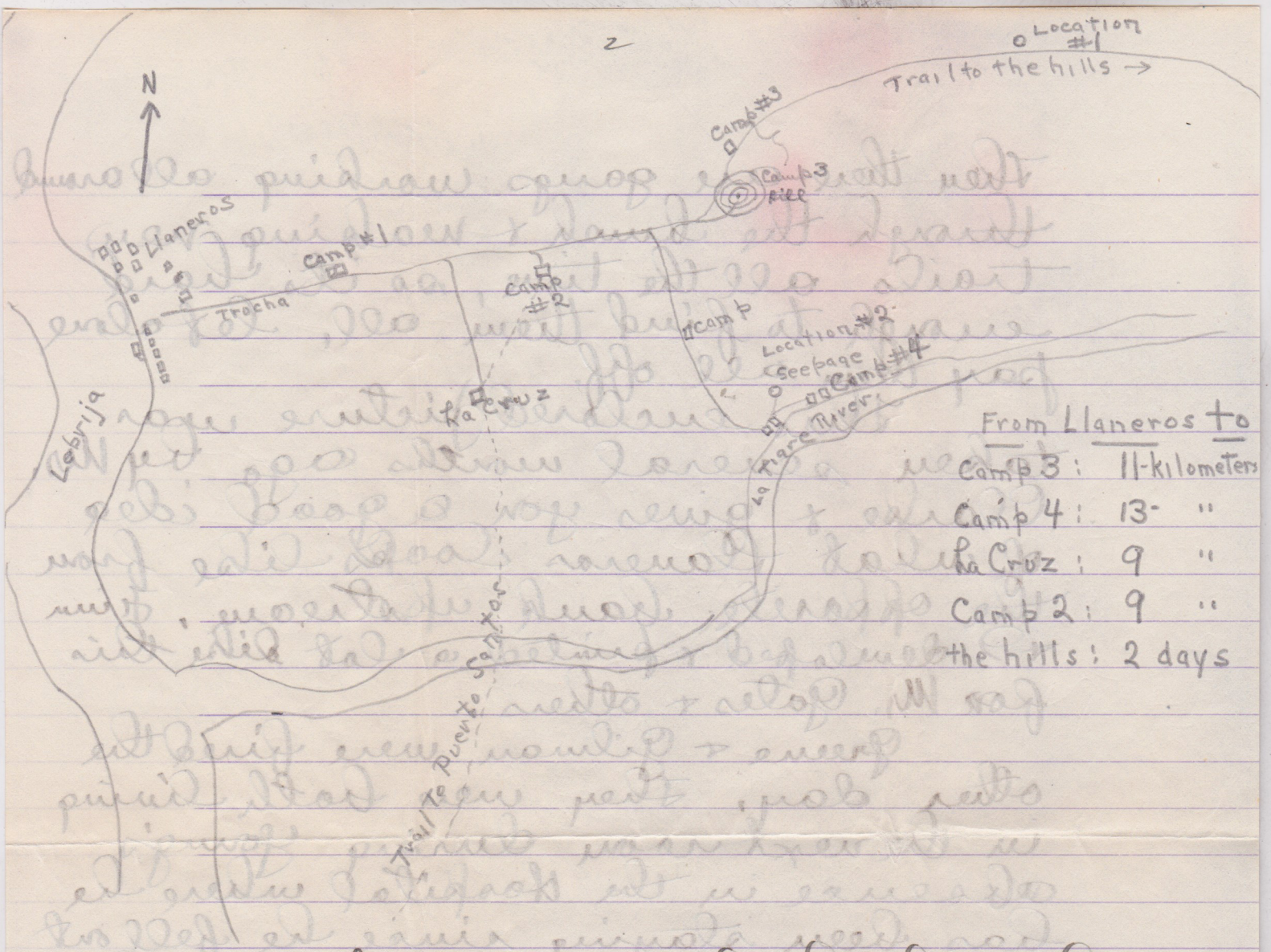
On the twentieth, while I was out in the tracha paying off I got a regular windfall of mail, - Letters from you, Mother, Ken, Mary, Harriet, little Mary Swigley in L.H. besides the N.Y. Times & the papers from home. In all a pleasant surprise on my return to camp.

When you wrote you were just about to help entertain the Governor at Kettle Creek, and I imagine the party was a great success. Talking of things along that line surely makes me wish I could camp on Kicking Creek or somewhere like that for a few weeks.

There are so many camps along the tracha & in the jungle now that I couldn't pay them all on Saturday, & had to make another trip Monday, which I enjoyed very much, as there was only one big gang to pay and that was at La Tigre — the new camp on the site where the 1st well will be drilled. It is really location #2 but they decided to drill there first. Mr. Williams, the geologist & Mr Gilmore, the topographist, have a nice little tent camp on the Tigre

river, though much higher up than I went in the canoe with him the first Sunday I was here. The river up there is something like Fishing Creek, with lots of fish & fairly clear, except after a rain. Of course, the place is full of mosquitos & jejens, but it is the most attractive spot I have seen in Colombia. I looked over the seepage there & was very much interested but it, since it the first I ever saw. Its on a little slope & there are all the stages of oil drying around, from running oil to asphalt - hard as stone. Mr. Campbell, the rig-builder, who came up the Magdalena with me, happened to be going out to look over the proposition, so we had a fine time together & a wonderful lunch, cooked by the Chinese cook which the geological outfit has. After that I took him up and showed him the hill where I'll be living soon & perhaps Campbell too, while he is building houses there.

All I've been doing lately is attending to the payroll, as Reid & Kattman are sufficient to handle the cashier's job.



From Llaneros to

Camp 3:	11-kilometers
Camp 4:	13- "
La Cruz:	9 "
Camp 2:	9 "
the hills:	2 days

Here is a rough sketch of the country around here. Back in the hills is a "farm" which the Co. has fought to use for a rest camp, but it is hopeless, on account of the distance and the lack of water. It isn't even any cooler, they say. Gates, Clarke, & Reid took a trip to look it over & were much impressed with their luy. The sketch doesn't show the crookedness of the trails, but you can see that it is quite a days ride to make all the camps.

then there are gangs working all around through the bush & making new trails all the time, so its hard enough to find them all, let alone pay them all off.

This enclosed picture was taken several months ago by Mr. Clarke & gives you a good idea of what Tamaras looks like from the opposite bank upstream. Jim & I developed & printed a lot like this for Mr. Gates & others.

Greene & Gilman were fired the other day. They were both living in the next room during Young's absence in the Hospital where he has been staying since he fell out of a tree while putting up telephone wires. I didn't mention before that there is now telephone communication around camp, to Camps #1, 2, & 3, to Cruz, and they are now working on the line to Puerto Santos, so when that is done, we will be in touch with Limonal & the outside world in general. Well, to return to G. & G., they went up the river to Arataleros, where the boys crews always spend the night on account of the rum they sell in that village, on Sunday night and

returned in bad shape. Gilman wasn't so bad but Greene was just naturally roaring drunk and advertised the fact from eleven to twelve that night. Gilman finally got him to sleep, but not after he had delivered himself of several orations and had cursed Clarke all over the lot, all of which choice language all three women heard, and it surely was choice! The next morning Clarke told Greene a canoe was going down the river at eight & he had better be on it. Gilman wouldn't stay without him, so they both lit out. They had intended to leave Jeff, I anyway & continue their trip around the world, so they didn't mind the hurried exit at all. Gilman was a darn nice boy, and Greene wasn't so bad, except that he was loud & thought the world of himself. I hated to see them leave, because they were different from the type which was here when I arrived - all crabs & continually trying to wreck someone's game. It's all due to their being fed up with six months of this beat & tough life. A little new blood

added to the staff now & then does a lot of good. Stokes & Saltzman, who are both good fellows, helped a lot to relieve the monotony of this rut. I don't include myself in the Bodus category yet, but my temper is fast becoming affected by the climate, though I try to keep myself good-natured. It's a hard job, with something pestering you all the time, - the prickly heat, mosquitos, fleas, flies, & the tropics in general I guess, which seem to wear on everyone's nerves.

The one advantage this place has is that it is the ranking spot on all the earth when it comes to providing joy at leaving it. I can't imagine a place I'd rather leave! All others have some small redeeming feature. This has none - absolutamente ninguno!

I have been playing some bridge with Allinder, Reid & Voorhees, but that isn't too exciting, and I've picked up a little knowledge of chess & have played a lot of cribbage, which is some fun, but the poker is too steep for me.

Lots of love to all the family. Tell Margaret to boil a couple of extra eggs next 4th of July for breakfast. I'll be there.

Affectionately, your son, Hugh.

#14

Ntn 1.75
Coal 16.42
Justice 50.00

AGENCIA POSTAL
Correspondencia Oficial

Mrs. Henry C. Quigley
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania
Estados Unidos de America

#14

From
H.M. Quigley
c/o Colombia Syndicate
c/o Cortissoz, Correa, & Cia.
Barranquilla
Colombia
S.A.

#14

Sept 5, 1920

Dear Mother:

This letter ought to arrive with a couple more which I mailed two weeks ago. They got as far as Bodega Central where some flathead twisted the bags & sent back the one to Bquilla which had just come from there & sent our outgoing one back to us. So they will all go together this afternoon or tomorrow morning when Allinder goes down to Bquilla for a few days.

Your letters of June 13 surely must have been sidetracked somewhere for it arrived about four weeks out of its turn, and after that of July 25.

That picture of Mary Gossler was interesting. The first game of bowling ever engaged in was with her, and it was funny to see her picture pop out of [redacted] Dos [redacted] cut the same thing out of the "Times" a month before & had it on the wall of this room. Its even more of a coincidence about your letter of June 13th when you think that my letter to you of the same date arrived out of turn.

I've shot several alligators lately but I have yet to see one float dead on the river. I don't believe you can kill them unless you drill them

through the heart. They aren't valuable for anything, even though they may scavenge a little. The river is only a sewer anyway — the land is the important part, & the buzzards take care of that. There are thousands of them around this camp & they aren't afraid of anything, mainly because they are protected by law & anyway the natives know enough to let them alone.

The portable houses arrived and Mr. Gates lives in one, but a leaf roof had to be built over it. The heat inside one of those tin boxes is unbearable. I don't know whether I told you that Alex finally left for a vacation & that Tallman is now rooming with me. He is a nice fellow & a great improvement on Alex as a [redacted]. That [redacted] on my birthday broke all records for time, getting here in 22 days, which is very fast time considering all the possible delays.

Williamson didn't leave after all, but is now working with the Geologs as Alex called them. He must have fixed it up with Mr. Gates. Now Jim is bound to the idea that he is going to force the Co. to fire

him, but he probably will get over it. Its a great place- the boat must affect people so that they get distorted ideas. I know it makes irritable tempers very quickly. Its a tough place, any way you look at it, and any company which doesn't do more than the right thing by its American employees is a cheap outfit, I think. As far as I can make out, the syndicate sent all the pioneers down here on small contracts as they could & are sending & will send the next ones on better terms. I know that the asst cashier receives more pay than the Cashier. I am not crabbing for myself, for I was just ignorant of conditions when I set out & am not worth much anyway, but the only way to handle a company's offer like the one I got, that is, assuming I had had some experience or said I had, is to argue until the top price is reached, for once they get you to sign, there are no raises until you demand one before signing another contract.

However, all that talk amounts to nothing, & I will know where I stand before ever asking for another job. I am fixed as well as I deserve and am getting all I expected in every

way.

Today is payday, even though it is Sunday, & at four we pass out the envelopes, while tomorrow I ride out again to pay the other camps. We have worked until ten o'clock for three nights & all this morning, and I surely do hate to work in the evening & on Sunday, even though there isn't anything else to do except read & write. I had an idea that typical companies didn't allow their men to work long hours & were rather careful about preventing that sort of thing, but in this outfit the more work they can get out of you the better they like it. It results that if you want the evening off you either have to stay away from the office or tell them you won't work. I used the former device until Reid left & I had to work on my own book, and since then I have stuck around, but from now on I'm going to be absent after dark & on Sunday.

However, all's well that ends well. Only nine more months from today & I will have been in Panama 1 year.

Lots of love to the family, & my best to the Reynolds, Bud & family, etc.

Your loving Son, Hugh.

#15

Mrs. Henry C. Quigley
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania
Estados Unidos de America

#15

from
W.M. Wrigley
Colombia Syndicate
Cartisco Correa & Cia.
Barranquilla
Colombia
S.A.

#15

Sept 13, 1920

Dear Mother:

Your letter of Aug 15 arrived yesterday with the package of 4 bandanas. They are fine - just what I wanted - and I surely am glad to have them. The "Times" arrives regularly as do the Bifte papers although a few weeks later than letters of the same date. The first two lots of cigarettes arrived - the ones you sent away back in June - but none since. It is just as well if you haven't sent any more, for it saves money & I can get tobacco here. I am very glad to hear that the trunk arrived. The silk shirt must be there for I am sure I sent it. It was rather old & cream colored, perhaps only near silk, though I always thought it was the real thing. However, I am glad to know that everything is at home, for it would have been as good as lost here. Hogan was

married in Brooklyn Sept. 7, & perhaps that explains his lack of interest in the sawmill here.

Also yesterday a postal came announcing my subscription for "Life". Thank you also very much for that. It will be a fine addition to the reading material. That Mr. Hart whom Mrs. Fishburn met in New York with the Augusta girls is the kind who married Eliz. Allen, so the other one must have been Eddie Evans all right.

Your letters of Aug. 14 & 15 came after that of Aug. 8, but just so they arrive, I am satisfied, and I'll tell you that the mail is the best part of this kind of an existence.

Business in the office is going very well & the work isn't very hard at present, but from the 15th to the 20th will be as hard as any of the periods preceding payday.

This is only a short letter written between eleven A.M. & lunch, and I haven't much news to relate, since most of that was included

in my letter to Mary. Saltzman & took the day off yesterday & fished, spending most of the day thus in a canoe just above camp. We only got one big fish — a bogari which he caught late in the afternoon. Bogaris are similar to catfish. The only real fish in the river are the doradas, which resemble bass & are good fighters when hooked. I played one about five minutes & then he bit my line off. The only thing to use is a wire leader for those birds, as they have teeth that look human & a tongue & lips, & they surely can bite. You seldom see one weighing less than three pounds, for the natives use four inch hooks & big pieces of meat for bait, and the little ones never get in the way. However we collected six small fish yesterday, besides the bogari.

Love to all the family & regards to all the friends.

Your loving son,

Hugh.

Miss Mary S. Quigley
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania
Estados Unidos de América

Correspondencia Ord.
BARRANQUILLA

de
Sr. H.M. Ringley
Colombia Syndicate
Cortissoz, Correa, & Cia.
Barranquilla
Colombia, S.A.

Sept. 17

Dear Mary:

A mail bag is going out this afternoon and there isn't a letter to any of the family from me in it, so I thought I would scribble a few lines to you to let you know that I am still on deck at the present date.

The last letter I got from Mother was the one telling about the trunk's arrival, which I answered. No mail has arrived this week but some is due shortly.

Mr. Hallwood, an ex-minister & ex-Tropical Oil Co. cashier, who is Mr Gates' secretary, is here now & Sullivan is leaving. He was fired three days ago for loafing & sleeping most of the time, but no cause has arrived going down for three days. Hallwood just came this morning with Campbell, who has been forwarding parts of a rig from Bodega Central.

There is nothing new or startling in camp, in fact it is rather dull. Sullivan got into the habit of sleeping till eight in the morning & taking three hours off at noon. Besides leading an easy life at all times, and cussing his headoff whenever asked to do anything. That's the kind of men they hire in Bluffs for $200.00 per month. Mr. Gates had to wake him up at 9.30 the other morning in order to wire a telegram. That was the end for Sullivan. Alex. Gerdts was told he needn't return & Paul was bounced when he asked for a raise, so we are loosing them fast, but more are on the way, so we won't be short.

That campaign I spoke of to shoot everyone with 9-14 isn't working out very well, due to the incompetency of Dr. Nutter. I don't know where he ever learned to be a physician.

He ought to have stayed in Texas punching cows. That 9-14 is a ticklish operation, as it has to be shot into the big vein on the inside of the elbow. He missed Curtis's vein 3 times and Voorhees' twice and gave it up. It made some awfully swollen & sore arms, as he tried both arms on each one of them. Dr. Brown in Bogotá hit my vein the first punch & it caused no trouble at all. But Yates must be a plumber, & I won't take another shot as I had intended to do. Remember, unless Serpa injects it. He is a very good physician for Colombia, but any American should be better. Anyway, that will all come out O.K. in the end.

Lots of love to the family and I hope you all are well. Wish it was next May, but there are only eight more months before I will be getting ready to leave - perhaps when you get this. It's hard to realize that I have been

in this country five months and three days + in Flanders three months + twelve days. But I surely have been here that long + the time has passed "tolerably" rapidly.

Return hear from you often dear sister. Your loving brother,

Hugh.

H.M. Quigley.

#16

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

PUERTO SANTOS (SANTANDER - COLOMBIA)

Judge H.C. Quigley

Bellefonte

Penna

Estados Unidos de América.

#16

#16

October 1, 1920

Dear Dad:

It has been quite a long time since I have written to anyone at all, but I haven't felt much like writing. By the time work is over and the comparative coolness of evening settles down, I am so tired & usually in such a bad humor after sitting all day in the heat working over the payroll that writing is the last thing I want to do. If I could write from seven to nine in the morning I might be able to put out an interesting letter, but this climate has me pretty well cowed now & as soon as the sun approaches the zenith I just wilt & become crabbed & morose. It is nothing short of HELL to try and do a new monotonous job cheerfully in a place like this. There is nothing to it but hard work for two weeks getting the payroll in shape, then increasing work just before payday, & when that is over there is no relief, but just a repetition of the same thing.

And even when the sun goes down on the usual exasperating, jejen-infested day with all its

wrangling with foul smelling peons, and you might expect some sort of rest, there is absolutely nothing to do except fight mosquitos, read, or play cards. Don't blame me for going nuts in a place like this, and if I have this same job for the next eight months I'll probably commit murder & go crazy myself. This is the ~~seventh~~ time I have closed up the payroll in succession & the end of the third solid month with not a break & very few Sundays free, working constantly on the same thing except when Reid was away when I had more todo but was more interested at the same time. And the lack of harmony among everyone makes it harder. There isn't a man here who is big enough to give anyone else credit for a thing for fear of someone else's ostracising him. Along about two o'clock every afternoon I get so disgusted that I feel like first telling Reid where to head in & then getting a base-ball bat & clouting Clarke on the head. If you can imagine sitting all day in a camp chair at a desk with perspiration dripping off your face & with

your clothes wet & sticky all the time, and every time you open the little pay windows to do some business with a native to have a flock of jeeps & flies hop through the opening & start working on you, besides realizing what kind of men you are working for, you may know what kind of a mean job this is. It's discouraging to say the least, but there are only eight months more, & if haven't timed into a permanent sour ball by then I'll surely enjoy getting out of here and heading for home.

The letter you wrote on Aug 29 & which arrived a few days ago was one of the best you ever wrote to me. You surely can hand out the cold, unrefutable truth & good advice when you feel like it, & I wish you would do it oftener. That "parting shot to the effect that "after taking the chance & enduring the hardships you want to get all the benefits" is the truest thing ever written, & one which apparently influences no one here either directly or indirectly, except that, greaser

Pinedo, & he admits that he is out here for his health. He demands a raise every month & gets it too all on account of hand-shaking & putting up an appearance of doing some work. He just has them all buffaloed & knows it. I wish I had his crust, but it's my place to be meek & never say a word or assert myself just because I wasn't lucky enough to have been picked up in Bisbee & not have any connection with anything in the states. Of course this laying the foundation for futures, etc, is the real dope but it certainly is hard to believe here. Of all the mean, small, kids with their petty spites, their underhanded small-town slander, their selfish ambition, their narrow-mindedness, & general meanness, this outfit takes the leather lining cuspidor with the wooden trimmings. What worries me is that I am probably becoming more & more like them every day. It would be hard to avoid it working in the same little office with Reid all the time. Everyone lays the blame for all mistakes on someone else; no one is man enough to take

the consequences of his own. I give up! Those two birds who saw me in Cartagena surely were hard up for a story to tell you. I'd like to see that Cristobal city but probably never shall, as when I get a chance to move out, I'll look neither to the right nor to the left, but just dig for civilization.

A letter from Mother of the 30th & from Bud of the 28th arrived with yours, and I'll answer Mother's in a couple of days. I wish I like to write more to you but I'll have to stop as the lights go out shortly. The Governor of Santander & his party of secretaries, generals, etc. arrived this evening for a special visit to the company. They are just finishing dinner now, but I'll tell you about them later. Also a Spanish class I am in now.

Thanks for such a nice letter. Write again when you have time. I'll have to snap out of it & get some letters off in the next few days. I've let 3 mail sacks go down with nothing from me. Haven't heard from H. Self for months. I give up!.

Your loving son, Hugh.

H. M. Quigley

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

PUERTO SANTOS (SANTANDER - COLOMBIA)

Miss Henrietta Quigley

Bellefonte

Penn.

Estados Unidos de America

16½

Thur., Oct 7, 1920

Dear Her:-

I suppose ya are well acquainted with the teaching game by now, & surely do hope you enjoy it. I have been so busy lately that I haven't had time to think. When I wrote to Dad on Friday last the Governor had just arrived & was being entertained at dinner. He stayed over Saturday & left Sunday morning early with all his retinue, & everyone was glad enough to see him go. He & his gang are as uncivilized as the rest of the population. We had to disinfect the rooms used by his party after they left. This is a great country, & they say its just about ripe for a revolution, & has been since 3 years ago. The Conservatives control everything but the peon class & they would rise to a man if their bosses could get their hands on enough arms & ammunition. They nearly did a year ago but the govt issued 250,000 Mauser rifles out of Bogotá & foiled the schemes. Its a primitive game but when the revolt breaks out as it will some time in the near future, I imagine there will be plenty of bloodshed, for these people are hotheaded as fools & would work

themselves into a frenzy & follow anyone for a leader with no effort or real cause at all. They are like a lot of children who have been nagged at until they don't trust anyone & would jump at anything that looked like a chance to better themselves. The poor beggars are pitiful in their ignorance.

Friday, being the 1st of Oct., was the beginning of the four day period for making up the pay & it was a beauty. Reid was all up in the air about his wife arriving in Bfquilla with Mrs. Allinder & Mrs Hullwood, & he couldn't add 2+2. What work he did was full of mistakes. They left Sunday for Choco to meet the party, so I was alone. Saltzman is doing the material & warehouse work during Morales absence in Buenaventura. Stokes, the assistant auditor helped me a lot, in fact, without him I couldn't have made out at all, and as it was we worked from 7 a.m. till ten p.m. with only ten minutes off for each meal on Monday & Tuesday. But we were ready to pay two hours before 5 o'clock on the 5th which is the fatal hour. Then after being thoroughly tired out in the office

set out the next morning for the tracks on a mule & good-night!. The much talked of rainy season has been with us for a month or so & the whole tracks is a sea of mud & water, sometimes up to the mule's stomach. It was even worse last payday but there was more mud & less water this particular day. It was all I could do to make all the camps galloping the mule on all dry pieces of road & only snatching a bite of lunch at La Yigra. I saw my first real herd of wild pigs on the way out. There were only about 30 of them eating roots & mud just off the trail. They looked just like rather short & high razor-backs while they were eating. But when I got close they turned into speed itself & dashed off like rabbits, only they made enough noise for a troop of cavalry. Sometimes they become belligerent & charge towards a person, but that is only because one of them happens to start that way & the rest follow, like mules or natives.

I'm telling you the truth when I say that they are darn nearly

running me ragged. I'm even talking in my sleep, & that is proof that I have something on my mind anyway.

This raining season lasts two months more & October is the worst month. It has rained every day or night for three weeks now & the mosquitos are fearful. They follow you in clouds, especially in the trocha, where there is any amount of green, stagnant water.

Your letter & the copy of the Bulletin of Aug 31 & Sept 6 arrived Oct. 4, and they were both very interesting. You seem to handle the typewriter pretty well & by the time you get this you will probably be expert.

Mr. Gates has been sick again for several weeks. At first it was fever and then Dr. Nuñez took a couple of jabs at him with the "9-14". He thought the vein in his arm ~~would be~~ was too small so he tried the poor man's foot, & missed the first shot. That stuff seems to raise the very dickens if it misses the vein, for Mr. Gates hasn't been able to walk since. He is a little better now, however, & may be around next week.

My address is the same as ever though this envelope has Puerto Santos on it. Mr. Reid + one or two others have their mail sent to "Puerto Santos, Santander, Colombia" + it goes on up the river past Bodega Central to Punta Wilches, thence to Puerto Santos overland by mule, + down the Lebrija to Flamenos. They say it is quicker but they have never received a letter inside of a month that way, so I prefer the bank address. Telegrams reach us now a little quicker on account of our telephone to P'to Santos which is serviceable part of the time.

When you stop to consider all that's been done here this summer you just have to hand someone credit; the tractor has made two trips to La Tigra with parts of portable houses + lumber, but that trocha is pretty awful all of the way - 13 kilometers, + it won't be very serviceable until the dry season comes on again in December. The rigbuilder Campbell is out there at the well location clearing + building + 13 drillers left B'quilla today, though they are somewhat premature.

A new tractor arrived + the other

day and is working too.

If you put out any more editions of the "Bulletin" this year count me in on your long list of subscribers. The last copy I received was very interesting. I'd like to keep a diary of this year in Columbia, but as I hardly find time to write letters, I can't see writing anything else. If I weren't working in an office I might feel more like writing, but after a hard day of that payroll work, writing isn't exactly a diversion.

I got a really wonderful letter Monday from the Aunt of Aunts - Aunt Carrie. She surely is a dear, + although that is the first I have heard from her, it was worth waiting for.

Well, old dear, its nearly bedtime, so I must close up for the time-being + snatch my share of the only too ~~scarce~~ scarce slumber. Give my love to all the family + keep lots yourself. I wish you success in your school work. Give my best to Ben. ~~Sefring~~ + all my friends around home.

Your affectionate brother,

Hugh.

(#17) H.M. Quigley

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

PUERTO SANTOS (SANTANDER - COLOMBIA)

Mrs. Henry C. Quigley
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania
Estados Unidos de America

#17

#17

October 12, 1920

Dear Mother:

Your letter of Sept 5th arrived on the ninth of this month along with letters from Harriet, Art Wickmire, & Fred Reynolds & several others & it was fine to hear from you, as it always is. Everything is about the same, but things look a lot brighter somehow, perhaps because of that letter from Harriet. She had it written for about six weeks, but this one was worth the wait. Allinder & his wife arrived a few days ago & yesterday Reid & his wife & four year old son, Jack, came up. Also a new engineer named Cramer to help the geological outfit. A week ago two local men arrived, I mean men lived in Columbia - tramps - Pat Fogarty & Murphy, and they are interesting. Fogarty has been working with various oil companies for 1½ years and is a pretty respectable sort of a humorous bird, and Murphy is so hard he eats nails & spits rust. He has a reputation of being the hardest egg in all Columbia & he lives up to it, not like Sullivan who merely made a lot of noise & tried to impress everyone with his hardness, but just downright, honest, unassuming toughness.

This Murphy isn't noisy but there is no doubt about his being a bad hombre, & he has seen some experience around here. For five years he has been moving from job to job in Ecuador & Colombia, always starting a fight & moving on. He has been broke most of the time & consequently had to travel on foot a lot & bum, beg, borrow, & steal to get food. His reputation is well known among men like Morales & other old timers. All he has done here is show a complete lack of manners when ladies are present, but he works hard & is a wizard at repairing machines. He used to travel for some adding machine Company. He took our Burroughs Adding Machine, which had been well smashed in transit, completely apart & fixed it so that it will now function, & that is no small task, for an adding machine is the most intricate & complicated affair I ever saw. Also he mended three broken typewriters. Now he is laying foundations for a reservoir. He is a big husky bird & if he starts any fights around here he surely will give someone a lacing.

Bennett & Voorhees just returned from their two weeks vacation in Bmanga and seemed to enjoy it very much. They said that said metropolis is fine in

every respect & that the people turned handsprings to please them. That is quite natural, considering the $3000.00 per month business the Company does in that city, but it makes a nice place to go for a rest, and I shall be anxious to put in my fortnight there about Christmas, if the dukes so will it. Voorhees says that the people of Bwanga could not believe that these Americans had lived here eight months. They said it was impossible for even lions to stand it three months. This place surely has a bad rep., but it might be worse, at that.

Saltsman & I are going to build a tiger trap out of logs when we have time, for there have been quite a few around here lately. We saw their tracks on the other side of the river & the natives often see them around the edge of the clearing when a steer is butchered. They aren't real tigers, but leopards & jaguars. We may not have much success, for it is quite an undertaking & we don't want any native assistance, but it will occupy some Sundays anyway. We also saw a lot of tapir tracks in the mud on the other side.

I expect to arrange for the transfer of my War Risk insurance shortly, but I'll have to read the pamphlets first, so I will put it off a few days.

Dr. Nuñez has been continually asking me to take a few days off & go to La Laguna with him. That is a fancy back in the foothills which the Co. bought several months ago. Gates, Clarke & Reid inspected it & now Mr Gates wants the Doc to look it over from a sanitary standpoint. It is a day & a half mule ride at the least and we would only stay a day there, but it would be some fun and a little change. Dr. Nuñez is going anyway & he is bound that I shall accompany him, though I can't see how I can tear myself away from the payroll, for that is a day to day job, & unless Morales returns & Hallman can take my place I can't see how it's to be done. Doc wants to go in three days.

Morales is on a dangerous enterprise just now. He was sent down to Baranca Lebija, that same hole where W Clarkson started his survey, to hold the lease on the Ujueta property. Work on a well had to be started there

by last 15th to hold the lease, so he went to work with about twenty boys & cleared a big patch, intercepted two steel rigs & is beginning to erect them. There is a large seepage there & a well will be sunk sometime anyway, but he is having some excitement holding on. These steel rigs come in about a thousand pieces & we have parts of several here now. Two armed agents of the lessor of the land approached Morales one day & ordered him off immediately. They entered his tent & held him up with guns. That didn't phase him at all and he pulled a gun on them & ordered them off the lease in five minutes. They were bluffed to death & bowed out with their firearms. We telegraphed today, or rather we received the message today, that 15 drillers had passed there on their way to Llaneros. Things are moving right along now & if the rainy season would only hurry to its close everything could get under way in fine shape.

If you have bought any C.S. stock for me, all right, but if you haven't, I don't know what to say.

I sort of feel that I will still be in the employ of the Syndicate when my eighteen months are up, Sept 1921, and that I may get my bonus of 100 shares if the Dukes here will give me the recommendation of satisfactory services, so I don't care what you have done about selling my Liberty Bonds. Everyone & every financial article says "Don't ever sell Liberty Bonds" so perhaps its better to hang onto them. The stock of the Co is bound to be good in time, but it won't pay dividends. Thanks for giving me my bank balance of Sept 3rd. It wasn't as large as it looked for I had drawn two checks amounting to 45.00 since the Rosenberg one, a check for Spanish books of £6.00 & one to settle my expense accounts of £6 5.00. When I change my insurance, I'll send the file & old blanks to you, so that my new payments will overlap on the old ones, also the first check.

I really would like to make that trip of which you spoke, - to Chile & across to Rio, but it would be out of the question unless I took a year off & worked my way around.

for the expense would be terrific. Santiago, Chile, is the prize city, & the one I turned head for if ever got the chance. It has them all stopped. From the Gates' & Mrs. Hullwood's & other accounts Bogotá is a waste of time. It's the biggest city & the capital & the views have seen of the surrounding country are wonderful, but the city itself is not worth the time. 4000 people sleep in the streets every night, & there is no heating arrangement at all. You have to wear wool underwear & overcoats the year around because its always chilly. Nearby lower towns are better but no American I've seen had a good word for the place. There is a continual war on between church & state & there are some 20,000 priests in Bogotá alone!! That's the reported figure anyway, & I'm not responsible for it. Medellin must be the premier city of the country, for all reports from there are good. Gutman says the climate has California, his native state, stopped, & that there are all kinds of interests & amusements, & civilization generally.

— Medellin is in Antioquia, &

Antioquianians are a class distinct even among the laborers here. We have about fifty of them here & they are whiter & more intelligent than the rest. Everyone else hates them like the Venezuelans, but they can't be kept down for they have the goods & are educated in the most part.

I've been in the employ of the C.S. since March 28 according to them, but my year begins on my arrival at camp, so it will probably be June 5 when I can leave, though I might get off earlier. I would like to start earlier. If I remain in the employ of the Co. I can only have a month in the states & would have to sign another year contract, in all probability, in order to get the stock for 18 months service. That stock proposition has several catches in it.

This "worry" propasition is getting too deep for me. You worry because you think I am worried about your worrying about my being worried about your worrying about me. So we had better declare an armistice the conditions of which will be the retraction of all my exhortations against worry on your part. Its true that many Americans have been sick — none, however, seriously — and that

the Colombians consider this the dankest and most unhealthy spot in their jack-marked land with the exception of the "platinum" section around the Sagomoso River somewhere ~~east~~ west of here, but at the same time its true that the Americans have a higher health average than the natives right here in their own country. These poor peons are a weak lot anyway. On the average, about 12% of them are sick every day, & I ought to know that for I can tell you the names of every sick man every day & what's the matter with him. It may be unhealthy but its not impossible to live here, like my bunkie on the Tinnie said. By the way he is now in San Gil, a little town outside of Bucaramanga. One of our road agents, who scours the neighboring country for new men saw him there. "Senior Doctor Don Juan San German, Ingeniero". I wrote him a letter in Spanish the other day just to get in touch with him & show him how my Spanish was progressing. Two pages like this & not so elementary either. I had to look up a few flowery phrases to show him I could throw the dog, but most of it I wrote off without assistance

I ended this, "with no more for today and ~~with~~ humbly begging your permission to remain your eternal servant, I kiss your hand." That's what gets by with the spics.

I haven't been sent out into the jungle yet because there is no one to carry on in the office with the payroll, but perhaps I will go out soon. I don't mind, whichever place I work in. Its a great life if you don't weaken. Mrs. Allinder brought a lot of tobacco & cigarettes from Pittsburgh & they set the whole outfit on its feet. My share was five cans of Prince Albert & it surely tastes fine. Sally & I had stopped smoking on Sept 24th but we broke off last night after holding out for three days after the American stuff arrived.

Well, its nearly bedtime and since I've earned my #4.16⅔ today, as I usually do, I'll call this off with all the love in the world to my madrecita carissima and the rest of the family.

Your loving son,
Hugh.

#18 H.M. Quigley

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

PUERTO SANTOS (SANTANDER - COLOMBIA)

BARRANQUILLA

Mrs. H.C. Quigley

Bellefonte

Pennsylvania

Estados Unidos de America

Nº 18

#18

November 7, 1920

Dear Mother:

It has been over three weeks, I believe, since I wrote to you, and I am very sorry that such a long time went by without a letter, but I couldn't write to anyone during that time. Several times I started letters to you, but the pen wouldn't move. Perhaps you know that feeling. I have been working all the time day & night & in the few hours I have had to myself I haven't felt like writing to anyone. For example, last night I worked until 8 P.M., the night before till 9.30, & 8.00 & nine respectively on the two preceding nights. That kind of business isn't conducive to anything but a perpetual grouch, & I surely have had one lately.

I am so disgusted with this outfit in general & Mr. Reid in particular that it wouldn't take two snaps of a finger to make me start home in a hurry. Reid is absolutely hopeless & anyone with any self-respect couldn't work for him as long as I have. He is inconsistent in everything he does, tries to take credit for every

good none that is made, and falls over himself to shift the blame for all mistakes, however trivial or important they may be, to someone else, and worst of all you can't believe one word he says. He makes me sick! Its partly the environment + natural perverseness of everything that makes him as he is, but its hard to excuse such qualities in any way. In the first place he doesn't know his job too well + has to continually crawl out of things to save himself. He doesn't pick on me any more than anyone else, but I know about most of his dealings + get more disgusted every day. Its always "Clarke done this, I told him what would happen" or "Gates is to blame for that" all day. Its no use trying to illustrate it, for its nothing but a continuation of the same thing all the time, and the truth is absolutely not in him, that's all.

A party of fourteen drillers arrived in the middle of October + they have added a lot to the life of the place. They are all independent + hard like all drillers + tool dressers, and there are some fine fellows among them. Harrell, the

chief of the party is a darn good fellow, and old friend of Gibson's in Lidia. He lives in the next room with Meyers, a California gold miner on the order of Bill Hart, with all kinds of beautiful guns & revolvers. They are a quiet pair & both fine men. Then there are Phillips & his son, both drillers, about as hard & tough as they come, always drunk & raising the dickens. A man named Whelan, who fought four years with the Canadians & came back a Major, is a nice kid too. There are a couple of white haired drillers, and some more tool dressers & blacksmiths. On the whole they are interesting, and all ages from Wilson & McLeah, who are about sixty, down to Gates, who isn't over twenty-five. The latter is a tool-dresser too, and a nice sort of a boy, besides being quite a foot-ball player on the Pacific Coast. Whelan used to be a catcher in the Southern league & Murray, a tool dresser, was a darn good pitcher in Sacramento, Calif. Most of this gang is from California.

The work in the office has been enough to drive a person to

Danville. There are over twice as many men on the pay-roll now as in September & believe me, "madrecita," it is some job to run a payroll like that by hand with none of the up to date time clocks addressographs etc. to facilitate the work.

My Spanish is progressing very well, but the trouble is that the language as spoken in Santander is very different even from that spoken in B'quilla. The natives are even beginning to ask me things when they don't understand Reid. He is awfully careless & never tries to say anything right. Of course, I ought to know something about the language after being in close touch with these peons for the last five months.

I believe I'll send this letter now so you won't have to wait any longer, for I have more work to do, & no time to finish the letter today. Lots of love to everyone.

Your loving son.

Hugh.

#19

Mrs. Henry C. Ziegler
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania
Estados Unidos de America

#19

de:-
H M Quigley
Colombia Syndicate
c/o Cortissoz, Correa, & Cia
Barranquilla
Colombia
Sud América

#19

Flaneras, Col.
November 18, 1920

Dear Mother:

This, perhaps, will only be a short letter, but I want to get something off in the mail bag tomorrow, so you won't be too long without a letter. As I think I said before, it is awfully hard for me to write letters any more;- I'm fed up, that's the long & the short of it. Can you imagine me having nothing to do but work - no recreation, no place to go, nothing to do, and besides, working under a man I have not one atom of respect for & in whom there is nothing to emulate (now that I have written that word it looks queer & I don't know what it means but it is something a little farther advanced than imitate, I believe) and also the lay-out in general, with no one higher-up ~~from~~ whom I might ask advice of, with the exception of Stokes, who, notwithstanding his lack of even a high-school education, is a fine fellow. I don't believe Mr. Gates ever made a definite statement in his life without beating around the bush, sidetracking, backing & filling, and

then deciding to ask Clarke before he handed out an answer. Clarke is just dumb, that's all there is to him, besides being irritating & tactless. You probably have a fair idea of what Reid is like from what I have said before. I've never had an opportunity to speak to Mr. Gates about getting out of the office but I may be able to soon. He is always so occupied with something more important, and the continual complaint & dissatisfaction everywhere would make it seem as though I merely had caught a contagious disease & wanted to raise a kick myself.

Kelly is a darn good friend & there are several others whom I would have no objection to calling friends but the main works around the offices is a fine mess, in my opinion. Mr. Gates' secretary, Fullwood, would make a good Chatauqua promoter, and he is about as popular as a cockroach in the kitchen around here. He always sticks his nose into everything & doesn't know when to keep his mouth

shut. Some of the drilling crew have sat upon him with no uncertain purpose & with language that would shock a deaf mute, but he can't help meddling in other people's business.

Seven of the drilling outfit are leaving for home tomorrow at five P.M. and I am sorry to see them leave. They include all the four drillers & three of the tool-dressers. The two Phillips & Wilson are a good riddance, for they were nothing but trouble makers anyway. But Ferrell is a prince & the others are all right in their way. Their reason for going is the hesitancy of Mr. Gates in paying their expense money. That's the apparent reason, but the Phillips have a better proposition somewhere else & Ferrell is homesick. Its funny, but the latter has been all over the world with Gibson & you would never suspect him of being susceptible to that emotion, but his wife always was with him before, I guess & perhaps he has other reasons. The others are trailing along.

Murphy is leaving too, & I'll miss him, too, for he is the living example of the hardest characters Robert Service ever wrote about. He is a character, cares for no one & always speaks his mind from the bottom in language that jars the jungle. He reminds me a little of Hughie Taylor, looks a little like him, but larger and infinitely tougher. He has been drunk for the past four days, never going to bed, and when he sits down with his head in his hands and mumbles curses at the pictures in the Theatre Magazine which seem to remind him of why he ~~has~~ hasn't been back to the states in seven years. You can picture "Dangerous Dan Maguire" or some such bird. Yet he has brains & ability by the bushel, he can handle these natives like a master, & when it comes to anything from repairing a watch to making a casting for the tractor he is a wonder. Now he is going the Lord knows where to find some cold beer, he says, when he can think clearly enough to say

anything coherent. Poor Murphy, I pity him, for he is a good-hearted and intelligent tramp, and could do a lot if he cared to drop the life he leads. The only reason he is going now is that he couldn't get his pay raised over $160.00. He started at $1.25 Oct 4th. & in the first week did work on the adding machine, typewriters, & clocks here that would be worth a hundred dollars in itself, or more to the company if he hadn't shown up. He has had some experiences in the last seven years!, but he can't last more than ten years more at his pace, though he is only twenty-six now.

Pay-day comes Saturday & I'll be out in the jungle several days again, I suppose. Last quincena I paid off in the main tracks on a Saturday with Whelan coming along as a sort of body-guard & assistant. Clarke has been trying to find someone to accompany me for months, because he was afraid I would be held up or robbed, & Whelan, who, by the way, is staying here, was

a good, reliable bird to send out & had nothing to do anyway. I had somewhere between #5,000.00 & #9,000.00 on me the last time & I suppose there is some danger, though I had never thought of it until Clarke mentioned it. We returned here that night & on Monday, after paying off here on Sunday, I set out Monday for a four days trip to Jay at the Tigra & the new camp farther back & to inspect all the camps with the idea of checking up the foremen & explaining some things to them. I lived at Camp 3 in a tent with no door on it & a cot too short for me with the added disadvantage of having to put up a mosquito net over the cot, thus making it impossible to stretch out. We always sleep under nets here, even, but the iron beds are large enough to let one of my altitude be comfortable. I was with R.E. Campbell most of the time & Bennett & Voorhees & Pineda were living on the hill, also. That hill (Camp 3) is fine in the evening before you have to go to bed & after the jejens have

to bed, but the rest of the time is gone more too pleasant. The sunsets are marvelous & its cool at night — more or less — but in the day time the heat is terrific & the jejens literally chew your face & hands to a pulp. Campbell, R.N. was just beginning his first rig at the Sigra & had a 15 foot hole 8'x8' dug for a cellar & a sort of jumping-off place for the first operation of drilling, called "spudding in". The derrick won't be up for months & Gibson is the only driller in Columbia, now that these birds here are leaving out.

Mr. & Mrs. Gates returned from Barranquilla on Sunday & brought with them a temporary drilling supt., Wetzel, who will stay till Pitcher can come down. Mr. & Mrs. Silas Wright are on the way, too. Silas is the Co's land agent & has lived in Colombia some twenty years. His son Carlos arrived a week ago, — a boy about 17 just out of Staunton. Mrs. Wright is a Colombian. The boy helps Hullwood & runs errands. He seems like a nice boy.

Well, its bed-time, but I never can seem to get everything off my mind. I wish I could feel like writing oftener because there is lots to tell; perhaps I'll get a letter writing spell again & will be able to tear off a couple a week. I have a pile of unanswered letters here four inches thick, from everyone I could wish to hear from, but I can't settle down & write to them all.

Here's hoping I don't get too round-shouldered poring over my desk, or don't become nutty working with Reid. Someday I may lose control & tell Mr. Gates what I always feel like telling him, especially in the afternoon, that I can't stand working in the office any longer & that I am going to lop the first cause. This is Hell !!! but perhaps I can stand it 6½ months longer without committing murder, or getting drunk up the river at the cantina which some outlaw has been running for some time, to the great dismay of the authorities and to the great aggrandisement of himself.

The lights have flashed the warning so I'm off to bed. Loads of love to the rest of the family + lots for yourself.

Your loving son,
Hugh.

#20

ATW 1.75
L&Cap. 12.37

Mrs. Henry C. Wrigley
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania
Estados Unidos de América

#20

From:
H. M. Quigley
% Colombia Syndicate
Cortissoz, Correa, & Cia
Barranquilla
Colombia
S. A.

#20

Nov. 25, 1920

Dear Mother:

The first mail we have had for a month arrived last night and in it your letter of Nov. 1. There is a lot of mail held up somewhere and will arrive out of turn I suppose. The parcel post seems to have loosened up a bit, for old packages have been arriving. Your package of Lucky Strikes & tooth paste, intact, arrived last night also, and I surely was delighted to get it. It only took since July 3rd to make the trip! Believe me, they are appreciated, even though a touch of mold has gotten to them. Several other old parcels- one for Dr. Owens, mailed in March- have arrived also.

This is Thanksgiving day, but it seems more like the middle of summer. I can imagine what weather you are having in the States now, & it makes me feel like going home. This will be the first Christmas I have ever missed

under the paternal roof, and I hope I won't miss next one also.

If I don't get out of this office soon, I'll go completely nuts. It darn near drives me crazy to be penned in here bickering with these poor dumb natives all day, and every afternoon I swear I'll never go through another day of it. If Mrs. Yates hadn't been busy until after I became somewhat cooled off yesterday after supper, I believe I would have either been transferred or resigned on the spot. The mail helps a lot to alleviate the irksomeness of this existence. Three natives died last night bringing the total up to ten since I arrived. It scares the other peons half to death & I've paid off over twenty on that account this morning. They can't seem to understand that about the same percentage of deaths would occur anywhere, and on account of the bad reputation of this locality anyway, they figure that it's all

in the climate.

The rainy season has been dragging to its muddy end, but it isn't over yet for several weeks. The trochas are still like swamps & the corduroy makes the going pretty tough for old "Payroll Pete", my mule, but it helps a lot for the tractors.

The other day Bennett was riding in with no other weapon save a machete when two big mountain lions crossed the trail ahead of him. In fact he passed between them, one crossing ahead & the other behind. They were big ones & he was pretty excited when he landed here. He met them only about a half mile from camp.

Mr. Williams has seen several in his geological travels thru the jungle. This last pay day Joe Gates, a tool dresser, went with me & we paid them all off in two days, sleeping at Camp 3 on the hill Sunday night. While coming

in on a side trail along the Tigra river we heard a herd of wild hogs rooting around & grunting on the other side of the river. We waded the river on foot & hunted around on the other side. But owing to the denseness of the jungle and the sudden quiet among the "maranos" we gave up the chance of having roast pig for Thanksgiving. There are always tigers following a herd of pigs and the pigs themselves are dangerous if excited, so it is not too pleasant looking for them.

I am awfully sorry to hear of Mary Taylor's serious illness, but I hope she may pull through. She is a fine girl. I hope the maid proposition has solved itself to your satisfaction, but it is a shame your prize maid had to become a nurse. Maybe Maggie will rumble in some day on her own steam.

I suppose Dad is in Pittsburgh today & will see Penn State put the skids under the Panther, to use the vernacular of the sporting "scribe". I wish I could see a real foot ball game just once. The cool fresh air & the general atmosphere of a foot-ball game surely does appeal to me. Both you & Fred Reynolds told me how fine the Dartmouth game was, but I didn't find out the score till last night in the Times. Of course a little thing like the score & who won doesn't matter anyway. Also you told me that the score of the Penn State - Penn game was 28-7, but I had to guess at the winner. Never mind. I love to hear from you always. I only wish I felt like writing to everyone who is so kind as to write me letters.

Well, I may as well call a halt & get to work. With all the love in the world to all the family including yourself, mamacita; your loving son,

Hugh.

15.33

Judge Henry C. Quigley
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania
Estados Unidos de América

#21

from:
H. M. Quigley
Colombia Syndicate
c/o Cortissoz, Correa, & Cia.
Barranquilla
Colombia, S. A.

#21

December 2, 1920

Dear Family:

The object of this letter is to carry to you all as much as possible of best wishes for a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year ~~as possible~~. I realize that it will probably arrive late, but if you feel at all disappointed at not hearing from me on Christmas day, just stop and imagine how I feel at not being with you. This is the first Christmas that I have not spent with you and I surely put enough distance between us this time so that there would be no doubt about my missing it. Augusta, Georgia, wasn't far enough to keep me from spending Christmas at home, but I guess this is. And this surely is a <u>lonely</u> place to celebrate such a day. Of all the God-forsaken, monotonous spots on the world, this one must rank high. However, in three days I will have been here just six

months. That's some consolation, but if I have to spend the next six in that office, your little wandering boy will come home a nut. I have hopes, however, of getting out sometime soon.

The stock proposition seems to have been changed, as Mr. Gates received a letter saying that all men on the payroll at Pittsburgh before Jan. 1, 1921 and serving one year satisfactorily would receive a stock bonus. That will make mine fall due, I believe, March 21, and it sounds a lot better than Sept. 21, and means that when my year here is up I will have no further obligations or temptations to sign over, except for what may be proposed later. That overlapping idea was a mean one, anyway.

Here is another piece of news for you, which I know will please you all. The dream of my life has come true — my head is clipped as short as a pair of clippers can be made to

clip. Saltsman did the trick with Diaz's clippers & it surely is fine for this hot weather. After that I clipped his, Joe Gates', Stokes', and Hogarty's; & several others had the work done by our community barber service, Salty, Stokes, & I doing all the work. The outfit looks like a gang of life termers.

A native, the other day, shot a big mountain lion, probably one of the pair Bennett saw on the trail. This one was stalking a cow in broad daylight at the Company's farm a half mile up the river, and the native killed it with a shotgun loaded with a slug. It was a good sized one, standing 3½ feet & measuring about seven feet to the end of its tail. Those lions don't usually stray so far from the hills, but maybe these ones were traveling.

I wish I had thought to write this particular letter a week earlier, so that it would arrive around the twenty-fifth, but its too late now

but anyway take it for a Christmas letter, Christmas presents to all the family and above all, best wishes for the New Year, to say nothing of a very merry Christmas.

Lately, I've been kicking foot-ball quite frequently with Joe Gates, Sally, + Kramer and you surely can get a work out in about five minutes, even though we wait till five P.M. to kick.

Voorhees + Young went home last week. Both of them have been so sick for the last few months that the Company figured it was safer to let them go early. I have a boil coming on my chin, believe, but perhaps it won't amount to anything. Anyway, I am still in fine health + expect to remain so, though I am awfully fed up. Loads of love to you all + again, Merry Christmas!

Your loving Son
Brother
Hugh.

II 22

Medvale 12 50

Mrs. Henry C. Quigley
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania

Estados Unidos de América

#22

From:
Wm. Snigley
Columbia Syndicate Cia.
% Cartiro Canal Cia.
Barranquilla
Columbia, S.A.

#22.

December 28, 1920

Dear Mother:

There are a lot of things I want to tell you about & I have been trying to get a letter off to you for a week, but for various reasons I have been delayed, and will only be able to get well started tonight, as the lights go out shortly. It seems that I am always too occupied to write to you, though the hard lessons this place teaches us, dead as a stone. There is always someone in the room most of the evening, Joe Gates, Meyers, Stokes, or someone, just visiting & passing the time, until it is too late to begin a letter.

The first thing is to get my insurance changed. I have filled out the blank which I enclose, as I think that it will be simpler to have it paid from Bellefonte until June or July when I arrive. I am sending some signed checks to pay it with and will you please send them in when the quarterly payments are due? On the application, you will have to fill

in "#9 Last Month for which Term Ins. was paid" for I don't know when this will arrive. January will be paid & perhaps February, before you send in the first check for #55.00, though I imagine this will reach you before Feb. first. Also please fill in date & the check itself. I will send along the other data on the subject in case there is anything you wish to look up.

In all, I have ten letters & a couple of Christmas cards from you which I haven't answered yet, and I am heartily ashamed of myself, too, but I expect to buckle down and answer some of the letters & Christmas cards I have received in the last three weeks. Honestly, I have a pile of letters six inches thick and I was surely happy to hear from everyone. The mail has been coming in pretty fast lately & in good time too. The last pack, which arrived Dec. 26th, had a letter of yours dated Dec 5th & postmarked in Bellefonte Dec. 6th! Twenty days is travelling some! And that

Christmas cable of yours & the ~~the~~ family, arrived the day after Christmas. But it was telephoned down from Puerto Santos Christmas morning, which could not have been better. It was awfully nice of you to send it, and just at the exact moment. too!

Dec. 29th - I would like to answer all your letters in detail, but it would take me days to do it, so I will just give you some of the news instead though your letters all are so interesting & I love so to hear from you.

There has been quite a little excitement around Llaneros lately. Two Sunday's ago there were two knife fights, and one of the victims is in a bad way due to infection of the lung. The knife barely missed his heart and now, after being up & around several days, the infection set in & he is practically done for. The other fight consisted of one man throwing his machete at another and getting a big gash in his leg. Then the Wednesday before

Christmas a big strike was pulled off in camp. All the natives working in Flameros – about 125 – but 16, quit work & demanded $1.50 per day. After much parleying and semi-rioting around the office, they were told they could all leave if they wanted to. They thought it over & went to work. The wages paid here are away above what laborers get from Colombian employers. The rate on coffee plantations fluctuates around 40¢, depending on the price of coffee, for 12 hrs work and the food can't compare to what the Company furnishes them here. We pay 1.00 per day & food & bed, with increases every 3 months & for special work. Some foremen get 50.00 a month, which is a "salary" here.

The strike being disposed of, the liquor question burst into the limelight with a roll of drums. Liquor is forbidden to everyone but it is smuggled in very easily & a bird named Pinzón, the same one who used to be timekeeper in the office when

Darrived x to whom I referred as M. Pinzón B., has a cantina on the opposite side of the river a mile up from here. He does a rushing business, and the Co. can't stop him because he is exercising the squatting privilege on Govt land, and besides by some hook or crook he obtained the position of Agent for the Valenzuelas, who own this lease, and also some govt privilege to sell liquor. The Co. has been battling with him ever since he was fired from its employ, x he seems to be holding his own x more so far.

Well, the night before Christmas, a big row started down in the village. Joe Gates, Whelan x I were walking down toward the native houses, when it was at its height, so we didn't miss much. The first we saw was a peon all covered with blood coming our way looking for the hospital. He wasn't hurt badly, ~~but~~ and the shouts of curses x general excitement were so loud that

we went on down to where about eighty drunken & excited natives were milling around with machetes in the air, all talking at once, trying to figure out who was fighting who & at the same time trying to protect themselves. Pinedo, Clark & Dr. Muñez arrived & Pinedo quickly had a thing around him explaining how they were only trying to find the murderer & straighten things out. Clark held sway over another group saying "No. Muchacho, un momento" which is his Spanish vocabulary & Dr. Muñez started to work on the casualties. There were only three - one stabbed in the stomach & one cut around the shoulders, but the third was nearly dead. It seems that he had stuck a knife into another kid, who swung on him with a big machete. The Lord only knows what went on, but the most unfortunate one was lying in the biggest pool of blood I ever saw outside of a slaughter house

with his left arm cut nearly off. The machete had gone through one bone and part of the other in his forearm and besides, three big cuts on his head had completely laid open his scalp. He was a horrible sight & just barely breathing. They carried him to the hospital where the Doc. cut off his arm below the elbow & pumped two quarts of salt water into him, & also sewed up his head. He will probably pull through, but he had a narrow escape. You can't imagine, & I can't begin to describe how filthy, excitable, and drunk these peons are. It nearly turns my stomach to get near to them & that night I had a time for a lot of them had blood on them & they were exceptionally dirty & wild anyway, and all of them know me pretty well as the bird who handles all their money, so I was pestered to death by explanations of how it happened. They hung on my arms & shouted, trying to drown out everyone

else and explain how it was done, though none of them knew. All I could do was try to calm them down, but they were like a flock of excited dogs and would not be calmed.

The next thing on the program came Christmas morning when the Co. confiscated a lot of liquor that Carlos Moreno, the baker, was selling here for Pinzón. Pinzón came down with a Colombian flag & went into conference with Mr. Gates. First, he gathered all the jeans & harangued them, then he demanded his liquor. Mr. Wright, Mr. Barr, & Pinedo were with Gates, & Pinzón just shouted first to the mob outside & then to Mr. Gates. He is a regular stump orator, Bolshevik, & trouble maker, anyway, though only a boy, so he had the mob in his palm. Finally the Co. gave back his liquor & we had Christmas dinner.

The women had fixed up a very attractive decoration of

palms in the mess house & we had a real table-cloth & napkins. They ate with us & it really was a fine dinner, considering the handicaps and George, the cook's being loaded to the guards as usual on holidays & Sundays.

That's about all the excitement of the past week. But this is a wild Sudwoolley place with all these animals they call pets flying off the handle continually. It's funny. But the poor dumb souls have some sort of respect for a white foreigner, & they seldom get brave with any of us except Mr. Barr, who is so nervous that he gets as excited & wild as the natives themselves. Some day he will be sliced up, for he loses his head completely & insults them right & left. They seem to recognize something superior in a person who can remain calm & still make them come across. They are like sheep, anyway, and need a steady hand to control them.

I guess I told you about the four blue shirts coming at last. They are just right & I was glad to get them, for my other shirts are more or less on the home stretch. Two National Geographics have come, & the Times still appears as do the Rifle papers, all of which I am awfully thankful to you for. If you could only see the stacks of mail that has been pouring in to me, from everyone I know almost. Dere Mabel sent me some chewing gum in a fine long letter, & in the last mail pack, I got so much, that I almost felt as though I were right among my family & friends. It took me over an hour to read everything &, as there was no one in the room to bring me back to reality, I could just hear you all speaking & see you doing the things you wrote of.

One Christmas card was signed "from the girl you wouldn't kiss good-bye" and that brought me back with a jolt to the night

when Dad & I stood at the station waiting for the 8.40 and Bis came over to carry out her promise looking like the Queen of Sheba — in fact she looked so wonderful that I utterly forgot to carry out the promise, like a darned fool. Can you imagine it, & here I am, the prize dummy of all, talking of the stupidity of Columbian peons! Can you beat it? The answer is, of course, no, you can't even tie it — not unless you cheat.

The Misses MacCurdy were sweet enough to send me cards & notes & pictures of the wedding. Wasn't that awfully nice of them. They surely are dears.

When I think of all the wonderful things a person misses in a hole like this — family, friends, good climate, church & Mr. Maynard, and the countless blessings of a civilized country of white people — I often wonder if it's worth it. It surely is not for a person over thirty years of age

and I doubt if if is for anyone. The only things that hold me here at all are, first: the stock bonus due June 5th, and second, my obligation to Mr. Nesbit. I have no respect at all for any of the Dukes there, from the G.M. down to the Cashier, and I don't see how anyone could. I can watch the battle between the offices & the operating heads from both sides, & neither one of them carries it on in a way that would demand anything but disgust. Its a mess which may or may not be straightened out shortly. A man arrived a few days ago who can do wonders if he wants to. He is Col. Reeber, sent down as an inspector, I believe, and he is a wonder, from all I have seen of him. He is so far above any of these ducks in power, smoothness, tact, forcefullness, and general all around ability to handle anything that comes up, that he makes everyone shrink to nothing- mere lilliputians - before him.

He makes Mr. Gates appear as a buck private would before old John J. and don't doubt but that he does mentally snap to attention every time Col. Reeder says a word. The Col. was, or perhaps is, a regular Colonel in the Adjutant General's Dept & he surely is one to whom they bow around here. He is making a regular, thorough inspection of all conditions & he knows how to do it. He spent an hour with Reid & me this morning and surely did know everything in that time, though every time Reid tried to put in a sidelong thrust at some of his opposition, he just ignored him. Also he told Mr. Gates that all the information he carried back would be first hand, & that he didn't want to follow any leads. Maybe he will be able to convey something to Guffey, Gillespie, Miller, et al, of what this place is really like. They seem to think we are in the Garden of Eden, & they didn't even bother to cable a "Merry Christmas" to their men here.

Well, I am just about paralized in my primary digit, so I guess I'll call it off for the time being.

With lots of love to all the family, from your loving son,

Hugh.

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

PUERTO SANTOS (LLANEROS)

SANTANDER, COLOMBIA, S. A.

Miss H. C. Quigley

Bellefonte

Pennsylvania

Estados Unidos de América

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., 5 DE Enero DE 1921

Dear Hen:

As usual, I am several leagues behind you in the letter writing game, but I hope you will forgive me if I answer about six of yours now with one of mine. Your letters are always very interesting and I know you must be almost too busy to write, with all your school and outside work. I know I don't feel much like sitting down to write letters in the evening or on Sunday, when all the rest of my time is taken up grinding out the work in the office and a lot of evenings and Sundays besides. I always feel like getting outside and doing something for exercise. Last Sunday Salty & I got a canoe and paled up to the farm, which is on this side of the river and only about ten

or twenty minutes walk from camp, but which is a good two hours of steady hard poling by water, on account of the many curves & horseshoes in the river. That is the most barren farm I ever saw. A few straw houses, dirty dogs, pigs and chickens, a platanos grove, some papaya trees and some sugar cane is the extent of it. You can't eat platanos (the columbian staff of life) raw, and all the papayas were green, so we had to be content with some cane. Young Carlos Wright, the half breed son of Silas Wright our land agent, was with us but he doesn't know how to steer or pole one of those log canoes, so he was only a dead weight. He is just a kid, was born in Medellin & has spent half of his life here and about eight years in some Southern prep. school in the States. He is a nice boy but too much like a native to be very intelligent, though his mother is a very nice Colombian woman, I am told. He acts as an interpreter & general handy-man; keeping track of the Company linen etc.

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

Salty & I are beginning to get in some team work in a canoe, though it's really a native art to propel one of those heavy dugouts up against the current, and awfully hot work. One backs the nose of the canoe headed upstream and the other uses a fifteen foot pole, which he sticks on the bottom & leans on, walking back toward the rear. Its quite a trick to keep your balance in poling & more of a one for the patron to keep the canoe from going against the pole, but we are learning fast, and can make good progress up stream now. The morning when Meyers & I went hunting up the caño just above camp, we wasted our two most valuable hours, from four to six, trying to go up stream. It was daylight when we entered the caño - only two hundred yards above the landing here - and we had expected

to reach the top by that time, for just before daylight is when the tapirs, deer, & tigers come down to water. As it was we saw lots of fresh tracks just where we expected them, but it was too late then. Meyers couldn't keep the bow upstream, so we went around & around for an hour & finally landed below the starting point for a breathing spell. I was all in. Then he poled & in another hour we made it, though he had never used a pole before & it was a tough job.

The Christmas cards which Mother sent arrived about a week before Christmas, but around the 20th of the month is when I have to work at night so I couldn't even look at them until it was too late to mail them, but it surely was nice of her to think of sending them. The B'ffo papers always arrive about three weeks after the letters of the same date, so the cards

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COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

were mailed at the correct time as far as she knew.

We have a new Doctor here now. Dr. Nuñez has been sick in bed for ten days due to his overexertions during the native celebration of Christmas, in fact he was in a very critical condition for a few days. Doc. Lerpa couldn't stay, on account of his mother's serious illness in Bpanga, but he finally found a good man to take his place - Dr. Pradilla, who arrived two days ago. I don't believe Lerpa will be back, as this place had his goat, & his numerous relatives couldn't see his staying in this place. They never expected him to return alive anyway, such a bad reputation this place has in Bpanga, but I shall always remember him as one of the nicest men I have met here. Of course, he has the usual Colombian characteristics

of unreliability, etc, but he was a prime, nevertheless. He & I were awfully good friends, in fact he told Tim that Tim & I were the two Americans he liked best here, mainly because the others kidded him to death & he didn't understand them very well. He always called me his "little boy" & I called him "papa". He is an awfully happy-go-lucky sort of a fellow, but he knew his job thoroughly & the natives worshipped the ground he walked on. He spoke some broken English & the quaint way he said things, putting all the Spanish exaggeration & flourish into English, was a treat in itself.

New Year's eve was celebrated with lots of noise, but no casualties, due to the Company's firm stand on the liquor question. Sally & I retired early, but were awakened by the sawmill whistle & the breakfast gong with lots of shooting & fireworks at midnight. The noise got Dr. Nunez's goat, so he got out of bed, sick as he was, and chased the fireman of the boiler with a revolver. The poor fireman was frightened out of his wits & ran onto the belt which

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COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

drives the electric light generator, & tore his pant awful. The Co. had to pay 2.70 for the fireman's pant. That's the kind of a hot-headed bird the Doc. is. He comes from Georgia & Texas & tries to treat these natives like our Southern Coons, which doesn't get by very well.

If you can manage it, you might send me a couple of cans of Lucky Strike tobacco wrapped up in the weekly papers. If you make a roll out of them it might go better, & it surely will get by all right. Also a pack or two of cigarette papers would be fine, and will be appreciated to the fullest extent by yours humbly.

Joe Gates has been having a fine time lately. He hasn't been able to work for a month; first the bad flu,

then a flock of boils, which are still in bloom, and lastly an attack of fever. Both Mr. & Mrs. Allinder, Mr. & Mrs Williams have been sick. Diaz has been very sick for six weeks, and at the Tigra Gibson, Weigel, & R. N. Campbell have the fever. Their rig is ready to drill all but a couple of missing parts, but these may not arrive for months, so the lord only knows when they will "spud in". There are always about six on the sick list around here, but I am praying to God that I will be spared for another five months, for it is exactly five months from today that I will start home. Well its nearly one P.M. so I'll have to go to work & make ready to pay off the pears tonight. I worked last night & the night before till 10 P.M. & tomorrow I start out on old payroll Pete, my mule, for my 13th bimonthly trip around the camps. Its a two day job nowadays & always have an assistant with me.

Loads of love to you & all the family
from your loving brother, Hugh.

H M Quigley

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

PUERTO SANTOS (LLANEROS)

SANTANDER, COLOMBIA, S. A.

#23

Judge Henry C. Quigley

Bellefonte

Pennsylvania

Estados Unidos de América

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COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., 10 DE Enero DE 1921

Dear Dad:

Its more than your turn to get a letter from me, so I'll endeavor to tear one off this evening. I think I wrote to Henrietta on pay-day, the fifth, and told her how well I had been and how I hoped to make the next five months as well. That seemed to be my undoing as is usual when a person cites some record or other, for that very night from 1 A.M. to four I had a violent attack of indigestion. This isn't a very well appointed place to stage an attack of that kind, and I never spent a more miserable night. The next day I couldn't eat a bite and all Doc. Muñez could offer was a bicilitz powder & some soda mints. Mrs. Williams was wonderful to me and brought me orange juice & malted milk during the afternoon & evening after I had begun to have an appetite. She surely is true-blue! That was the first day's work I had missed since June fifth and I hope the last. I have been going light on the

food ever since, but am about all right today. I don't know what caused it. as I ate very lightly & wisely the day before, but the food George puts out is far from plain or simple. He learned to cook with oil companies in Colombia & you can imagine the result, though he is a good cook at that in some ways, and is much better than any local talent could be. Incidentally, Reid had to make the two day payroll trip, accompanied by Stokes, so the day I was knocked out the office was cleared for business except that Arango, the best native on the job, attended to some minor affairs & stalled everyone off in general. I was up & dressed all day & stayed in the office part of the time, but was too weak to work. However, that's all past history and I feel much better, but just a little wary of my stomach. At five this afternoon I even played a set of tennis. Such tennis as we have here. A net & some warped half-strung rackets & an unmarked sandy court is the equipment. You can't show any tennis at all, but Sally & I beat Alarcón and Carlos Wright 6-4 at that. No one here puts up much of a game. Its impossible with such a "court."

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LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

Mr. & Mrs. Clarke left at noon today for a trip to the States, expecting to stay there only ten days while making some reports and returning in March. Col. Reber will take Clarke's place in his absence, & will install some system in this outfit. He has started already, and will probably have us shining our shoes for inspection soon. He is one of those systematic efficiency experts and also an extremely well informed gentleman, only he insists upon enlightening all the world. You can't even carry on a peaceful conversation with anyone, without his butting in & laying down a few facts & laws, with a discourse added. That is annoying. But on the whole he will work wonders in this place. As an example, Jack Gates & I were playing over a game of chess & having lots of fun,

when up steps his nibs, who is an expert at the game. He seated himself at the table and proceeded to play Joe's game for him, not even permitting Joe to think anything out or move for himself. He'd let anybody even handled the pieces himself, and of course my game was nipped in the bud, cornered and set on at every turn. It spoiled the game for both of us, but he wasn't content with that, so he gave Joe an hour lesson on the fine points, changing places with him & practically playing both sides himself. Joe endured it branded as a bird anyway, & was all tired out at the finish.

Well, here comes the real point: A week or two ago I interviewed the Gen. Mgr. about a transfer out of the office, & he said he would look about. He was encouraging & said my work had been very satisfactory, & that I was handling the natives very well, & that he would have a hard time filling my place, for I had been doing better than any of my predecessors, which last doesn't prove much since they are all gone to other parts to make their

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living's. However, I was pretty well set up & at the same time felt that I might get some more congenial work. It was sort of a feeler on my part, since I had been thinking of asking him for a raise for some time and also Mr. Bragdon had told me in Pittsburgh that I would be raised if I made good. I had spoken to Stokes about it but myself felt sort of a pride about asking for a raise. I felt as though if I was worth it I would receive it without asking. But Stokes advised me two months ago to to ask Mr. Gates & argue if necessary for it, for Stokes, who is a pretty canny, as well as experienced & reliable fellow, said that you never get a thing in the world without asking for it. That thought had great difficulty sinking in as me in view of my ideas on the subject, but since Mr. Gates gave me so much

praise & encouragement when I talked another job over with him, I finally decided that stakes must be right. So it was up to me to swing & I did this afternoon. I found his majesty incensed for a time so I bowed in armed with all sorts of arguements & determination. But to my surprise, no sooner had I mentioned my mission than the chief said he had been waiting for a week to find time to call me in & talk over that very subject. And without one of my arguements even being brought near the firing line, he told me he would cable Pittsburgh to raise me to $175.00 per month from Jan 1, 1921! Can you beat it? I'll admit I was floored for a minute. I had expected a battle & almost felt like saying "Call it off, Mr. Gates, I didn't mean to come in at all." Really, I expected he would dally around 150.00 & I was decided to argue for 175.00, but being offered it without having a chance to fight back or say a word, surely did surprise me.

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I have told Stokes & Lally & they were both pleased, but that's as far out as the news will spread here. Lally said "You ought to have asked for it months ago". I have talked it over with him before & he always urged action & figured I rated it. I'm still at the foot of the payroll, but am very well pleased & think that it isn't so rotten for the first year. What gets me is that it came so easy! I nearly cast a fit! & had a time concealing my true feelings from the boss, though of course I thanked him profusely. It was a new experience for me.

I notice that the Midvale steel is now around 30, & I wonder if you bought any, as you mentioned having the intention of doing some time ago, and how it turned out. The stockmarket

has been falling rapidly lately. so I suppose buying good stock is a good bet. I am anxious to hear what you did with it. On the day after tomorrow Wetzel & Gibson are going to "spud in" at the Tigra. I wish I could be there dressing tools for Gib, but this latest turn of events sort of knocks that in the head. In fact, the Gerente & I sort of half agreed to let things slide as they are with my work, as I told him that I was willing to do anything he wanted me to & whatever I could do best. I might have pressed the transfer agreement but I didn't have the heart after his presenting the flowers right under the guns, as it were. But to get back to the well, no one knows, of course, how long it will take to hit the "pay sand" and what hold ups there will be, but the main thing is that drilling begins on January 12th.

I hope you had a fine autumn with the hunting & foot-ball games, which I know you enjoy so much

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LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

Its too bad State couldnt have cleaned up on Pitt, but at that she had a fine season, being ranked in the Times with Harvard & Pitt in the second class, and having only Princeton above her. Chalky Williamson wouldnt let up the Thanksgiving game with us, though he expected Jim Davies to score a couple of touchdowns & Penn State to score four. Williams didnt create any sensations, losing to Harvard 38-0 & Columbia 20-14, though she did wallop Wesleyan 50-14 who in turn beat Amherst, only to have Amherst beat us 14-7. The old triangle of last year just reversed. They say Benny Boynton is going to West Point next year. He will be Walter Camp's pride & joy yet.

Professional football seems to be coming to the fore at an alarming rate, and

I don't like the idea. Too much publicity for it unless just college football I believe. Dex. Very & Bob Higgins seemed to be two of the very best in that game; while two fraternity brothers of mine, Sadmun of Harvard & Welden of Lafayette caused some notice too. By the way, Sutherland & old Pud Seidel surely turned out a real team at Lafayette.

It surely does a person a lot of good to have the company give some concrete proof that it appreciates his services, & I know the old C. S. won't suffer from taking any chances along that line in me, for it will make me take more interest & do better work in general.

I hope you and all the family are in the best of health & happiness. When you get this it will only be four months until my arrival, or rather my departure from here, and those four ought to pass comparatively rapidly.

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LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

If you happen to be in Pittsburgh along about the first two weeks in February you might look over Herbert Clarke, but it isn't worth a trip out there or anything like that.

Lights are going out in a minute so good night & lots of love to you and the family.

Your loving son,
Hugh.

W.M. Quigley
COLOMBIA SYNDICATE
PUERTO SANTOS (LLANEROS)
SANTANDER, COLOMBIA, S. A.
REPUBLICA DE COLOMBIA
CORREO NACIONAL
5
5
BOLIVAR
CINCO CENTAVOS
Señorita
Mary Shaw Quigley
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania
Los Estados Unidos de América

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., El 15 DE Enero DE 1921

Muy estimada hermanita María:

La saludo atentamente deseando que al recibo de esta se encuentra sin la menor novedad. Ahora tengo cuatro cartas que no he dado contestación a Ud. Yo debia contestarlos mas pronto pero no he podido porque estoy muy ocupado en mi trabajo en la oficina. Hoy tenemos seis cientos trabajadores, mas o menos, trabajandos por la impresa, y cada dia vienen unos treinta y se van la misma cantidad, pero siempre el roll de pago esta cresiendo, hasta que, entre dos meses mas, tendremos mas de ocho cientos. El gerente de la impresa quiere mucha mas gente, porque el primer pozo está listo hoy para barrenar, y los barrenadores necesitan mas ayudantes. También el carpintero mayor quiere mas hombres para que el pueda hacer las torres para Pozos Nos. 3 y 4. Y siempre la Impresa necesita muchas

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LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

quadrillas, para hacer caminos nuevos, nivelaciones, desagues, empalizados, limpiezas, y campamentos y casas nuevas. El Coronel Reber, que está Ingeniero mayor en lugar de Mr. Clarke, que está en los Estados Unidos con permiso mientras de dos meses, siempre quiere mas limpieza del patio aquia in Llaneros. Entonces la compañia tiene trabajo para toda la gente que viene aqui, y por razón de esto el pobre pagador está siempre summamente acupado, pero desde que el ha recibido un aumento de sueldo, el está feliz y no quiere mas de la que la fecha en que se va por los Estados Unidos viene tan rapidamente que posible.

Well, that's about enough of that stuff for one letter, and Sive said about all I know in the way of news, so I'll have to stop after the manner of the "naturales"

Con no mas por hoy, yo soy.

U.D.B.S.P. Hugh.

H.M.Q.

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

PUERTO SANTOS (LLANEROS)

SANTANDER, COLOMBIA, S. A.

Miss Mary S. Quigley

Bellefonte

Pennsylvania

Los Estados Unidos de America

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., el 16 DE Enero DE 1921

Dear Mary:-

That spanish letter I wrote last night was sort of a mean trick after all the letters I have received from you and have failed to answer, but I got started in that language and just drifted on till I couldn't think of anything more to say. It ran something like this if I remember correctly:
Very esteemed little sister: I salute you attentively hoping that you are well. I have four unanswered letters of yours which I should have answered but I am extremely busy in the office at present. We have six hundred men working now, with thirty leaving and about the same number arriving every day, but the number is steadily increasing. The G. M. wants more laborers and we probably will have eight hundred in a couple of months.

The drillers are ready to begin operations on the first well & the Rig builders are starting the second tower, all of which necessitates more men, as well as the continuous work on roads, grading, corduroy, ditching new camps & houses. And all that sort of business. The Colonel is a fiend for cleaning up everything & already Llanos looks like a new place. His work only casts reflection on the Mr. Clarke's efforts, for the place was overgrown with high weeds & everything was slipping along easily. Of course, Mr. Clarke devoted most of his attention to the roads, transportation of drilling material & new camps, but the Colonel believes in a thorough clean up first.

I hope your tonsils were extracted with a minimum of discomfort and that your affairs are progressing nicely. I imagine that a gay time was had by all over the holidays. Fred wrote me a funny letter about "our young Bob Hurst, Kid Hulock & Stranger Lane" turning the Lock Haven dances into rough houses. I could imagine the wreckage that followed

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
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in their wake. But nevertheless, I would like to attend a good dance for a change. This place wears on one's nerves terribly. I only hope I will feel any inclination to return after once wind up this contract, though I can see how a person might wish to come back after having a vacation in the States. Everything looks good from a long distance, especially when the objectionable features, so prominent here, dim in comparison to some of the few doubtful attractions, as they are wont to do.

The food is becoming awful, mainly because no shipment of American goods has arrived lately, and partly because George hasn't been able to obtain the rum necessary to his success as a cook. He got hold of some ~~lately~~ last

evening & we were lucky to have any supper at all, because he was so thirsty that he went wild & started throwing pots around & lost all the bread by shoving a boy carrying it down the steps, upsetting the whole works in the dirt. All we have to eat now are beans, greasy potatoes, meat, which I rarely eat, and green gage plums for dessert. Sup we always have but it isn't fit to eat. For instance breakfast this morning consisted of tapioca for cereal ham & potatoes. All I ate out of that mess was coffee, for the ham is terrible & grease spoils the potatoes & tapioca doesn't fit very well at breakfast. Once in a while we have an egg but only at rare intervals. The Co. has plenty of hens but most of the eggs are stolen.

However I won't be able to leave saying I never had a good meal here, for on Friday evening Mrs. Reid & Mrs. Allinder staged a beauty. Reid bought two chickens from someone and

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LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

the ladies stewed them with lots of baking powder biscuits gravy & good mashed potatoes. Those in attendance were the Reids, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Allinder, Mrs. Milyko, & myself, Mr Allinder being in Bodega Central auditing some junk down there & the Geologists being at work in the jungle. They had some pineapple preserves brought from the states & though the menu wasn't very varied, it surely tasted wonderful.

Well, I am about drained of news so I'll really have to stop. Your letters are always so interesting & long that I feel ashamed of this offering. Lots of love to all the family from your loving brother.

Hugh.

HMR.

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

PUERTO SANTOS (LLANEROS)

SANTANDER, COLOMBIA, S. A.

#24

Mrs. Henry C. Quigley

Bellefonte

Pennsylvania

Los Estados Unidos de América

#24

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., Jan 23 DE ~~DE~~ DE 1921

Dear Mother:

Your letter of ~~Jan~~ Dec. 13 arrived after those of the twentieth and twenty seventh, and all of them arrived during the past week, in three sacks of mail. Surely have had a busy week beginning Monday the 17th. when we started to make up the payroll. It was a big one and just as we filled the last sheet with figures and were beginning to fill the envelopes on the morning of the 20th Reid had a chill & had to go to bed with a hard attack of fever. Stokes lent a helping hand & we put #5626.00 in the envelopes of 600 men before noon, working like mad. Reid has been in bed ever since, so when I went out to pay off on the road, after paying off here as usual on pay-night, I had to close up the office. Luckily, Allinder arrived early in the morning with two new Americans from Barrilla, named Baker

and Woodside, who have been working in the Banco Mercantil since Sept. Woodside may work in the office, so the G.M. sent him out to pay off with me. We travelled like fools + finished up before dark, having supper + sleeping at the drillers camp at La Tigra. That camp has this one beaten a mile in some ways, particularly as to food + cool evenings, but no electric lights. They have running water in all their houses from the tank which fills the drilling bailer up on a little hill, + their houses are built with more screen + less wood, which would be impossible here on account of the ladies. The next morning we stayed around for an hour or so to watch them spudding in, for, even though there was no one in the office, I couldn't resist the temptation to watch what I came so far to see. It surely is interesting, though they are just starting + haven't begun to run 24 hours yet. Spudding in is the drilling of the first hundred or so of feet, in which they don't use anything but a bit + a drilling stem + rope socket. Gibson gave me all the dope + explained everything. They haven't enough men to

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run eight hour shifts & old Man Wetzel
wont run twelve so they are sort of hung
up; Gibson has been asking the G.M.
to let me break in as a tool dresser
& there is a bare possibility of my
doing it, if Woodside stays in the
office. Gibe surely has been a prince
to me, offering to take me as his
tool-dresser, though a tool dresser needs
several years experience to be able
to assist a driller & dress the bits.
Its a hard job but interesting, and just
to watch the old string of tools ride
up & down in the hole, punching out
the depth inch by inch is worth a long
trip to see. They went down about ten
feet while I watched them, but they
are only about 45 feet below the surface.
The machinery jars the whole derrick

and everything seems to be about to fall in on your head, but its as regular as an Elgin watch at that. A drilling bit weighs about 1200 pounds & a stem about 2000, & they are hung by a one inch steel cable over a pulley in the top of the rig, 85 feet high, so you can see there is some power used in making the tools hit bottom, twenty times a minute, and the Ajax drilling engine is some engine! I'd like to be able to tell you about it all, for I saw enough in an hour to keep me talking for a day.

When we got back at noon Saturday there was a day & a half's work staring me in the face so I was run ragged all afternoon by myself, straightening up the payroll work & cashier's work, hiring 42 new men, firing five, & paying off fifteen more who quit for a vacation, as they do here every month or so. The pens work about a month & go home for two weeks, which makes the payroll job a hellish one. Today being Sunday & me being pretty well done up, the office remained closed for once, there were about fifteen men waiting for me to open up, but I was so used up

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LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA. S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

I just called the chief of police to disperse the beggars to the native camp to wait till tomorrow. I get tired of playing nurse & running to open up & wait on a bunch of measly, dirty, half-breeds, when I deserve a rest. Anyway I've worked my share of nights & Sundays.

All I did today was lie around & rest until four when Milyko batted out some flies to Carlos Wright & me, which tired me out for fair. This is no climate for running around in the sun, but I need a work out once a week, anyway, & I usually do get some exercise on Sunday, either kicking foot-ball, chasing flies, or paling a canoe. It leaves me limp as a rag however, but I need it. One can't live without exercise.

The purchase of the Midvale stock by Dad suits with my hearty approval

in every way, though. I haven't heard from Dad yet about it. No doubt his letter will be along sometime. At first it was sort of vague to me, for you merely alluded to it in one of your later letters, but since that of the 13th arrived, it is all clear to me, & I am very enthusiastic over it, for, from all I can gather from the December papers up to the 23rd, 31⅛ was about the low point.

In that letter of the 13th you mentioned or advised my seeing Mr. Gatis about a change, & its funny, but on just about the date when that letter should have arrived, I did see the Boss & soon after asked him for the raise.

The gloves weren't in the package of cigarettes, tooth paste, & tobacco, which arrived six months late.

Please convey my felicitations to all concerned in the Parker-Keller wedding, & my best to Ellis if he is still at home, sick.

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

4

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA. S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

I am surely sorry to hear of your nervous breakdown & hope you are in fine shape by now. Don't let yourself overwork, ever, please, Mother dear. I hate to think of you doing so much for the comfort of the family & wearing yourself out thereby.

Just this minute, Baker - the one who was here before, - returned & brought a little mail, a letter from Scotty & two packages of newspapers from you, one containing several communications from Wms. & Plattsburg. Baker was sick & had to go home for Xmas.

Dad's letter explaining the stock came inclosed in yours of Dec. 27th & I was glad to get the details, but that letter of yours sure made me sore! To think of your being

penned up in the house for three weeks. working like a slave & finally just going out is enough to make me wild! if it ever happens again - well its too much for me, and don't let it happen again.

The Colonel is still overturning everything & you couldn't recognize this place. Clarke will be ashamed to come back.

The lights are too irregular to give any results. so I'll stop for now, & wish you good health & happiness, & lots of love to all the family.

Your loving son,

Hugh.

KM.Q.

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

PUERTO SANTOS (LLANEROS)

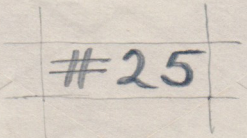
SANTANDER, COLOMBIA, S. A.

#25

Judge Henry C. Bellefonte

Pennsylvania

Los Estados Unidos de América


#25

#25

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., Jan 31 DE 1921 ~~DE 19~~

Dear Dad:

A small mail came two days ago and your letter of the 1st was in it, along with Mother's and one from Harriet, but nothing else arrived except the sox Aunt Carrie sent me. It will be about five months before I even try them on, but they are fine ones.

Tomorrow morning three of the pioneers are leaving — the first to serve their year out here — and all of them will be missed. Williamson, Finn, & Gilmore are the three lucky ones, and everyone will be sorry to see them leave. A year ago tonight they landed in Loma de Corredor and established a temporary camp, though it wasn't until March 8th that the pioneers landed in Llaneros, then a thriving city of one

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

bamboo hut.

Although I am sick & tired fed-up, worn out and disgusted with working in the office, & become more so every day, still I wouldn't want you to use any influence in my behalf for all the money in the world. It will perhaps be better after Reid leaves - he will be a good riddance anyway - but it surely is some grind. Its a wonder I haven't caught the plague from dealing with these dirty rats & in such close proximity to them besides.

Wetzel & Gibson still ask Mr. Gates to transfer me, but he has me wedged in the office for the rest of my sentence, at least. I guess he dopes me out as an easy-mark - at least it would seem so from the way he has handled me. But he

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

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LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

will be the last to dope me out that way, for your little sonny has learned a lot since last March. This is not in the way of boasting, but no one could work here without seeing & learning a lot. However, I hope you won't say anything about the matter, for I realize that you & Mr. Meskit could easily have me shifted, but I would'nt want it to come that way, & besides it would put Mr. Meskit in a bad position.

Allinder & Reid are the only two others whose years ends today, but their work calls for their presence in order to clear everything up to Jan 31st, so Reid is leaving Feb. 15th & Allinder about March first. I forgot R.E. Campbell, the engineer, but he doesn't count anyway, and is leaving about March first, to return later.

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

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LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

Joe Gates is leaving Feb. 15, if he is well enough to travel, & he is a good boy too - but a typical young oil field worker, - wild & hard, never saving a cent, though making a large salary. Diaz has been in the hospital for two months. His latest maladybeing a hand nearly torn off by a native shot gun, which he was loading in the good old 1776 fashion. He will leave when he is well also.

Well, must close & get another letter into the sack, if possible, before bedtime. All the love in the world to you & all the family. I wish it were June. If I haven't said so before, let me thank you now for buying the Midvale for me. It looks fine.

Your loving son, Hugh.

Columbia Syndicate
c/o Cortés, Correa y Cía.
Barranquilla
Colombia, S.A.

26

FEB 23 1921

ESPACIO

Mrs. Henry C. Quigley
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania

Los Estados Unidos de América

#26

#26

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., Feb 6 ~~DE~~ 1921 ~~DE 19~~

Dear Mother:

Another pay-day has come and gone, and it was a nightmare this time. Reid had recovered sufficiently to come down to work for a day or two, but had another attack of fever and had to retire again. Stokes helped out making up the pay, but we had to work every night + all day frantically and just were able to fill the last envelope by suppertime on pay-day - the fifth. Stokes is a prince and the best hearted man I ever saw, but he has work of his own to do, + ought not to meddle with money anyway, being an Auditor. I surely have been on the run since the first until today at noon. We paid off Saturday night but I had to work all morning Sunday, in order to straighten things up and be ready for the pay trip Monday. Sunday afternoon, Whelan, Lattaman, +

I took a canoe load of odd lumber & tools & went down the river a half mile to build a tiger-trap. Tigers have been bothering the mules in the pasture on the other side of the river — in fact they scratched two pack mules up badly — so we are going to try to land one. We didn't finish the trap Sunday, though we worked all afternoon on it, but it will be a good one when ready. It is made of two-by-fours & a lot of fresh wood we cut from saplings. It will be strong & heavy enough to hold the jungles biggest offering in the cat line. It is 6 ft. by 4 by 4 and has a solid door, operated by a clever trigger arrangement with a steers head as bait. We will probably finish it tomorrow.

We now have a new way in the office who may turn into a good timekeeper & fill the place I was to occupy in the trocha, before they decided to keep me imprisoned in the office as a sit

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

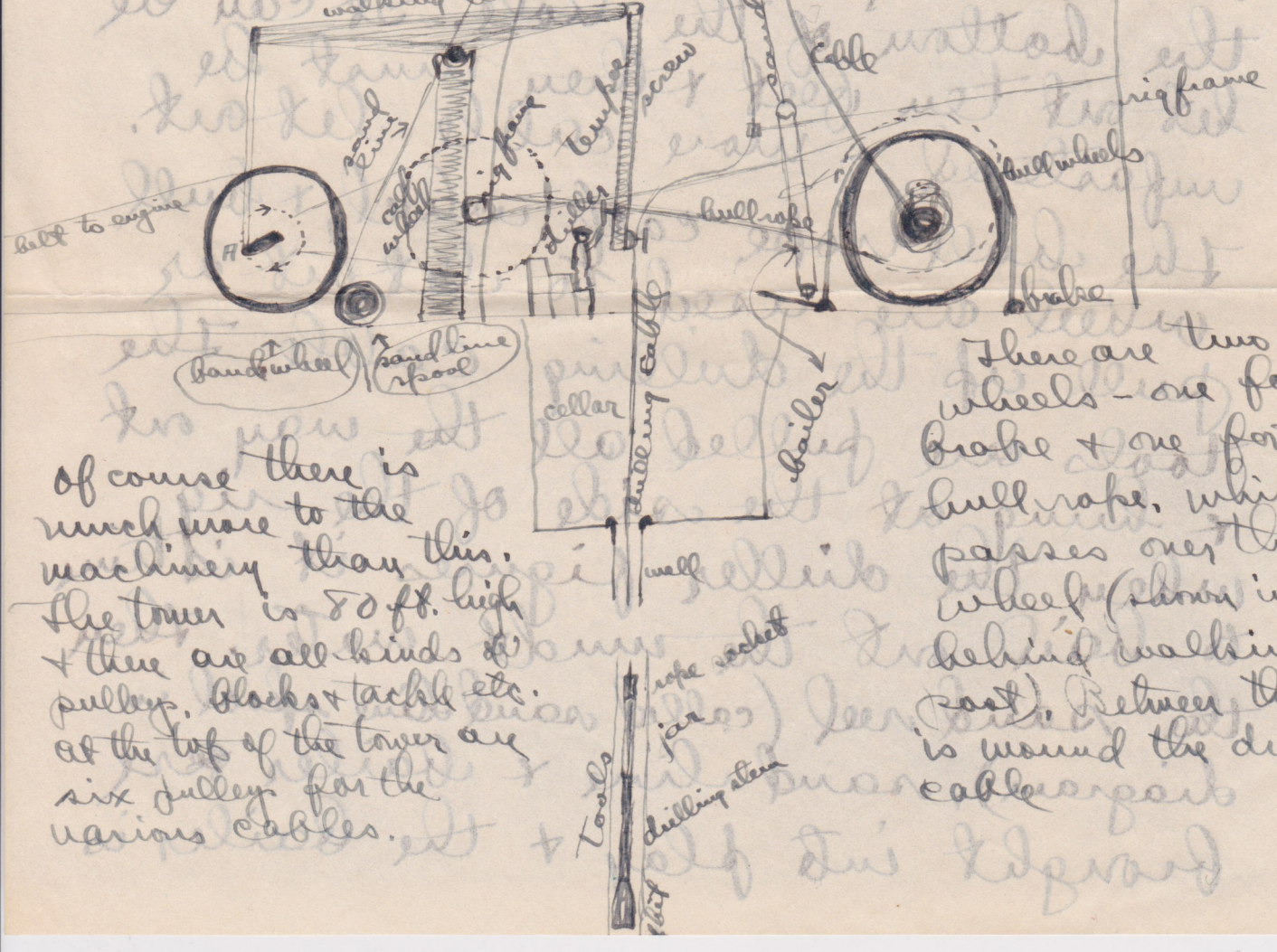
cashier. He is Bernardo Sánchez Puyana, and is of one of the best known families in these parts. He is a very nice boy besides, but doesn't speak a word of English. He went out Monday to help me pay off and is intelligent. Its so strange to see an intelligent Colombian that I am constrained to remark the fact. He also looks like a white-man, is well built - even husky - and has features like an American, all of which are things to note in a country full of weak, half-black, dirty loafers. We finished paying in record time considering the number of men on the roll (618) and returned here at ten this morning, after spending the night at the drillers' camp in La Tigra.

The Drillers were plugging away at 200 feet, so we saw some interesting work. We watched old Wetzel on his tour in the afternoon & then went back after everyone was paid in the evening & saw Gibson work out. Murry, a tool dresser, is acting driller on the other tour - midnight till eight A.M., - Wetzel has the one from eight till four, & Gibson the evening tour. Gibson is so much more of a driller than ever Wetzel himself that he ought to be chief in place of the old Lutchman. It surely was interesting to watch them pound away, bail out the hole, & pound some more, and the machinery used is so ponderous that it is surprising to see the tower hang together at all under all the force exerted. The tools themselves weigh about two tons and are held by a one inch steel cable and the giant bull wheels, calf wheel, & band

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

wheel will seem so large for the little engine, that one is surprised to see anything else except perhaps to see the whole works tumble down. It is dangerous work, too, because of the immense weight of everything.



Of course there is much more to the machinery than this. The tower is 80 ft. high & there are all kinds of pulleys, blocks & tackle etc. at the top of the tower are six pulleys for the various cables.

There are two bull-wheels - one for the brake & one for the bull rope, which also passes over the calf wheel (shown in dots behind walking beam cast). Between the two is wound the drilling cable

The engine drives the band wheel, which by the eccentric motion of the piece marked A causes the walking beam to move up & down pivoted on the walking beam post. The drilling cable passes from its spool on the bull wheels over a pulley on top of the rig & down to where it is fastened onto the temper screw. As more cable is needed the temper screw is loosened & clamped on to the cable again at the proper place. By unscrewing the temper screw the tools can be lowered inch by inch while they are pounding away at the bottom of the hole. It can be let out ten feet & then must be unfastened & more cable let out. The bull rope, calf wheel & bull wheel are used to let out or pull up the drilling cable. The tools are pulled all the way out & hung at the side of the rig when the driller figures it is time to bail out the mud & water. Then the sand reel (called sand line spool in diagram), sand line & bailer are brought into play & the bailer is

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

lowered to the bottom when it fills itself is lifted out & emptied. The pounding of the tools & the motion of the walking beam shake the ground, & you can imagine the size of everything when you compare it to a gibson standing on the driller's steps, whom I have pictured wearing Panama hat & monkey suit. It surely is interesting work, but it would consume too much space to describe it all in a letter. I guess I am doomed to wear myself out in the office & only catch a glimpse of the drilling on paydays, but I would love to be working out there.

Reid leaves on the fifteenth & the new Cashier doesn't leave

the states until Feb 20th., so I will be on the run for a month by myself with everything to do. With Reid, besides, Mrs. Reid & the kid, go Joe Gates who can't get well here, & Mrs. Milyko & her baby. They were foolish to come anyway, for the baby is scarcely weaned & both Mrs Milyko & the baby have dysentery. This is no place for women & children - it's bad enough for men.

Since the time when the Co. found itself with only Dr. Nunez here & him incapacitated we have been well stocked in the medical line. Dr. Pradilla of Bmanga came & helped out until Serpa returned & then a new one was obtained in Bogotá - Dr Zamfrano - so we have three now but Nunez is in Bquilla seeing the Gullmoods off to the Ancon Hospital at present.

Thank you for paying my dues in the American Legion. I've never

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA. S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

attended a meeting, but I want to carry my membership anyway.

And I am awfully sorry to hear that poor little Mary Taylor died. She was a fine girl & everyone will miss her.

Don't worry about my hair - it has grown out already & I'll come home with some on my head, at least. The subscriptions to the Times & Life both ran out, but it would be foolish to renew them now, even though they were interesting when they came. I only received about two thirds of them anyway, but I appreciated your sending them & got lots of enjoyment out of reading them. I don't care much whether I get

anything from outside now except letters from home, for we are well into the home stretch & this has resolved itself into a fight to the finish for me. I have lost fifteen pounds & am thin as a rail, but healthy & with lots of reserve left to fight it out until June fifth. May you clout me with a 16 lb sledge hammer if I ever attempt to pull any more stunts like this! I might be able to fall into the rut of a Typical Tropical Tramp, but there is always something that holds me back & my head up. Its partly self-respect & partly family ties, which are strong ones in my case. I have given these tramps & their care free, happy-go-lucky existence a lot of thought, but I don't believe I could grow to care so little about my family & lose enough pride to join them, though their ranks are always growing.

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

6 7

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A. ..... DE ..... DE 19

and there seems to be a spell that holds them to the tropics, always hanging around from job to job, with enough money to drink & eat & nothing to marry them.

I hope you are not worrying a lot about Mary & Fred, for as Mr. Gates used say, "that will all adjust itself in time". & I don't believe there will be any wedding in that quarter unless other tactics are pursued by the sister, & anyway, look around & see if there is another girl in town for Fred to even talk to. He is a hard one to suit, but he has to have some one to fool around with. Quite natural, no? Of course I am too far from the scene of action to know anything at all about it, but I do know Mary & Fred. I have heard from Fred often

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LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

+ I believe its all off as far as he is concerned, though, as I said above, I am too far away to have the correct + latest dope.

Well, I am tired from yesterday's + today's hard riding on the fastest but roughest mule in the outfit, so I guess ill turn in. I hope you are all well + happy. I dont know whether ill come home by way of Galveston or N.Y. but will know in a couple of months. The Lee line will have great attractions, I do know, + when it comes to choosing between seeing you in June or July, I will have a hard time to force myself to take the Okla. trip, though it would be worth while. Lots of love to all the family from

Your loving son
Hugh.

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

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P.S. Williamson, Tim, & Gilmore got off all right on Feb. first at 7 P.M. in a canoe, & we lost three fine men, & efficient ones too. I just found out as he was leaving that Williamson lives next door to the Elliotts & across the street from Mr. Nesbit in Pittsburgh. He knows them all well. I knew that Chalky was sent here by Nesbit but I never knew where he lived until then. He always urged me to stick my years out on account of Mr. Nesbit, — not that I needed the urging, but he thinks so much of Mr. Nesbit that he wants all the privileges to make good, after Dr. Owens' failure.

Salud, felicidad, y fortuna.

Hugh.

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

PUERTO SANTOS (LLANEROS)

SANTANDER, COLOMBIA, S. A.

MAR 2

Miss Mary S. Quigley

Bellefonte

Pennsylvania

E. E. U U.

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., 14 DE Febrero DE 1921

Dear Mary:

Your letter of January 14th was the only thing that saved me from a complete shut-out in the last mail, which consisted of two sacks + which arrived with Dr. Nunez last night. He had been to Bijulla to see the Sullwoods safely to the coast. And the two sacks which arrived a week ago had nothing for me at all, which is rather strange considering my high batting average in the mail generally. Up until New Years I had them all faded, but Stokes tops the league now, since my sudden slump. However I expect the next lot will bring something.

Today Reid + his family left, + I never saw anybody go away from anywhere with less regret myself

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A.,_____DE_____DE 19

than that with which I bade adieu to that crazy bird. Really he was either off his nut or just an unreliable liar. You couldn't believe one word he said about anything, & even Mrs. Reid today didn't know where they were going. I pity her, for she isn't so bad, but Reid himself isn't capable or truthful enough to hold down a newsboy's job. I don't like to slander anyone, but he is hopeless. He is probably pretty sore at me too, for he tried to play me for a fool when he turned over the money & records, & I made him produce the proof for everything, besides making him sore in several other ways. I never could like that bird, anyway, and no one could respect him, so I don't think

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

he will cause me to lose my job by anything he says later on in Pittsburgh.

Joe Gates went with the Reids, & was sorry to see him pull out, for he is a darn nice boy, though I would'nt exactly drag him around to the house except in case of his being:— what I mean to say is that he is a good friend of mine & a good hearted fellow, but not just the kind I would go out of my way to find to take one of my sisters to a dance, for instance. He got out of bed for the first time in over a month in order to take this trip, but he is feeling better & will no doubt be in good shape after he gets into a white man's climate.

Mrs. Milyko & the baby also left

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

today, but on an earlier canoe, and they will meet the later canoe at el Choco for the trip down river to B/quilla.

I saw in the Watchman announcement of Gordon's engagement to Anne Schaughnessy, though I had it heard before that it was imminent. That's not such a bad arrangement, either, though some people in Bellefonte may talk about it as though it were too bad.

Just on that period I broke the point off of my old and faithful Waterman, so I will have to continue with a still older but less used one as a substitute. The old broken one has seen some service since I bought it in Pat Quinn's College

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

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LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

store" about four years ago.

The new Cashier leaves New York about February 22, so I will be on the run until about March twentieth. I'll be so busy I won't have time to be disgusted by office work, and anyway Reid's absence will be a decided improvement & relief. I would rather try to do his work & mine than have him in the office doing his.

May the fifth of June arrive on wings! Lots of love to all the family and I hope you are all well & happy. Best also to Fred, and the rest of my friends in B'ft

Hasta la vista.

Your loving brother
Hugh.

HMQ

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

PUERTO SANTOS (LLANEROS)

SANTANDER, COLOMBIA, S. A.

Mrs. Henry C. Quigley

Bellefonte

Pennsylvania

Los Estados Unidos de América

#27

#27

100 Days More!

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

PUERTO SANTOS (LLANEROS)

SANTANDER, COLOMBIA, S. A.

JOHN GATES JR.
GERENTE

Feb. 24, 1921

Dear Mother:

The reason you didn't hear from me for so long after #21 of Dec 2 was that I failed to write again until Dec 29th, — a long interval, but sometimes there isn't much to write about. However, you should have been hearing from me pretty regularly since the middle of January, because I wrote to one or another of the family on Dec. 29, Jan 5, 10, 15, 16, 23, 31, Feb 8, 14, & tonight I mean to write every week, but everything is counted by years here — one year — and so the weeks aren't given much notice. But they do slide by pretty rapidly, especially since Reid left, and therefore they amount to something.

It really is a relief to me to be alone in the office compared to having that bird in with me, and I believe I

can manage to hold down both jobs for a month at least, though the big rush at the end of the month will tell. Of course, Stokes helps on the payroll & we have to import an extra rating clerk for the three days before payday. Outside of those three days & the days a half while I am paying off in the tracks, I can manage the cashier's & payroll office myself. I also have a field assistant who lives in the Liga & checks up the time of the various rating foremen but he is a lazy bum & is lying down on the job. My next move is to fire him or else get jumped on by the Colonel. However, I like him personally & I'd hate to do it, but he comes from the class in Columbia who could not be hired to get their hands dirty. I guess I told you about him before - Bernardo Sánchez P. - and unless he takes a brace he will have to get on his mule & move out.

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE
PUERTO SANTOS (LLANEROS)
SANTANDER, COLOMBIA, S. A.
JOHN GATES JR.
GERENTE

The Cashier's work alone here is a soft job & more interesting than the payroll job, with more responsibility of course besides, and I don't see how Reid kept himself busy on it, seeing that he always had at least one assistant to look after the payroll & petty cash. And as for losing his mind on the job, I can't follow that. He must be awfully dumm or have been worn out by some other cause. Both together, its quite a job, but can be handled by one man & a native clerk easily except on those few special days, which days, however, make it really necessary to have two on the job, to allow for sickness besides.

By the time you get this Dad will be "sitting" in Phila. & I hope he has a profitable stay there in every

way.

I surely am sorry to hear Ellis is so under the weather, and I hope he comes through in good shape. You might mention my sentiments on the subject to the Kellers, & I will write to Ellis. I wrote me letter to him in December before I heard he was sick, but have expected that he would be well before another letter could reach him. In conveying my regards to Mr. & Mrs. K., also congratulations are in order in behalf of Dro. & Bev., though I shall write to both of them, too, endeavoring to remember which one is just to be married & which one has the addition to the family.

Also I am awfully glad to hear the good news about Jim & Marion, and I wrote to Katherine, which was in order, I believe, in view of her announced engagement to Fred & the dope she gave me in advance. Lots of things seem to be happening in & around the old town.

I am all in favor of the upstairs

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE
PUERTO SANTOS (LLANEROS)
SANTANDER, COLOMBIA, S. A.

JOHN GATES JR.
GERENTE

den idea, but of course you won't call it a "smuggery". That's the most absurd word I ever heard & just happened to come into my mind in connection with "den."

Dad's taking the 33rd degree in the Masons is interesting, too, for a 33rd degree Mason is a rare thing & quite an honor.

Stokes, young Carlos Wright, & I planned one of those early morning hunting parties last Sunday, but it was raining when the alarm went off at 4 A.M. so I didn't wake the others. It was payday anyway & Stokes & I worked till four P.M. & paid off, before we had time to breathe again. Then we three (Carlos included) got a canoe and went to the head of the caño. We had an

awful time getting started & made fools of ourselves before the whole native population, for Stokes knew nothing of poling or steering & neither did Carlos. First I took the pole & Stokes was patrón, but he couldn't keep here nose upstream, & we ploughed around bashing ground until we noted Stokes a vacation & I took this place, Carlos taking the pole. He isn't strong enough & doesn't care that game either, but we managed to make the caño after a while, from which point I paddled the canoe & the other two hunted, & two worse hunters I never saw! Carlos had the .250 Savage high power he bought from Joe. Gates who had bought it from Ellinder, & Stokes had the G.M.'s shotgun. That Savage is the fastest shooting rifle made and a wonder in every way; though its caliber is small, it has a heavy charge of powder & a soft nose, steel jacketed bullet. When I am

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE
PUERTO SANTOS (LLANEROS)
SANTANDER, COLOMBIA, S. A.
JOHN GATES JR.
GERENTE

4

home & if I ever get a chance to hunt deer, thats the rifle for me. Its muzzle velocity is, or was the last I heard, faster than any rifle in the world including the U.S. Army Springfield, & it is surely a thing to reverence.

Well, anyway, there two hunters did themselves proud. The cano was full of a species of duck with a long shank bill, and garcaas the big cranes that produce aigret feathers. A duck flew overhead & Stokes pulled the trigger. - He had forgot to load the shotgun. Then Carlos started to work out with the rifle on an egret & he didnt have sense enough to pump a shell into the chamber, so we lost another. Only that he missed four good

shots because he was too excited to punch the empty shells out, & Stokes was about to fire the shotgun over Carlos' head at an angle such that the charge would've not have missed him by more than 18 inches. We had a heated argument over that & finally persuaded him not to shoot. He maintained that the gun wasn't pointed at Carlos, but I know what it is to have a gun shot past me; aside from the danger, it might break your eardrums. Did you ever see anyone step out in front of a line of men shooting blue-rocks? In all they bagged two ducks & a red hawk, none of which amounted to much. Stokes also got a kingfisher on the wing & nearly busted from pride because he hit it on the wing. Why, any real sportsmanlike hunter will throw stones at a bird to make

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE
PUERTO SANTOS (LLANEROS)
JOHN GATES JR.
GERENTE
5 SANTANDER, COLOMBIA, S. A.

it fly. Before shooting! Carlos is just stupid, & Stokes has a single track mind & could do better at auditing than Billing Birds. However, Jack Stokes is one of the best fellows I ever knew, — one who will do anything to help anybody out & who is interested in everything that goes on. He is 39 years old & has a family in Belleview which he thinks the world of; the only trouble is he insists on reading all his boys & girls letters to everyone. He is a prince notwithstanding all the above ridicule.

It surely is encouraging to think that when letters reach home. June fifth is a month nearer than when I write them. It is only 100 days from today and when

Ship to west about, back to the reverse side of this then to reverse side of Hollow the green Line" next about. Edit.

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE
PUERTO SANTOS (LLANEROS)
SANTANDER, COLOMBIA, S. A.

JOHN GATES JR.
GERENTE

you get this it will be less than eighty! Can you beat that? That's something to ponder over - when you cut her down to an even century. The law in Llaneras is that no one can count the days until he has only 100 left. Allinder & Williams have about thirty & forty respectively & the only others who can count within the law are R. N. Campbell & me. We will leave together, though his time started June first when he started work in Bodega Central while I had to put in fifty more days on the Ure before my time began. We will likely leave about the first together I forgot Gibson, who only has 39, & Allinder really was counted out

on Feb. first, though he is staying to clean up last year's work, the main reason being that the customs duties on our stuff for the whole year came during January & Lex Stokes, with Baker helping, are still working on 1920.

All the geologists live in La Liga camp now, including Mrs. Williams, & the houses out there are really much better than these. One of the doctors is always there now, taking shifts a week at a time. Dr. Lerpa was there on Monday & I slept in his house that night. He surely is a bird, & a fine fellow. Zambrano looks like a Chows may & you know what I think of Nunez, but Lerpa is a real doctor. We watched Gibson drill for three hours that evening during which time he put in a new section of pipe, which is a real job & an interesting one. Gib drills as much hole as the other two drillers together — Wetzel & Murray (Wilson is relieving the latter now on

account of his being sick.) Wilson is a driller, but a sort of a nut, too. He has been erecting a Parkersburg drilling machine here in Llaneros with which he will drill a water well, though he might strike oil here,—no one can tell. We surely do need the water, though, for this boiled river water is pretty flat, & there is always the danger of someone's forgetting to boil it. Murray & Rhoads both have the dysentery on account of that in La Ligra.

The well is down just below 350 feet and the stock down to 4½, but the Tropical Oil Co. struck oil at 450 feet, & something might happen here soon. I wouldn't mind having some of this stock at four or five just now, & if it could be arranged I wish you or Dad would try to get me some up to the limit of my present bank balance. Only a "flutter" would be caused by sticking

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE
PUERTO SANTOS (LLANEROS)
SANTANDER, COLOMBIA, S. A.

JOHN GATES JR.
GERENTE

a shallow well here, but one might make some money that way. It might to go up to ten or twelve if they strike a shallow one, though it wouldn't stay up. One wouldn't lose anyway, granting that there is oil here, which there undoubtedly is.

The Colonel is still making improvements + raising the roof in general. He thinks he is still a Colonel in the Philippines, but he gets results, even though he causes some hard feeling, - not much anyway.

Well, that's enough. I hope you are all well + happy. 700 cases of canned food arrived from the states the other day so we will live on other things than beans, peas (cow peas), platanos, yuca, + potatoes for the next 6 months. That shipment only cost a mere $10,000.00!

Lots of love to all the family from your loving son, Hugh.

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE
PUERTO SANTOS (LLANEROS)
SANTANDER, COLOMBIA, S. A.

Miss Henrietta Quigley
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania
E.E.U.U.

Mail Left War. I. 1921
9 A.M.

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., el 26 DE Febrero DE 1921

Dear Heinie:

There is a fast through-mail leaving tomorrow, so I guess I'll scribble you a few lines to give you the latest news - there isn't any, but that makes no difference, - and see how long it takes the letter to make the trip. R.E. Campbell, the would-be engineer, is leaving for home tomorrow if a canoe comes down from Puerto Santos in the morning, and he will go direct to New York, so the mail ought to make a fast trip. Perhaps he won't get off until Monday the 28th, but the best bet is that he will get under way about supper time tomorrow.

This Campbell never started a piece of work he could handle or

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

finish by himself, but the Co. is giving him a three months vacation (two of which at full pay) and he has signed a contract for 15 months more in Llaneros. He must have a death grip on someone (Clarke I guess) to ever get a job, for he doesn't know anything at all & is only a dead weight to the outfit, - thats a fact. Even Clarke himself looks like a frost since the Colonel took hold. But I suppose things like that happen in the best of companies, however I had supposed that this one would have gotten sufficiently organized to know the good material from the dead-wood by this time.

I am becoming quite a slanderer, but I can't help making the above observations, & it makes me

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

sore, in view of some of the tactics that have been adopted in order to cut down expenses.

My next move, after the new Cashier comes, is to ask for a vacation, though I doubt whether it will be granted. I deserve it as much as any who get one, for I have been and am giving the Company all I can of honest & faithful service, and I feel as though I were "getting away with" it, too. I surely would like to have a couple of weeks off & take a tip to Medellin or Bucaramanga with Stokes or Saltzman. I figure a person rates one after grinding away in a tropical office for nine months without ever getting

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A.,_____ DE _____ DE 19

farther away than the Tigra camp, & then only to go through the ordeal of paying off the wild-men. Stokes would be an ideal partner on such a trip, & Saltzman, though he is naturally crabby & more or less selfish, is a good fellow. Salty is not to blame for his bad nature, however, because he has had a tough row since his father died four years ago, supporting his mother & sister, when his natural bent is the role of a pleasure seeking wanderer, living solely for himself. He is a very efficient worker, however, & absolutely dependable, & altogether I like him a lot. We are very good friends, though sometimes I get sore at his

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A.,..... DE ..... DE 19

sullenness & be at my good Nature.
One has to be good natured here in
justice to the others marooned like
himself & a few crabby birds would
put the place on the bum. Everyone is
crabby part of the time, but it doesn't
pay & the place would be unbearable
if everyone didn't make the best of it.
I'll admit I sometimes give way to a
grouchy spell, & the native laborers can
set me off to a storm of all the Spanish
cuss words I know like a match to
gunpowder, but I try to preserve some
good nature for white men. The peons
are so utterly exasperating in their
poor dumb stupidity, & especially so
in money matters, that I blow up
about five times a day in the office
& give them an earful. They are
beginning to doke me out as a tyrant

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

6

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

by this time, I guess, but up until about Christmas time I was considered the "workingman's friend" by the peons. Reid never would understand them & others couldn't, so I was a friend to all, but now I have to be short with them in order to get anything done, & I surely have lots to do in the course of a day.

A new shipment of Victrola records just arrived with the freight today so I guess I'll call this off in favor of a concert.

Lots of love to all the family from your loving brother,

Hugh.

COLUMBIA SYNDICATE
LLANEROS, RIO LEBRIJA
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLUMBIA, S. A.

#28

Judge Henry C. Quigley

Bellefonte

Pennsylvania

EE. UU.

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

28

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A. March 11 DE 1921 DE 19

Dear Dad,-

The new cashier, new auditor, and a newdriller arrived with the mail the day before yesterday, which included your letter of Feb. 5 ane one from Mother dated Feb. 11th., as well as three lots of papers, one of which included the tobacco which Mother so carefully wrapped up and which arrived in perfect condition customs laws and duties to the contrary notwithstanding.

It was interesting to hear of your shooting blue-rocks with the C. S. crowd, and of your four weeks in Phila. which were about to begin at that time, and I am hoping that the check for my new insurance arrived in Washington on or before the 7th of February.

The new cashier's name is Joseph L. Strane and he is from New Wilmington or Sharon or some such place,- one can say in Llaneros, very far from there,- is a young fellow and a pretty nice one as far as I know at present, though he isn't a very aggressive bird. He couldn't be anything but a great improvement on Reid in every respect. Emil Leir is the handle belonging to the new auditor and he calls his nationality Swiss though, as Woodside says, the population of that little nation has increased alarmingly since the end of the war. He may be a good sort, however, but Stokes doesn't think a lot of him and Stokes is my idea of a good fellow himself, so I may be influenced by his opinion.

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

The driller's name is McGee and he is a typical Pennsylvanian with all the distinctive characteristics of the oil fields thrown in.

I hope you have bought some of the stock of the dear old c company by now for me, for today the drillers went through a strata of water, sand, and oil, the first true indication so far except the plentiful seepages all over the lease. Of course that doesnt prove a darn thing but they are down 726 feet now and drilling at the astounding rate of about 100 feet a day. Murray has been sick for a month or more and old Bill Gibson and Wetzel have had to work twelve hour shifts, because they couldn't stand having Wilson around. The latter is a driller but he doesn't seem to fit very well around these parts, partly because of his lack of knowledge of the game and partly because he is too loud. He is getting ready to drill here in Llaneros with a portable machine and hopes to strike water for the general good of all concerned. I never saw anyone work so hard and fast as Gibson and Wetzel are now. They fairly fly through the ground. They have been held up a lot too by lack of pipe and other material, but they have been surely doing their share to put the C. S. on the map.

This old flivver of a typewriter is so rusty and worn out by age that it writes as it looks, which added to my poor technique makes a poor looking letter. I have been unconsciously allowing too much time to elapse between letters but I hope

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

you will charge it up to lack of time and extreme occupation in my work. I don't expect the breakneck pace to let up for quite a while either as it takes more time to explain everything to Strane than it would to do it all myself, though I suppose he will be on his feet in a week or so. Two other new birds arrived from the states since I wrote to you last,- Weeks a tractor man and Murphy a mechanic. Murphy is the freight train brakeman type and Weeks is just a hard boiled egg and a good hearted fellow. Both are from the Keystone State and they arrived a week apart around the first of March. Clarke has left the states with a new gang of drillers about eight in number. Just about a year ago to the day I was frantically studying Spanish at State College, and I'll have to admit that I have made some progress in the language since then, though it may not all be pure Castillian.

Thanks very much for attending to the insurance matter for me and if tye stock of the C. S. is still loafing around ~~$4 1/2~~ 4 1/2 please see what you can do about buying some for me. I really believe it will take a jump soon when they hit the pay sand, and I wouldn't say so if I hadn't a fair idea of the chances from Mr. Williams and the drillers. I trust Mr. Williams' opinion pretty much too as he is a wise head and is putting all he has into the stock. Of course he is responsible for the locations too and knows the results the Tropical had.

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

4

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

Stokes and I are going tomtake a ride out there Sunday and look over the work, though it was only Monday night that I spent the night in Gibson's house on my pay trip. The day before that Salty and I took a canoe and poled clear up to the mouth of the Tigre river and up said stream a couple of miles looking for excitement and parrots. We cut down one tree in the jungle and got one half grown parrot out of the nest, but it was some hard labor, after the poling. We had neglected to even take a canteen of water along and we were about as tired as they make them when we returned to camp at three o'clock. This hot sun is no joke especially when you do such strenuous work as poling on the hot river.

Well, I have manhandled this machine about enough for one day, so good-night and good luck. Lots of love to all the family I will write to Mother in a couple of days and report anything new.

Your loving son

Hugh.

Don't forget the new address:-

c/o Colombia Syndicate
Apartado 195
Barranquilla
Colombia, S. A.

#29

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE
PUERTO SANTOS (LLANEROS)
SANTANDER, COLOMBIA, S. A.

Mrs. Henry C. Dingley
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania
EE. UU.

79 Days More

#29

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., Mar 17 DE 1921 DE 19

Dear Mother:

Your long letter of Feb 11, with Dad's letter about seeing Clarke, came last week, and it was all interesting news, but don't rely on the dope Herbert told Dad, for he always has an idea behind any such remarks he makes, & perhaps in this place it is that he would like to have his payroll work sewed up for a year or so more in a young bird who will do the work 365 days in the year & who is honest, if nothing else, and thinks that by trying to soft soap the Judge he can indirectly bring influence to bear on me. I'm not trying to convey the idea that I'm indispensable, but that the Company did have & always will have a hard time finding anyone to stick on an irksome job

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

like the payroll, & perhaps thinks that I would enjoy paying people for another fifteen months.

On Sunday Stokes, Strane, & I got mules & rode out to the Tigra to look into this rumor of oil. It was a good one, all right, but they aren't paying any more attention to it than just putting their pipe on down through the mess of gas oil & water. It isn't enough to bother with, as the pressure only lifts it up to within 75 feet of the top, (the stuff is at a depth of 726 feet) but it is a good indication & things may happen before I leave. We had a fine ride and enjoyed the day completely. - & always enjoy seeing Gibson, anyway.

Wetzel was drunk as a fool Sunday & was puttering around trying to drill when he should have been resting. He is an old slob anyway & when he is full of rum he is an awful nuisance, insisting on telling his rather dull life history to everyone & blocking all exits at the same time. What "him & Neil Gillespie done & said" is his favorite topic. He is pretty well edged every evening & when I am out there saying off he always tries to corner me & repeat his worst line. After we left on Sunday he broke the pike by pulling it too hard & now they are held up for an indefinite time. But old Gil is a prince & is always dam nice to me. He leaves the 4th of April & everyone will miss him. He ought to be offered the superintendent's job in place of Wetzel, but John Gates Jr. can't seem to use his head. He is passing up a very good proposition

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

in Gibson, for the latter is a real driller & a person whom you can't help liking. He has drilled just about twice as much hole & put in as much casing as the other two together.

On the fifteenth at 5 P.M. > officially turned over all the cash & paraphernalia of the Cashier's job to Straine. But it will be quite a time before he is right with himself. He doesn't seem to know much & is awfully nervous besides, so I am still more or less involved in the whole office. I don't see why they didn't send a real cashier down here, — one who could take over the works with only the explanation of the special points wherein this Company

differs from any other company in handling its money. The general principles are identical in all companies, but Evans has to be told which side of the cash book is which. However he is a pretty good fellow & will probably be fine after he has been here a couple of months. Anything couldn't be any worse than Reid.

I have not spoken to Hargates of the vacation, but in the course of the next two days I'm going to talk over a couple of things with him & will enlighten you on the subject.

The tobacco & "papers" arrived in fine condition at the same time as the letter telling about your sending them, which is rapid work, considering that the papers always come through later than letters of the same date.

I'll try to be home for the

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

wedding on June 25th, but I can't say definitely yet, as I haven't decided about whether I'll go via Oklahoma or direct to New York. I'll let you know as soon as I hear from Charley again. I'm afraid I'm in no position to give up another. The vacation doesn't look very prohibitive, but the wages that can be earned are turned down. The Company seems to have abandoned that policy, even though it was the only square thing to do by a band of exiles in a hole like this. If you can imagine what it means to spend 365 days in Llaneros, with the jungle crowding you so close that the horizon is never more

than a hundred yards away, with the same food inside & inside out, & nothing to do at all, you can see what a blessing just two weeks in a cool place like Bpanga would be. And it would actually pay the company to let the Americans have that little change, too. It braced up all those who were lucky enough to get in on it wonderfully.

Today was "seventeenth of Ireland" according to Murphy, the new mechanic, who has been roaring drunk since yesterday evening & is still roaring drunk. He surely pulled a good one. One drunk among a bunch of hard working people on a working day is a funny show, & Murphy cracked some good ones, among which were two calls on the G.M. during which he patted, or rather whaled the old boy on the back & made

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

himself at home in general. He staggered into lunch singing "A thousand nicks was killed by Bricks, a St Potrick's day in the morning." and amused everyone all day. They will have to fire him or admit defeat on the liquor question, for his spree was brazen & of course he laid off all day. Its his ~~only~~ idea of the only possible way to celebrate such a great day, & he was really funny, saying some of the funniest things you ever heard.

Well there's no more news, & so I'll leash the quill & go to bed. I hope you are all well and happy. As Col. Harvey said "Only 79 days more." Love to all. Your loving son, Hughie

#30

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

PUERTO SANTOS (LLANEROS)

SANTANDER, COLOMBIA, S. A.

Mrs. Henry C. Quigley

Bellefonte

Pennsylvania

Los Estados Unidos de América

#30

¡ only 71 days more !

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

March 20. 1921

Dear Mother :-

Two mail bags arrived yesterday, the first with your letter of Feb. 21 and the second with that of Feb 28, the latter making record time — 20 days! Mr. Clarke arrived with the second bag yesterday afternoon. He surely is looking well, & is about twenty pounds heavier than when he left. With him came eight drillers & tool dressers to start the second well, - which is not nearly ready for them, - and to take Gibs place & relieve Wetzel, who is sup't & should not be drilling anyway. They are mostly young fellows from West Virginia & seem to be a pretty good bunch

#30

Clarke has some messages for me and some tobacco I asked him to bring down. But I haven't had a chance to collect either yet, although I talked to him at Mr. Gates' house last night for a while. Old Herbert is a pretty smooth guy & I can see how he gets by with Clarke does, - he has the size & talks with a frank, earnest manner which impresses one with his straightforwardness a characteristic which he hasn't.

I spoke to Mr. Gates this morning about those two little things I referred to before & the result was pretty fair on the whole. First I broached the vacation question with mediocre success. The old boy wasn't too enthusiastic & showed his peculiar tendency to confer with someone else before giving an answer. He thought it could be arranged however, during the next month, though he doesn't want a precedent started for sick

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

& well alike. Finally he intimated that possibly I could go to Bucaramanga for the purpose of bringing the money which comes from a bank there now instead of Bquilla. I'll probably get a week off anyway sometime, so I omit crab. I hope Kelly can go with me, though he hasn't spoken to Mr. Gates yet.

The other question was about the date of departure. R.N. Campbell came on the same river boat I did, only he got off at Bga Central & went to work looking over the possible drilling site on the Ujueta lease at Barranca Lebrija — which the Co eventually lost as I believe because they didn't start

drilling by Lef't first - while it took me an extra week to arrive here on account of the "Ure's" engine trouble. We granted the logic anyway, so I will start down the river with R.N. Campbell on May thirtieth, & probably go by way of Panama & New Orleans to Oklahoma, then to Pittsburgh to close up my term of employment & perhaps sign over - also probably not, - then home, sweet home! I guess we can postpone the family reunion long enough for the little detour. I hope you won't mind. Its a great life if you don't weaken.

The second lot of tobacco arrived also in fine shape, yesterday, and that is a very efficient way of avoiding the customs duties & larcenies, but I would advise you not to put your name

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

so boldly on the package & mark their "newspapers". That might cause trouble if the papers were ever opened. I needn't have asked Clarke to bring me any tobacco if he had known about your clever smuggling stunt but it won't do any harm. Clarke also brought ten big boxes of all kinds of tobacco & pipes to be sold to the Americans, so we are well heeled now. If your packages are much trouble, don't bother about them, though it really is awfully nice to open up the especially thick newspapers & find real tobacco so neatly & efficiently packed by you. The sentiments behind the tobacco are worth a lot to me.

Jack Montgomery's expulsion from Tome was a bad break on top of all of Mrs. Montgomery's troubles, but the "Bull's exposing the lim[illegible]" as Scotty puts it, isn't so bad to my way of thinking. Gordon is not so much "better" than Annie, anyway, in fact I think she has the edge in some respects, but I like them both very much & wish them happiness.

Charting Charley's last letter was surely a funny one & full of pretty good humor, such as: "Martha Shoemaker (he has some kind of an offspring. I think she has the "class baby." Will have to let it throw the first baseball in the 1940 game (referring to a Princeton custom)"; and "Elwick is still purveying the limestone & Fred Viscount Rockview the 'alumets'. The grande Duke Phillip d'Intrigue is Lord knows where. Gordon Mont-Jacky down

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

4

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

has espoused the Lion Hein. Jack is reported to be a rake (par excellence (but an awfully good kid) Paul scheffer the Boswell of Fred, Napoleon the treas. of the Armenian Babies as is also many. Reliene." He is a good old Chartler & I would like to pay him a visit.

Thats about all I know today except that I pay off here this afternoon & in the trocha tomorrow. lots of love & luck to all the family & best wishes. Easter is only one week off (three weeks past when you get this) and "decoration" day will find me decorating the deck of one of these Lebriga man-power cruisers.

Your loving son, Hugh.

Mrs. Henry C. Dingley
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania
E. E. U U.

#31

From
H.M. Quigley
c/o Colombia Syndicate
Apartado 195
Barranquilla, Colombia
S.A.

#31

March 28, 1921

Dear Mother:

Although I only have a few minutes to write before the mail, I want to get this check off in time so that you will be able to use it May first. I'll write a regular letter this evening, but it is 7 A.M. now & I have to get busy. It is awfully nice of you to attend to the insurance matter for me, but I will be able to take it over when I get back. It was pretty white of the insurance dept to make the change effective February first.

Weitzel & Murphy have been fried, a couple of natives were cut up in the Easter celebrations & Clarke has been talking to me about coming back, upon all of which I will elaborate in my next letter. Lots of love to all the family from your loving son,

Hugh.

32

DES
ABR
AGENCIA F
BARRAN

Judge Henry C. Quigley

Bellefonte

Pennsylvania

EE. UU.

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

32

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA. S. A., el 7 DE Abril DE 1921

Dear Dad:-

In my very short letter of the 28th or 29th of ~~February~~ March (#31) I believe I mentioned a few bits of news hurriedly, intending to elaborate on them later, but that evening I was busy getting ready to go to Bucaramanga and consequently didn't have time to write anything further at that time. Now, so many other things have come up and crowded the old news out of the picture that I doubt if I can remember those particular news items, but I will try to before going on to the B/manga dope.

In the first place the G/ M published a notice to the effect that anyone using alcoholic liquors would be considered as automatically handing in their resignation. It was aimed particularly at the Tigra drillers' camp where everyone had been hitting the booze pretty hard and regularly. Well, old man Wetzel figured that he, being a personal friend of Neil Gillespie's, as he always put it, could get by with anything and didn't have to bother with Mr. Gates and his orders, so he kept right on drinking, and even went so far as to call up Mr. Gates and tell him to take down the notice or it would be torn down. Murphy., the mechanic, happened to be in la Tigra at the time celebrating with the boys. Clark and Col Reber spurred Mr. Gates on to definite action by both threatening to leave themselves unless the G. M. treated the affair as a show-down and acted with some show of initiative. So Mr. Gates sent the Colonel out to accept the resignations of Messrs. Wetzel and Murphy, which that gentleman promptly did, resulting in the two offenders leaving for home in the course of the next day. McGee is now acting drilling sup't. That well is on the bum besides, the casing being broken d

down inside the hole and a set of fishing tools lost in the attempt to haul out the casing. Its a bad mess and may result in abandoning the well altogether and beginning another, but that would be a secret I suppose so don't mention it.

I cannot remember the other things I mentioned in that short letter but the same day I wrote it in a hurry to catch the mail bag, which was the 28th of March Mr. Gates decided to send me and Saltsman to Bucaramanga to bring down some money and also to satisfy us on the vacation question, whichc we both had braached to him. We were to leave here on the morning of the 29th and get back by noon of the 5th of April, in order to have the money here in time to pay off that afternoon. Its a three day trip each way, so you can see what we were up against and the G. M. had nerve enough to call it a v vacation. Besides, it rained all that Monday night, making the Puerto Santos trail almost impassible. Mr. Wright, who knows the trip to B/manga better than anyone else, said before we left that it would take us four days to get there and advise d us to go to P. S. by canoe , but we couldn't see it, because it takes a day to make P. S. by the river and we hoped to make the trail in less and push right on to El Tambor or Cachira, this side of Tambor.

Well, anyway, we finally got under wayat 7:30 on Tuesday after being held up by everyone who wanted something done at the last minute. It was still raining when we left and continue d for an hour or so, making the going slow. We had a couple of fairly good mules and all our baggage in a roll behind our saddles, which latter consisted solely of one suit and a few shirts and other necessary clothing. The rain had swollen all the streams and slews

into roaring floods and it took us over seven hours to reach Puerto Santos. The Tigra river at La Cruz was eight feetbdeep so we drove the mules in and crossédon a raft with our saddles and baggage after wasting a precious hour trying to get the mules acrbss. The trail beyond that was all water and mud with five streams over fouf feet deep and lots of lesser quebradas besides. One in particular was awful. Salty's mule wouldn't enter water untill after mine so I was always the goat. At this particular stream my mule refused to take the plunge, so I dismounted and tried to lead him acrosss. The only dry thing on me after that one was my hat, and Salty, beingg shorter, didn't even have a dry hat. But finally, after the worst trip you can imagine, we got to P. S. which is on the other side of the Lebrija at three oclock. We were lucky enough to find a boga canoe to take us over the Lebrija and tow the mules acrosss, and we were surely tired and hungry. After eating a bite and feeding the mules we started for Cachira at four o'clock, not knowing anything about the journey except that Cachira is the first place to stop after you leave P. S. We found good trail for a few miles, but in two hours it was dark and we had to go slow. Of all the nightmares I ever went through, that had them all beaten. For seven hours we toiled over mountains and on and on without a bite to eat and not knowing where we would end. We encountered little huts along the way and whwereever there was anyone awake we got the same answer,- three leagues toCachira. It surely was discouraging and the night was dark besides, the stars being obscured by clouds, but we couldn't lose the trail, because it is the only one to B/magga and travele d

by thousands of pack mules every day. We finally arrived at a fairly decent looking ranch and woke up a farm hand. He pointed out the main house where we woke up the store keeper, the owner being away, and found a nice corner in an empty room on which to lay our weary bones. It was eleven o'clock and this dump was really the Cachira, so we were happy. The floor was soft compared to a saddle so we gotba fair night's rest. The next morning we bowed out and headed for B/manga, but when we reached El Tambor our mules were so tired we had to hire fresh ones and a boy to bring along ours and return the hired ones the next day.

I see that this will take several days if I continue to write of the trip in detail, so I will cut it short and tell the rest in other letters of in person when I get home. We got To B/manga at ten o'cloch the second night after leaving Llaneros which is remarkable, considering the conditions. We spent four nights and three days in that city and I believe they were worth the trip, but I would never take it over again except with enough time to make it comfortably. The people are fine, well educated, very aristocratic, and they certainly did a lot for us. It is so much cleaner and so much better in every way than B/quilla that there is no comparison. We left on Sunday morning and made El Tambor for supper and a fine night's rest. The second day we travelled so fast that we made P. S. early, and there being no canoes there to bring us down here the next morning, we hit the trail again and finally landed here at 8:30 that night, a half day early and tired to death, but glad to see Llaneros again, and with the safe.

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

I'll try to give you some more details later, but I've been out on the trail all day paying so I am pretty tired and need some rest tonight.

Lots of love to all the family. I'll try to think of those other bits of news and tell them to you.

Your loving son,

Hugh

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COLOMBIA SYNDICATE
PUERTO SANTOS (LLANEROS)
SANTANDER, COLOMBIA, S. A.

Mrs. Henry C. Quigley
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania
E. E. U. U.

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COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., el 14 DE Abril DE 1921

Dear Mother:

Well, I suppose all the followers of Isaac Walton are shining up the tackle this evening for a whirl with the speckled beauties tomorrow, and that Doc. Kilpatrick will haul a few large ones into the Bush house cellar. I wish them all luck.

Since my last letter I have had another trip, but this was a small & miserable one. I went to Puerto Santas to bring down some ~~money~~ which Ambrosio Peña was supposed to carry from Bucaramanga. Morales, who is now chief of the commissary dep't in place of Mr. Barr, had to go to Bucaramanga on business & we went as far as Puerto Santas together on Monday afternoon.

The trail was impassible, so they sent us in the canoe rigged up with a Gray motor which is, by the way some motor! We left here at exactly noon in the rain and arrived at P.S. at 6.45 after a continuous rain all afternoon. That is the first time in Colombia that I have been cold. I wore a wool shirt & raincoat but was soaking wet all afternoon & evening. The river was rising all the time and the current was awfully strong, but we made the port just at dark. There I found out that Peña had been forced to stay over that night at Cachira & wouldn't arrive till Tuesday noon. We put up our cots & nets in José del Carmen Ruiz's house - or office - and passed a tolerably peaceful night. José del Carmen is the Coi agent in Puerto S and what these people call a Cayman or alligator, always grabbing the last cut. Ambrosio Peña is a member of the firm of Alfredo & Ambrosio Peña of

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., _____ DE _____ DE 19

Bucaramanga, who are our agents in Bimanga & both of them fine fellows of the ultra-aristocratic class. They were both awfully nice to Sally & me on our 3 day sojourn in their city, in fact they did so much for us that it made us feel uncomfortable. Alfredo is about 30 years old & Ambrosio about 27 I guess, & they surely are princes. They belong to the Puyana family, than which there is no better in this section of the country. Their business is exporting & importing & local commission work.

Well, anyway, I had to spend the whole morning in that miserable village of P.S., as Morales left early by mule for El Tambor, but I was kept busy stalling off a lot of ex-employees of the C.S. who wanted

me to finance their return to Flaneros, which I refused to do in all cases, as the company has bastante trabajadores at present & wants no more.

Peña arrived at 1.00 P.M. with a friend also bound for Riohacha via Puerto Wilches, where they were going on business. I persuaded them to come down by way of Flaneros in the launch, which they were glad to do on account of the bad condition of the Wilches trail. We left P.S. at 2.00 & arrived here at 4.30 & these birds surely did register admiration for the progress made here - the immense amount of material on hand, the houses, water & lights, etc.

The power canoe left the next morning with two other small canoes lashed to the sides and a load of distinguished passengers. The Colonel left for the States, Pinedo left for a vacation in Riohacha, Peña & his friend for Riohacha, Whelan &

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

Fogarty for Bodega Central to get some special fishing tools for the work at the ill fated Well, and several other native passengers & the crew of two. The launch will return in a couple of days with Dr. Lerpa, who accompanied Murray & Barr & Gibson to Barrancabermeja. Murray was very sick & Barr just plain nutty. — worse than Reid — which Gib had served out this year.

The water well here in Llaneros is well under way with Gos drilling & Hawkins dressing tools. They have a little Parkersburg rig & expect to go down five hundred or more feet in hopes of finding decent water. They already struck some at 50 feet but it is no good

they work from 6 P.M. to 2 A.M. in order to use the sawmill boiler while the mill is not working. I have been fooling around helping them several nights & it is a lot of fun. These two fellows are from West Virginia & came down with Clarke.

Clarke talked to me a couple of hours several weeks ago about coming back with the geologists for another contract but we didn't talk very definitely. A week later Mr. Gates talked it over with me & I told him I wouldn't decide until after I reached the states. He is going home himself in May & I'll probably see him in Pittsburgh before he returns. There are lots of arguments pro & con & I don't know my own mind yet, but "it will all adjust itself in time" as Mr. Gates says, when he doesn't know whether to

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

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LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

say yes or no.

We haven't received any mail for two weeks, but Serpa is bound to have some when he arrives in a couple of days. The last letter I received from you was that of Mar. 7th & Mar. 27th, in which you enclosed the the insurance letter. The arrangement of the insurance is fine in every way. & I hope the check I sent in my last letter was O.K.

In forty-six more days I will be leaving this exile, so you hadn't better write or send any more papers or tobacco after May first, though Mayseventh might reach me by the 30th. I guess

May first is the best date to call off the correspondence, though I can keep on writing until I leave. Dr. Nuñez & R.N. Campbell are leaving May 30th also & we will all probably catch the June 5th boat (the Sinaia, by coincidence), though Campbell is going direct to New York & the Dr. & I are going by way of New Orleans. So I'll have company that far, anyway. He is going to stay awhile in N.O., but I will grab the first good Santa Fé train I can for Ponca City, unless I hear before leaving that the Chartier will be in the east at that time, in which case it will be the Lee line for N.Y. for me.

In the last mail three more packages of tobacco arrived & the Theatre magazine. It is splendid of you to send

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

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LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

me all that stuff, & We all enjoy it to the fullest extent.

It's about time I get out of here, as I haven't very many rags left to wear, nor shoes. Everything is worn out, but I still have me rather shabby civilized suit & shirts enough to take me home, I believe, and I'll be so glad to be on the way that I won't worry much about clothes. I ought to reach home by the first of July, for if I take the June fifth boat, I'll be in N.O. by the 15th, & your little Hughie won't drag his feet much after he really gets on the way. Lots of love to all the family. I hope you are all happy & well. Your loving son, Hugh

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE
PUERTO SANTOS (LLANEROS)
SANTANDER, COLOMBIA, S. A.

Miss Henrietta C. Dingley
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania
EE. UU.

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., April DE 15 DE 1921

Dear Heinie:

It has been an eon since I wrote to you last, but I hope you will forgive the negligence on my part, for after one has been fed up on a place for a long time he no longer feels much like writing letters, for the principal reason that nothing seems interesting enough to put in a letter. That Bucaramanga trip of Sally's ruins is one exception, however, but it has the disadvantage of being so long & interesting that I could dedicate a week to writing on it & scarcely cover the subject. Bucaramanga is a city absolutely unique & apart from

the world, and even seems not to belong to Colombia, - its people, customs & general civilization are on so much higher plane both literally & figuratively, than those of the lowlands, B'quilla, Santa Marta, etc., to say nothing of such unutterably miserable, wretched holes as Puerto Santos, El Choco, Bodega Central, & the rest of that breed of river towns.

There isn't a real hotel in B'manga, because there very rarely are visitors there but we stayed in a private boarding house of a lesser govt official named José del Carmen Dias, a very nice man with the finest family of little girls you ever saw. Mrs. Diaz doesn't cut much ice, but she surely can provide for guests as far as food is

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

concerned, though she doesn't cook it herself. The children are the main attraction of the family, however, and they range from the oldest who is about 14 years of age down to the only boy, Pedro José, about six. No. There is a still younger girl,- and I forget her name — but she is a cute one, about five. They all are very polite & well brought up, and it takes about two days to really make their acquaintance. After the ice is once broken, however, they are surely loveable youngsters. The two most attracting ones — all of them are pretty — are Elvia and Lusana, & they are little beauties about twelve & thirteen years old. Kathy & I dedicated a couple of hours on two different evenings to talking

to the children & it was time well spent, for they are interesting & amusing & so polite & deferential to each other. The little boy & the youngest girl were too impressed & embarrassed to ever talk but they sat in chairs & listened & whenever either Sally or I addressed a remark to either of them they ran out of the room to hide & peek in the door until they recovered their "poise".

I just heard from Ambrosio Peña that their father died on Monday night very suddenly - which certainly is a sad blow to those poor little children. I'd like to take one of them home with me, if it were possible. Mrs. Diaz is of German extraction & a very good home wife so I suppose she will manage to care for the kids, but losing their father surely is a misfortune for them.

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

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LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

No mail has arrived yet but it is imminent, as all the Patrón say that the next canoe coming up has it. Dr. Lepa, who arrives about Sunday, is sure to produce a sack or two, so I will be again in communication with the U.S. I feel as though I were in another world when the mail is so long in coming, and letters from home surely do keep up a contact - as it were.

Well, good-night, dear sister, and good luck in your school work. In a little over two months I'll be there, thank God!

Your loving brother

Hugh.

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COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

PUERTO SANTOS (LLANEROS)

SANTANDER, COLOMBIA, S. A.

Judge Henry C. Dagley
Bellefonte
Penn.
EE. UU.

#34

#34 142 days more!

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., April 17 DE DE 1921

Dear Dad:

We finally got some mail today when the launch returned from Badega Central after taking the Colonel down last week. And to make the day even more of a red letter one, two more sacks of mail arrived on a freight canoe which had started up river days before the launch. In all I collected eleven letters, including yours, two from Mother, one from Henrietta, Harriet, Bud, Betty, Cat Lang & several others, all of which were very interesting & sort of renewed the home-ties after such a long wait for mail.

I am glad you enjoyed your sitting in Phila; but I hope you got a good rest afterwards with lots of fishing & a general loaf.

You have been working awfully hard this last winter in particular and you need a rest, if ever anyone did. I have been putting in some honest effort myself and don't worry about my letting up towards the end, for I intend to have as good an impression as possible with the heads of this outfit. Although I don't definitely intend to return here for another exile, still I value most highly the good opinion of Mr. Gates + Clarke, on account of the corresponding opinion it will create among the C.S. dukes in Pittsburgh, especially Mr. Nesbit.

Mr. Gates et ux are leaving for Pittsburgh Wednesday, to spend their vacation, and probably won't start back until I am in Pittsburgh myself and I hope to see them there. Clarke will be in charge, I suppose, and under the Colonel's influence he has improved a lot in some ways. He seems to have developed a

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

new force which he lacked before; & I am glad of it for a little of the Colonel's tactics would help any outfit, though the Col. himself was too much of a fire-eater & old type army man to work smoothly with anyone.

It was fine of you to get the Savage rifle, and I don't believe there is a better small caliber, high-power rifle made. I surely hope we can do some hunting together with it. The hunting in these parts will be very profitable, except for turkeys & pajules, because you have to be a native to wander around through the jungle & be bitten by countless mosquitos, ants, etc.

It doesn't pay to be bitten by even one mosquito here, and besides a foreigner can't sit still in the jungle on account of the insects, like a native is used to doing. Poor birds! They don't even know that there are places where the air isn't rank & where they wouldn't be chewed up by bugs nor be infected by sores, etc.

About the only way this climate has affected me as yet is in weight. Here I weigh between 165 and 175 and in the States before I left I tipped her at just 190. At second thought, I don't remember weighing less than 169 here, but that is slim enough. Exercise has kept my weight down & me healthy, I believe. About four times a week I either kick football or bat out flies and then lots of riding & poling canoes will keep anyone in shape

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

3

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

I must stop now & make up some of the sleep I lost last night. I have been fooling around this water well lately and last night I went "on tour" for fair. Joe, the driller was sick & Hawkins, the tool dresser, had his hands full running the engine & drilling, bailing, etc by himself with only his native helpers to get in his way, so I volunteered to lend a hand, & worked from seven till 2 A.M. — real hard work, too — working the brake & the other "toolie's" jobs. It was lots of fun & that two A.M. lunch surely tasted good. Well, good night, don't overwork & good luck. Lots of love to the family in general & yourself in particular. Your son, Hugh.

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COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

PUERTO SANTOS (LLANEROS)

SANTANDER, COLOMBIA, S. A.

Mrs. Henry C. Quigley

Bellefonte

Penn.

Los Estados Unidos de América

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#35

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., Apr 17 DE 1921

Dear Mother:-

Your letters of Mar. 14 & 21 both arrived today in the three separate mails which finally put in their appearance this afternoon. Also the 6th package of tobacco in papers. I was, as usual awfully glad to hear from you & Dad & Henriette & all the rest of the amigos who favored me with epistles at the same time. I ranked next to Stokes with his 17 letters today. Eleven was my quota. Stokes is a great bird. About once with 10 cuts my hair & I his. Sort of a reciprocity & it stimulates good work on the part of each to know that the other will have his innings & revenge. The last two times I have done a better job than he, so the next time I'll have

#32

to put cat-steps in his. When I get home I believe I'll join the Musical Union & make big money fast!

I don't remember if I ever mentioning the Wammuck idea before, but since both your letter & Bernie's bring the glad news, I'll right here & now cast a strong affirmative vote. It sounds fine to me, and while I won't be in need of a rest when I get home — as I hope to arrive in good shape — I know that you & Dad both have worked yourselves too hard lately and such a vacation might to be just the thing to put you back on your feet. It will seem strange to go back to a place like that after nine years, but it might to be wonderful, though I still connect a lot of my

pleasure there with sail boats—
small toy I mean — though the
catboats & bathing will still be
there. It all sounds excellent
to me & I hope it materializes,
especially for your sake. You
—ught to be able to really rest
there.

I have already written for
reservations on the June 5th fruit
boat & expect to make New Orleans
& then Oklahoma, so I dardly
think I'll be on hand for
Katherine's wedding, though I
would like to be. I might, at that,
if we really make the boat of
the fifth, but that connection is
entirely problematical, depending
on the amount of water in the
Pasig & Magdalena.

Harriet & I are still progressing
but I am losing interest fast.
She is so awfully old-fashioned,
trite, & quaint, though I'll admit
very attractive withal, that I
don't think we could ever become
interested in the same things.

and I wouldn't think of becoming seriously entangled with anyone who has even faint leanings towards the faith papal. But she is so awfully nice & attractive, notwithstanding — or perhaps, partly on account of — her quaintness & "old fashionedness" that I can't seem to lose interest. That's a great situation, isn't it?

I'll explain the astronomical principles connected with the sun's position from various points, in the earth & at the various seasons sometime when I can have time to do the subject justice. But here it would be too long. Suffice it to say that the sun's northward & southward movement have no visible effect on the heat or rainy seasons here. The heat is perpetual & the rain absolutely uncertain, except that when it comes it comes in bunches.

It is harder to study Spanish here than in the states

but I know something of the language & could pass an exam in a month if necessary. I will probably arrange to pass off that course in September, as that is the logical time to do it.

It's bed-time now, and I am sleepy after working on the night tour at the water well last night as I told Dad in the letter I wrote him a few minutes ago. I intended to turn in after his letter, but managed to keep awake long enough to scribble this one, but now the lights are about to go out, so hasta otra vez and lots of love to all.

Your loving son,

Hugh.

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

ONLY 37 MORE DAYS

36

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., April 22 DE 1921 DE 19

Dear Dad:-

I have been laboring for days,- that is to say, during several evenings,- trying todope out my income tax return, but I think that the best plan is to send the blank return to you with a list of my incomes for the year 1920 and let you fill it out and hand it to Colonel Taylor or whoever is the Internal Revenue Collector in Bellefonte now. Mother can sign a check for me for the proper amount. I have an idea what the amount ought to be, but I don't remember the exact figures for the coal money etc., so if you and she will make put the return and file it I will be ever so much obliged to you.

I enclose one of the forms, on which I have noted all the income I can think of, including my salary, coal royalties, and three dividends of $1.75 each from the Norfolk and western R. R. Also is enclosed a note from the main office of the company, stating the amount of my salary for the past year. I had figures for the coal royalty only for six months, so I guessed at $15.00 per month for the other six months. I hope that with this information you can make out the return and that it won't be too m much trouble. If Mother knows of any other income I received last year, it should be included also, I suppose, as I don't want to be fined $1000 for leaving anything out.

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A.,----------DE----------DE 19

We just heard that Bucaramanga had received cable news from the states about the ratifying of the treaty providing for the payment of the much talked of $25,000,000 to this country, and I think that the treaty will do a lot to smooth over the existing bad feeling toward the U. S. and Americans in general in this country. It ought to make everything easier for this company and for other oil companies as well.

The second well is being spudded in now and they are finding oil in every bailer-full of mud and water they bring up, though they are only down eighty feet now. It is on account of the large seepage at the foot of the hill on top of which the rig is located, but it is a fine sign. Things should be in fine shape if Saltsman can get hold of the necessary fishing tools in Bodega Central with which to clean out the first well and get it under way again.

Both Mr. Gates and Clarke have spoken to Stokes telling him they hope I will come back another year, and Mr. Gates, just before he left the other day, called me in and told me the Company had appreciated my services very much and hoped I would sign over. He told me that the second contract would be for 18 months, three of which are spent in the states with pay, and 15 here, traveling expenses being paid of course going and coming. I was very gratified to hear that I had gotten away with the job, but I gave no definite answer, and don't expect to until after I have been home.

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A.,---------- DE ---------- DE 19

Time surely is flying now and in a very short time I will be on the way home. That is sort of painless to think about. I don't think I could make nearly as much money in the states as I will be able to make here another year, but to balance that advantage there are many disadvantages, though this place is becoming steadily a much better place to live in. However it never could be any more than a place in which one could live and work - nothing more- and I doubt if it would be good for one to get used to living such an uneventful and carefree existance. We will decide that later anyway.

Lots of love to all the family and yourself, and I hope you are all well and happy.

Your loving son,

Hugh

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

****

ONLY 30 DAYS MORE

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LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., el 30 DE Abril DE 19 21

Dear Hen:-

This is just a little note to tell you that I received your letter of March 19th on the 17th of April and that I am still here and counting the days till the bogas shove off for that eventful - for me - trip to Bodega Central. But more than likely I will go down that far in the company's motorized canoe which is making regular trips to and from Bodega, leaving here every Wednesday and arriving here on the return Sunday, usually with mail and important small items of freight. Quite often one of the Americans connected with the Warehouse ; such as Saltaman or Whelan, has to go down the river to look up something, and in the end there will beregular trips both to Puerto Santos and Bodega each week as another motor canoe is at present being fitted out and will be ready in a short time.

I feel sure that, even if you have a little hesitancy now about going back to Vassar, in the fall you will be glad to go back and have another year in that beautiful place. I don't see how you could help but enjoy it after you really arrive and take up the old work amid the familiar surroundings. I would like to be going back to school myself this fall, but all I have to look forward to in that line is the preparation and attempted

passage of a Spanish examination. I can speak the language well enough to get by but I will have to put some study on the grammar part of it.

I am looking forward with muchissimo gusto to the vacation at Nantucket, and we all ought to have a good time there bumming around, swimming, sailing, and in general enjoying the atmosphere of the sea and salt. You all especially ought to enjoy the change and rest, and I will too, only Bellefonte in itself would be all the rest and change I need, though I certainly will enjoy the whole affair, from the Fall River boat to the old SS Marthas Vineyard which will probably convey us from New Bedford to Nantucket. Remember the size of the blackberries out among the heather and bayberries back of the tennis court at Wauwinet? We will have to pick a few of those, ¿No es cierto?

Business has been awfully slack during the last few days in my department, but beginning Monday I'll be " as busy as a bee" on the pay and the monthly summaries and distributions etc. That quotation reminds me that about the first person I want to see in Bellefonte is the author of it, for eating rice with gravel in it has knocked out several of my old fillings.

Sin mas por hoy, soy S. S. Q. B. S. P. and lots of love to all the family besides, from your loving brother,

Hugh

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

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LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

May 2, 1921

Dear Mother:-

The mail boat arrived yesterday, as per schedule, but brought only two sacks of newspapers, among which I discovered one only from you,- the one containing the take-off on a Hearst paper by the Williams Record,- and the welcome tobacco. Next week we ought to get a double dose of letters. Your last letter, of April ~~first~~ fourth, which got here on the 24th., was very interesting, especially the discussion of the Superior court question by Mr. Meek. Such a stand taken by a one time opponent of Dad's should be very encouraging and gratifying to him, and it ia a very pretty piece of work on Mr. Meek's part. I am also glad to hear that Dad had such a pleasant and profitable time during his four weeks in Philadelphia.

All that you write is so interesting that I can hardly wait to get home and see you all and everything again. Just to imagine what real milk tastes like is a sensation in itself, and to think of such things as shredded wheat is too much, after not tasting milk, except canned stuff and occasionally some thin boiled fresh milk from these emaciated Colombian cows, for so long. We have plenty of cooked cereal and Puffed wheat and corn flakes but one gets exceedingly tired of fishing a half dozen roaches and a score of red ants

out of each dish before eating them, though it has been a long time since I have balked at eating anything just because of live-stock parading around in it. Clean food is one of civilization8s greatest blessings, or seems so after eating this dirty stuff. I'll have to be mighty careful that I don't import a troupe of rearing tearing wild South-American ticks or roaches in my trunk when arrive.

Yesterday, just out of curiosity, I asked Mr. Leir, the Auditor, what salary had been credited to me since January first, and he looked on his distribution list which he receives each month from Pittsburgh, and found that only $125.00 had been paid me in Jan. and Feb. and that in March nothing at all had come through on th list. This latter ommission, he believed was perhaps due to the distribution of my salary in the Pittsburgh office without referring it to Llaneros, but the fact that Mr. Gates' promised raise hadn't gone into effect surely did get my goat. It is inconcievable that he should have deliberately neglected to put it in, though such a thing is possible, yet I don't see how, after the nice way he acted when I asked for the raise and the way he talked when asking me to return here and the way Clarke talked on the same subject, but nevertheless I am somewhat up in the air over it, especially since I won't know until I arrive

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

in Pittsburgh how the affair stands. I wrote to Mr. Bragdon yesterday asking him to speak to Mr. Gates and adjust it, but I'll be more or less in suspense until I hear definitely, in two months. You know Mr. Gates promised Chalky Williamson a raise and he never got it. If he pulls anything like that on me I surely will be tempted to do something rash and get myself in wrong all around. But don't say anything about it that might get to Pittsburgh for I want to straighten it out myself. An oversight of that kind kind, if such be the case, never made a hero out of a General Manager in the eyes of his employees. If Mr. Gates weren't such a hedging sort of a person and one who is so well known for beating aroundthe bush and stalling off and evading the issue, my mind might be more at rest than it is. However, as he would say himself, "that will all adjust itself in time".

A month from today I'll be in Bodega Central waiting for an express boat for Barranquilla, in company with R. N. Campbell and Dr. Nuñez. There isn't much of any news to relate, so I will desist and wait for something to write about. Love and best wishes for health and happiness to all the family, from

your loving son,

Hugh

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COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

only 23 more

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A.,. ..... DE ..... DE 19

May 8, 1921

Dear Mother:

Your letter of April eleventh and the papers & tobacco, in which you enclosed the picture of Dad on the Boardwalk, arrived at ten o'clock last night just as the lights were going out, so I had to stay up an extra hour & read by lantern light. Also letters from Jim, Scotty, Harriet, Dorothy, Ben Wooster, and Mr. Bragdon, some of which had news of such a momentous character that I had to stay up till after eleven & then could hardly get to sleep.

Bragdon's letter explained the apparent discrepancy in my pay in the same way your letter did, so

it lifted a weight off my mind, & made it necessary for me to write him another letter telling him that if was O.K. My previous letter to him only left four days before his explanation arrived. So that is settled & I have nothing to worry about along that line.

Ben Wooster let me know that he had made reservations for R.N. Campbell & me for the June 5th boat to New York & that the next regular sailing for New Orleans will be June 12th. He said that if the arrangements weren't satisfactory I could easily change the reservation when I arrived.

Stokes got a letter from Allinder in New York enclosing print boat schedules, so I find that the Tivives arrives in Puerto Colombia on June fifth, sails 7th, Santa Maita 8th & Ninth, Kingston 11th & New York June 16th.

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LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
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COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

Tentatively I have decided to take ~~that boat~~, but I may change my mind. I had already told Scotty that I was all set & anxious to go home via ~~his stamping ground~~, but his letter last night said, that since he would have an eastern vacation in July, probably, & that since the R.R. fare is 61.00 from Ponca to Bellefonte & probably about the same from New Orleans or Galveston to Ponca, and that since besides, the water rate is practically the same between P.C. & N.Y. as between P.C. & N.O. It would perhaps be too extravagant to make the detour, since we will meet soon anyway soon after.

I will hate to miss seeing Panama and going through the Mississippi country, but I might miss seeing the canal anyway, as the fruit boats only stop there for a few hours, and other boats are too irregular to count on. Taking the Finnies means getting home on June 16th, whereas any other way means getting home not earlier than the first week in July and an added expense of between one and two hundred dollars. I can't see the latter lay out. Its too uncertain + expensive, + the dear old C.S. doesn't pay expenses for roundabout excursions. They pay expenses to the port from which you sailed or the equivalent, which equivalent would only get

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LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

me to New Orleans, so, being of a frugal frame of mind at present and weighing the whole Panama Canal against a couple of hundred dollars & three weeks more away from my family, I think that the old Times will claim me for her own on June seventh & that I will leave into Belleforte & the ancestral home about June 17th, though the exact date of my arrival isn't very fixed in my own mind as yet. We will let it go at that anyway, and I shall write you when I land in the U.S., of course writing some more letters to you in the meantime.

Jim Harris letter was the first I ever got from him & it was a hot one. He told me about Mary's wedding & the presidential election and lots of news I had heard months ago; also about the expected arrival, which is probably a reality by now. He is having a hard time getting started, & with a family it must be pretty tough sledding, but I hope things turn out better for him shortly, for Jim is a prince & deserves more than he is getting.

Poor Dorothy is another one whom I pity, living nine months each year in Bradford & visiting the rest of the time.

April 11th papers quote Midvale at 25 3/4, but I hope it takes a jump sometime, as it used to be around 100.

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LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

Mr. Clarke has been pestering me more about coming back here, but I won't ever answer that question definitely until after I have had a look around and been in Bellefonte. If they really want me enough to pay me about twice what I could get in the states & more than I am worth, why perhaps I would return; but in reality the wages for Americans have to be about double with added stock inducements in order to get any white man to stay. When I think, however that a tropical tramp German blacksmith & a worthless Colombian "mechanic"

both hired here & not under contract, have been drawing more than I have, & that another Rum. & gold-brick artist has been given a contract & stack & big pay with the position of chief of transportation, when all he knows of tractors & motors is how to appear to be working & how to shift the blame for his ignorance onto someone else; and then Pinedo, the hand-shaking pet of the G.M. & C.E.; when I think of all these, I am not resolved to grab every cent in sight before coming here again.

That's sort of a mean, mercenary way to talk, but it is the truth, nevertheless, and one has to take care of one's self, for no one else is going out of his way to line your bed with feathers. I'll learn, some day. I really should not talk about Mr. Gates

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

and Mr. Clarke the way I do, because I seem to have a little drag with both of them, perhaps because I always steered clear of them, but I often say things about you & the family which I hope I would have never thought of time to conceal from anyone else.

I hope Aunt Mary Wood Scheetz could make the visit you spoke of & that you both enjoyed it very much. Some day or, mejor dicho, "some year" I'll remember your wedding anniversary, but Llanos is no place to remember anything.

If my being so far away

has anything to do with your nervous system. I'll never leave again but will get a job racking the balls at Carpenter's pool room & live at home. No fooling. Mother dear, if it has worried you a lot, I will be only too glad to stick around in the near vicinity if I can get a job, but it seems as though all the remunerative jobs are a long way from home. If drillers & tool dressers weren't always looked upon as being in the No. 4 jumper & No. 3 hat class, I would like to be a "toolie" & eventually a driller, for the former draws down not less than $200.00 & the latter $300.00, while in India & other foreign jobs Jay American drillers more than that, especially

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LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

the English companies, & a drilling outfit is no mean job at all.

Enough of this long line of jabber for today. This letter will leave Llaneros on Wednesday, the 11th of May, & I will probably be on the way home when you read it! These pictures were taken by Stokes with my camera about six weeks ago. Developed & printed in ~~Bquilla~~ Bucaramanga. Note the size of the log & its shape in the one & Well #2 (the first well) in the other. Those are eagle feathers in my hat. Loads of love to all the family.

Your loving son,
Hugh.

P.S.

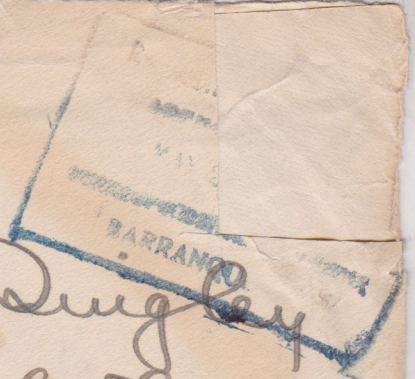
P. S.

Colombia is now deciding whether it will accept the $25,000,000 without an apology from the U.S. Can you feature that? These poor fools are so poor that that amount has robbed them of their reason. Also, passports are no longer necessary, but I will save mine for a trophy.

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

LLANEROS, RIO LEBRIJA
DEPARTAMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A.

(39)



Mrs. Henry C. Quigley
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania
E. E. U U.

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LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

May 16, 1921

Dear Mother :—

Your letters of April 18th & 25th both arrived yesterday, and also the book which I believe you sent months & months ago.— "El Inferno." It seems like a very interesting story, though I have just begun it. The clippings anent the Colombian treaty were full of good dope also. All five sacks of mail arrived, but most of them were papers. I didn't break any records, only getting four letters in all. Mrs. Clarke also returned to this desert spot looking so very well, though I can't imagine bringing a woman to this place.

Big things seem to be happening in the oil world. Guffey-Gillespie has probably sold out to the Tidewater by now. I wonder how much longer this company can exist alone. The first well, all but admitted to be a failure

now, cost around $200000.00 for nothing but a bunch of lost tools. They even lost the tools borrowed from the Granada company, and the second well isn't too promising. Mcgee doesn't know enough to be drilling superintendent & the drillers on the job aren't world-beaters anyway. Gibson was the only real driller here & they treated him like a bum.

I am still tentatively planning to hit the direct trail to New York with Campbell, & I hate for you to be disappointed if I miss the canal. I can't see it, personally, for if I go via Panama I won't be home till July 3rd. I know, a few weeks don't cut much ice in the course of a lifetime, but I simply can't seem to persuade myself that the Panama Canal is worth two weeks and a lot of irregularity concerning boats, etc.

I haven't told you how to write in order to catch me in Bquilla

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

because it never entered my mind, and besides I'll go through that sandy hole leaving a big cloud of dust. I'll go so fast I'll miss my siesta as it were, and the Barranquilla post office won't get much of my time. I'll ask there, anyway, to see if any mail might perhaps be on its way.

The seventeenth will give me plenty of time to get settled before the Wammiest excursion, so don't postpone anything on my account. It sounds fine to me, — everything! Kathy & I have been planning a little jaunt to take place about October first. We will leave here August 12th with Stokes. We are thinking of buying a pair

second hand Dodge or Buick for about four or five hundred and setting out for the golden west with about two hundred bucks apiece besides. First stop of importance - Cleveland and then Toledo, Detroit Chicago, Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake City, Sacramento and Frisco, with any other stops we fell inclined to make, but stopping nowhere more than two days + hoping to make the trip in 20 running days with ten days for stops, and finally ending up by selling the car for 2 or 3 hundred in Los Angeles and going to work in the Taft oil fields as "rough-necks" at the mean wage of $8.00 per day. after some months, say six, of that we will either buy another car or come east by a more southern route by rail, working our way or not as we choose.

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

Of course that may never materialize but you never can tell.

There is no news of importance except that this Saturday I pay off the vassals of the Colombia Syndicate for the last time, and then begin to stand on one foot & then the other waiting for the final day. Don't expect me to cart home a bunch of souvenirs, for everything worth while in Colombia is imported & that only in inferior grades. The only thing I ever saw that I wanted to get for you was a black silk mantilla in Bucaramanga but it cost $35.00, so I was scared out. I have had lots of

requests for monkeys & parrots, but the former are too filthy & the latter can be more easily procured in the bird stores at home than here. And besides I hate to appear like an immigrant with cages & boxes,— all look enough like a tramp when I arrive anyway. Even panama hats aren't too good here, but I expect to cart a few with me if possible, but I have yet to see more than one that would fit me or Dad, & that one I have worn since last April 17th. They are all made for pin-heads.

The only excitement lately was when a tiger ran wild in the corral & caused a stampede of mules burros & oxen the other night. No harm done, except that one poor little burro had his face clawed up.

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LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

When I arrived at Camp 5 on my last pay trip the natives were roasting a big red monkey for dinner while its little baby was being broken in as a pet. And yesterday a native killed a doe at the edge of the clearing & we ate that for lunch today. Fine meat but I didn't like the idea, as the poor thing was just about to give birth to twins. A fine race of people!! I never saw people exercise more cruelty in handling domestic animals, either. They are awful, & I hate to see them given a nickel, let alone 25 millions.

A month from tonight I will have bought a berth on the Iron City Express, & will be enjoying

Fred Stone & the six Brown Brothers in "Tip Top" I hope, & the morning after that, sweet essence of unconfined joy. Well, good night. Lots of love to everyone.

Your loving daughter

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COLOMBIA SYNDICATE
PUERTO SANTOS (LLANEROS)
SANTANDER, COLOMBIA, S. A.

Judge Henry C. Quigley

Bellefonte

Pennsylvania

EE. UU.

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

40 ONLY 8 MORE

D A Y

S LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER

COLOMBIA, S. A., el 23 DE Mayo DE 1921

Dear Dad:-

My last pay day has past and all I have to look forward to now is the sailing of the canoe eight days from today. No mail has as yet arrived, though it should have come yesterday, and I do not expect much in that line anyway. Last Wednesday Mr. and Mrs, Williams left after spending about fourteen months in and about Llaneros. Also Goe, who had been drilling the water well and was transferred to La Tigra when the water well was abandoned. He was fired by McGee, who is as hard a person to get along with as I eve r saw. Goe was homesick anyway and had been working with that in view for several weeks.

The first well is a complete failure now, and the second isn't progressing too well, but the third is nearly ready to drill, and the fourth will be ready in a month or so. I am sorry that I couldn't have seen one of those wells come in, but as it is, they will probably produce something before next Christmas, if their money holds out that long. The second well isn't so badly off, but they can't seem to make the progress on it that Gibson was making on the first one before he left.

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

Dr. Nuñez is leaving the day after tomorrow and Campbell and I follow him after one week. Perhaps I will see Panama after all, for the Fruit boats are, or were, running one week out of turn, which would make my boat go up by way of Cristóbal, though I will not know anything for sure until I arrive in Barranquilla. This letter should reach you about a week before I do, as it will depart on the canoe with the Doctor.

Just to be sure about missing the fever altogether and to guard against an attack of it after I get home I had the Doc shoot another injection of 914 into my arm yesterday and it didn't bother me at all, though Nuñez made me lie down for a half hour after the shot. That's the third one I have had since I landed in this country, and if it really is as much of a preventative as they claim, I should be immune as far as this trip is concerned. Opinions vary concerning its preventative qualities and it is not given here except on special request, but I am a believer in it, as it is bound to purify the blood of anything that may be there, and one may have fever germs in his system for weeks before they break out in malaria.

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

There isn't much to write about today, so I will put this letter in the bag and wait for the mail to arrive, which may contain something to be answered.

Lots of love to all the family from

Your loving son,

Hugh

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE
LLANEROS; RIO LEBRIJA
DEPARTAMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A.

#41

Mrs. Henry C. Quigley
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania
U.S.A.

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

#41

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

May 25, 1921

Dear Mother:

The mail just came last night late and is going out again in a few minutes with Dr. Muñoz, so I will merely scribble a note and inclose a picture of me sitting on the back porch of our house trying to pacify Sally's frightened monkey. Your letter of May first came last night - telling of the fires of the preceding week. It must have been quite exciting, but I hate to think of Carmen Addie's house being lost and of all the other property destroyed.

Seven more days and I will

COLOMBIA SYNDICATE

LLANEROS (RIO LEBRIJA)
DEPARTMENTO SANTANDER
COLOMBIA, S. A., ... DE ..... DE 19

be on my way! That will be a tough day for me. I hope you are all well and happy.

Your loving son,

Hugh.